

Five New

PLAYS

VIZ.

I. The HASTY WEDDING: Or, The Intriguing SQUIRE. A COMEDY.

II. The SHAM PRINCE: Or, News from *PASSAU*. A COMEDY.

III. *ROTHERICK O'CONNOR*, King of *CONNAUGHT*: Or, The DISTRESSED PRINCESS. A TRAGEDY.

IV. The PLOTTING LOVERS: Or, The DISMAL SQUIRE. A FARCE.

V. *IRISH HOSPITALITY*: Or, VIRTUE Rewarded. A COMEDY.

As they are Acted at the

Theatre-Royal in *Dublin*.

Written by

Mr. *CHARLES SHADWELL*.

Veluti in Speculum.

L O N D O N:

Printed for A. BETTESWORTH, at the Red
Lyon in *Pater-noster Row*; and sold by
J. GRAVES in *St. James's-street*.

M DCC XX.

Five New

PLAYS

W. N.

I. The Merry Wives of Windsor. A Comedy.

II. The Taming of the Shrew. A Comedy.

III. The Merchant of Venice. A Comedy.



IV. The Tempest. A Comedy.

V. The Two Gentlemen of Verona. A Comedy.

VI. The Winter's Tale. A Comedy.

As they are acted at the

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Printed in London.

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MDCCLXX.

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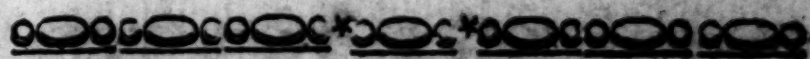
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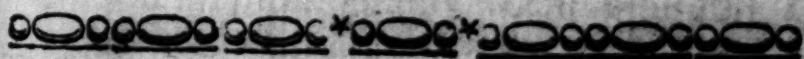
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THE
HASTY WEDDING:
OR, THE
Intrigueing 'Squire.
A
COMEDY.



B



HASTY WEDDING:

OR, THE

Intriguing Squire.

A

COMEDY.



B



PROLOGUE,

Spoken by

Mrs. MARY LYDDAL.

ENCOURAG'D by your last Year's kind Applause,
Our Poet once again submits his Cause:
For you, who cou'd such fav'rite Judgment give,
As not to Damn his last, must let this Live.
Poets and Beggars are in their Behaviour
Alike; for when they've once receiv'd a Favour,
They still go on, and Charity implore,
And, 'faith, 'tis hard to keep you from the Doo^r.
You Judges and the Jury are this Day,
And you may like, or may condemn the Play,
But first hear what *Defendant* has to say.
That none of you may travel up and down,
The Plot and Scenes are laid within this Town,
The People are Inventions of his own.
For none of you can have so little Wit,
As e'er to think your Characters are hit.
If new Plays, like new Faces, could but gain ye,
How easy would it be to entertain ye.

The PROLOGUE.

But there is this grand Difference in the Case,
You only like, because 'tis a new Face,
New Plays, besides, must have a thousand Graces,
And yet they surfeit you as soon as Faces.
For if two Nights we can your Persons see,
'Tis well; a Play becomes a Wife in Three.
So Cold, so Careless you to us appear,
Your Pictures please you every where but here.
Gallants can take their Bottle and their Wench,
Whilst we are playing to our empty Benches.
And *Visiting* and *Ombre* so intoxes,
The Ladies quite forget to fill our Boxes,
And empty is that Gallery and Lattice,
Where not one Vizard-Mask, nor one Coquet is.
This spacious City, were you not asleep,
Might one poor Poet and a Play house keep.
From this Day forth you're summon'd to appear,
That each may prop this falling Theatre.





THE
EPILOGUE

Spoken by

Mrs. NANCY LYDDAL.

G Allants, the Poets sent me as a Spy,
To listen how you lik'd his Comedy;
And bid me try if I could draw you in,
To promise you'd come here next Year again:
The laughing, wheedling, comical young Dog
Intreated me to speak his Epilogue.
He shew'd some Lines which did your Favour shew,
And then he talk'd of not offending you.
Next bid me plead the Moral of his Play,
And hop'd he'd sent you all well-pleas'd away.
Poet, says I, this Stuff won't gain your Cause,
If they've a Mind to give, you'll have Applause.
If you have well contriv'd a Plot, and shown
The reigning Follies of this spacious Town;

The EPILOGUE.

And wrote your Scenes with Life, and Warmth, and
(Spirit,
Those Judges there will soon proclaim your Merit.
In short, says I, you're sure that I'm your Friend,
I'll try if they're in Humour to commend.
Ladies and Gentlemen, for my Sake then,
Encourage the poor Poets scribbling Vein.
He's made me half a Woman, in his Play;
Next Year I may have twice as much to say;
Perhaps in Tragick Strains may tread the Stage,
And in Heroicks show my Love and Rage.
With Cambrick Handkerchief, and Tears of Woe,
Cry out, my Lord, my Life, my King—my oh—
Fill all the Ladies in that Circle there,
With Grief for my Distress, or my Despair,
And for the Poet fill the THEATRE.

Spoken by

Mrs. NANCY LYDDAL.

The reigning Follies of this fopish Town;
If you have well contriv'd a Plot, and shown
If they've a Mind to give, you'll have Applause
For, says I, this soon won't win your Cause.
And hope he'd sent you all well-plac'd away.
Next bid me plead the Weakness of his Play,
And then he talk'd of mending you.
He shew'd some Lines, and your Favour thus
Interceded me to speak.
The laughing, and the merriment
To prompt me, and to bring me in:
And bid me say, that this Comedy
Allan the Poet, and a spy.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

SIR Ambrose Wealthy, a Banker of a very considerable Fortune, somewhat whimsical, and very full of Cares concerning his only Daughter. } **Mr. Vanderbank.**

Jack Townly, a younger Brother of a good Family, in Love with *Aurelia*. } **Mr. Giffard.**

Sir Jeremy Dandle, a mere Cudgen who is intirely govern'd by his Wife and Son. } **Mr. Mallam.**

Squire Dandle, his Son, a pert, brisk, presuming Fellow, who values himself much upon his Intriguing, in which he always mis-carries. } **Mr. Griffith.**

Sir John Dareall, a pretended Baronet, but is indeed a Sharper, his real Name being *Jack Ombre*; he has got some Money by Gaming, sets up an Equipage, makes *Sir Ambrose Wealthy* his Banker, in order to gain his Daughter. } **Mr. Dumott.**

Timothy Cash, *Sir Ambrose Wealthy's* Cash-keeper, a stiff, formal Man of Business. } **Mr. Trefussis.**

Monfieur Decuir, a French Shoe-maker. } **Mr. John Watson.**

Constable, Servants, and a Sailor.

Dramatis Persona.

W O M E N.

Aurelia, Daughter to Sir *Ambrose* *Wealthy*, a discreet, virtuous young Woman, who is for some time made miserable by her charitable Love of *Mrs. Friendless*.

Miss Molly Lyddall.

Mrs. Friendless, one who has many Obligations to *Aurelia*, but being marry'd to Sir *Ambrose*, becomes a tyrannical Mother-in-law.

Mrs. Vanderbank.

Herriot, her Daughter, a young Creature, who proves most ungrateful to *Aurelia*.

Miss Nanny Lyddall.

Lady Daudle, a great Admirer of her Son *Daudle*, and a Manager of her Husband.

Mrs. Lyddall.

Lettrice, Maid to *Aurelia*.

Mrs. Martin.

S C E N E, *Dublin*, Time Eight Hours.



T H E



THE Hasty Wedding, &c.

ACT L

SCENE, a Hall.

Enter Sir Ambrose Wealthy and Timothy Cash.

Sir Amb.

IT is very well done, Timothy Cash; every Morning let me have a Specimen of my Accounts, an Abstract of the Debtor and Creditor: I love to be satisfy'd about my intrinsic Value, which will hinder me from ruining the Men I have to deal with, and turning Bankrupt myself.

Cash. Your Worship speaks like an honest Trader; if I am careful and faithful, and your Worship frugal and punctual, Ditto Bills will be chearfully paid, and Ditto Species will circulate to do you Honour.

B 5

Sir

10 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

Sir Amb. I am blest'd with a plentiful Fortune, which has flow'd in upon me, without Fraud or straining of my Conscience: I know the true Value of Half-a-Crown, and yet am not niggardly of a Pound: Could I but see my Daughter well settled in the World, I should not care how soon I was settled out on't; but methinks it would vex me in my Grave, to have my Fortune fall into the Hands of a Rake-Hell, one that wou'd throw away my Money first, and my Daughter afterwards.

Cash. Mrs. *Aurelia* is a sweet-temper'd Lady; she is all Duty and all Goodness, and I humbly presume your Worship need not be afraid of ditto Rake, for I am well assur'd she will act *per* Advice.

Sir Amb. Go, and call her to me.

Cash. I shall obey you, as *per* Order. [*Exit.*]

Sir Amb. I wish I had not known the Town so well as now I do, I might myself perhaps have been much easier, tho' my Daughter would have fared the worse for it. — What Shoals of Fortune-hunters frequent our Church — Fellows, who because Nature has made 'em six Foot high, set themselves up to Auction, not to be sold by Inch of Candle, but by Dint of Impudence, — moulded into the Shape of a Woman's fine Gentleman, at the Charge of a Taylor and a Sempstress, they push fair for a Coach and Six; if they miss it, a Goal's the Word.

Enter *Aurelia*.

Aur. Your Blessing, Sir?

Sir Amb. I give it thee most cordially: A good Morning to you, *Aurelia*; have you weigh'd well my last Advice to you? have you consider'd
how

The Intriguing Squire. 11

how many Coxcombs there are in the World?
—Are you satisfy'd that all Mankind are Hypocrites, when they have to do with your Sex? And when they use the Word *Angel* to you they mean Ten Shillings, and *Gold* in their Language is a Thousand Pound; and when they would lay the Wealth of both the *Indies* at your Feet, it is in Order to take it up again, and put it into their own Pockets. — I say, hast thou consider'd what a Prize thou art, if thou marry'st to please me — and what a Bag of Misery thou wilt be, shouldst thou do it without my Consent? —

Am. I have been very cautious of disobliging you, and much concern'd to think you should have so mean an Opinion of my Conduct, as to imagine I would throw myself away on any Fellow, were I not ty'd up by strict Duty to obey You.

Sir Amb. 'Tis well resolv'd, were there such a Thing as Prudence belonging to your Sex — but when Gentlewomen marry Footmen, Ladies fall in Love with Coachmen, and Widows ruin their first Brood to make Way for a second, who can depend upon a Woman's Resolutions. — I know you all have a natural Tendency to Vertue, and many of you with Pains and Care are so — but there is Pride and Vanity, Flesh and Blood, Hat and Feather, the World and the Devil to encounter with; and nothing but Virtue and a weak Woman to stand against 'em all: — You struggle till your Breaths are gone, and so fall down — I have study'd your Sex, have been Flesh and Blood with four of 'em, but never was Heart and Soul with any but your
Mo-

12 The HASTY WEDDING: Or,

Mother; she was indeed a most excellent Creature.

Aur. You have often told me I was like her; pray, Sir, think so still.

Sir Amb. Why, when I do not think of the many Follies committed by your Sex, I have a pretty good Opinion of you, *Aurelia*; but you must know, I have had many a painful Night and Day to get my Money in——and who is this Money for——why for my Daughter *Aurelia*——why, aye,——marry, if I could prove that, I should think it was got for a good End; but *Aurelia*'s a Woman——and a Woman's a Fool——and a Fool doats on a Coxcomb, and a Coxcomb will spend my Estate like a Puppy, and every Body will say I was a Blockhead for taking Pains to get it for him.

Aur. But why, Sir, should you make yourself uneasy about disposing of Me, when I have no Mind to part with you; I am not for running any Hazard; I have an indulgent Parent, which ten to one I may exchange for a bad Husband.

Sir Amb. Aye, but I'm an Old Man, and would join my Experience to your Inclinations, and would take some Pleasure in seeing you well dispos'd on before I die. I know it is not an Equipage, or a Title, can comfort you——neither is it a great deal of Money can do your Business; but a Man of Sense, a Man of Humanity, a Man of Good-nature, and a Man that can come up to a round Settlement; a *Smithfield* Bargain, Girl——there lies the great Comfort of Matrimony.

Aur. I shall leave all to your Management, Sir.

Enter

The Intriguing Squire. 13

Enter Lettice.

Let. Madam, the Widow *Friendless*, and her Daughter, have sent to know if you are at Home; they beg leave to wait on you.

Au. Send Word, I shall be very glad of their good Company. *[Exit Lettice.]*

Sir Amb. Why there now ——— that is as well-station'd a Matron for carrying on an Intrigue, as e'er an old visiting Female of 'em all ——— she want's Money ——— and People that want Money, must get it one Way or other.

Au. She is most excellently Good ——— and notwithstanding her Misfortunes are great, I'm sure she'd scorn a Thing that's ill, — her Husband has left her in a deplorable Condition — you are an indulging Parent, and have put it into my Power to be charitable, and none ever were greater Objects of Charity than she and her Daughter.

Sir Amb. Can you not be charitable to her without being intimate; can you not put Money into her Pocket, without putting her into your Bosom?

Au. She is a Gentlewoman, well bred, and her Daughter is a fine young Creature; it is your Pleasure I should keep but little Company, I covet none but theirs, I meet with few People at her House, for too many than the Poor.

Sir Amb. I have a shrewd Suspicion of the Woman, *Aurelia* ——— take care what you do; for if I discover that any Thing in Breeches meets you there, I'll fire the House, and burn you all together in it.

Au. Fear us not, good Sir.

Sir

14 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

Sir Amb. I must to the *Tbolfel*, it is Change-Time; remember my last Words, *Aurelia*, [Exit.]

Aur. How miserable my Father's Care of me is like to make me.

Enter Mrs. Friendless and Herriot.

Friend. My dearest Benefactress, let me embrace you.

Her. Oh my dearest Lady, how I love you! I have been teasing my Mother all this Morning, to come to see you.

Aur. You are both sincerely welcome here, and always shall be so to me: Shake off your Melancholy, do not give Way to Grief so much; I am your bosom Friend, you ne'er shall want whilst I have it.

Friend. All the Blessings Heaven can shower on you, be your Comfort for it; consider, Madam, I have lost the best of Husbands: Oh, oh! His profuse Way of Living has brought us into a great deal of Misery, and it is incredible to tell you what his Debts are; but on his Death Bed he repented, and had he Liv'd, I'm satisfy'd he would have made the best of Husbands, — it was his Creditors that broke his Heart.

Aur. Poor Man, he's happy.

Her. Aye, Madam, so he is; and my Mother has no Reason for despairing, I know she may have another Husband when ever she pleases.

Friend. Fye, Miss, your Gaiety at this Time does not become you: I do abhor the Sex; no Temptations shall ever make me a Slave to Man again.

Aur.

The Intriguing Squire.

15

Aur. Had you been here just now, my Father would have summ'd up all the Frailties of our Sex; he says our Vows are all but Wind.

Her. I remember, my Father used to say so too; and when I said I'd never marry, he told me I was a Prude at present, but in a Year or two I should be a grand Coquet.

Friend. Poor Man, he was intirely fond of *Herriot*, and when dying, fixt his Eyes most wistfully upon her.

Her. Indeed he star'd so much, that he frightned me; I'm sure, *Mamma*, I lov'd him full as well as you, and yet I did not cry above two Days for him.

Friend. Ah, my Dear, my Grief is inward, I wish I could cry heartily, and then perhaps my Heart would not be broke.

Her. I observe, *Madam*, my Mother cries most in Company; she's pretty easy when alone.

Friend. When I see any Body that knew my Husband, my Grief will vent it self afresh.

Enter Lettice.

Let. *Madam*, a Gentleman who calls himself *Sir John Dareall*, just arriv'd from *England*, was asking for *Sir Ambrose*, and he not being at Home, he begs he may be introduc'd to you.

Aur. I know him not, what can his Business be?

Enter Sir John Dareall.

Sir John. Pray, which of these Ladies is Daughter to *Sir Ambrose*?

Let. That's my young Lady, *Sir*.

Sir John. (*aside*) She's beautiful by *Jove*! (*to her*) *Madam*, give me Leave to salute you—

(*aside*)

16 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

(aside) kisses like an Angel, *(To her)* I take the Freedom from an Intimacy I have with an Uncle of your's, Madam, honest *Ned Wealsby* of *Somersetshire*.

Aur. I hope my Uncle's well, Sir.

Sir John. Yes, faith, *Ned* is very well, takes his two Bottles a Night still, grumbles at every Ministry that's uppermost, and rails devilishly at the Malt-Tax.

Aur. Came you in the Pacquet, Sir?

Sir John. Faith I can't tell you, Madam; for I am never right in my Mind, when I'm sick in my Stomach; all that I know of the Vessel was, she stunk confoundedly of Pitch and Tarr; we were a Representation of *Noah's Ark*; the Captain himself was a Brute-Beast, and we poor Passengers wallow'd in the Mire we made; but I cannot grieve at the Hardships I met with at Sea, since it was the Means of bringing me into your agreeable Company.

Aur. You're a perfect Courtier, Sir.

Enter Sir Ambrose, and Cash.

Sir Amb. *(to Cash)* From England say you! And to speak with me!

Aur. Here comes my Father, Sir.

Sir Amb. *(Spying of him)* With my Daughter! I like not that.

Sir John. *Sir Ambrose,* Your most obedient, humble Servant; I bring this Letter from your Brother in *Somersetshire*.

Sir Amb. Sir, your Servant; *(aside to Aurelia)* you have no Business here that I know on.

Aur. Come, my dear Friends, let's retire to my Apartment.

[Ex-]

[*Exeunt Aurelia, Friendless, and Herriot.*
Sir John. (aside) I perceive *Sir Ambrose* is touch'd with Jealousy; but I must carry her for all that.

Sir Amb. reads.

Dear Brother,

A Particular Friend has beg'd I would recommend the Bearer, *Sir John Dareall*, to your Care; he is making a Purchase in the North of Ireland, if you can do him any Service, you will much oblige your affectionate Brother,

Love to my Niece. *Edward Wealthy.*

(*He speaks*) *Sir John* for that I find, by my Brother's Letter, is your Name; you are most heartily welcome to my House; and, according to my Brother's Desire, I will do you what Service I am able: I am very glad to hear from *Ned*; there was a Misunderstanding betwixt us, which dropp'd our Correspondence for some Years.

Sir John. (aside) That's more than I knew, faith.

Sir Amb. He mention'd nothing of it to you, *Sir John*?

Sir John. Not one Word, upon my Honour, Sir; but I know *Ned* is a little whimsical, apt to be captious, and——

Sir Amb. Pardon me, *Sir John*, not to my Knowledge; I take it, he has always been of a sweet Disposition.

Sir John. Aye, as to his Temper I grant you, but he's troubled, now and then, with the Cholic, and the Stone, and the Gout, and——

Sir

18 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

Sir Amb. I am surpris'd at that ! A Friend of mine saw him at the *Bath* about two Months since, when he was perfectly in Health.

Sir John. Why you know he's a cheerful jolly Fellow, and bears his Illness pretty well.

Sir Amb. Now I always took him to be a melancholy Man.

Sir John. (*Aside*) A Pox of my Bullet-Head, I might have been better inform'd, I had best proceed to Business, or I shall be found out. (*To him*) *Sir Ambrose*, I have some Bills on your Bankers here for about a Thousand Pounds, which I beg you would let your Cash-keeper receive for me ; and pray give it the Trouble of House-room. Now if I can but purchase the Estate in the *North*, I have the Money ready in *London*, which I suppose may be remitted here in a Post or two.

Sir Amb. You may draw from hence for what Sum you please.

Sir John. You must know, *Sir Ambrose*, I was to have been marry'd to a young Lady in your Brother's Neighbourhood, but her Father was a meer Trickster, which broke off the Match, for he would have had me have settled my Estate in *Somersetshire*, which is a good Fifteen Hundred Pounds a Year, upon his Daughter, and yet he would give her down but Six Thousand Pounds.

Sir Amb. That was unconscionable enough, tho' I cannot blame the Man for making a good Bargain for his Daughter.

Sir John. Why, as you say, in one Sense I cannot blame him for it neither ; but then, *Sir Ambrose*, I was to have parted with the Six Thousand Pounds, to have paid my Sister's Portions,

tions, and I have but Two Thousand Pounds a Year in all; so that in case of any Mortality, I might have left half a dozen Children starving upon the Five Hundred a Year, whilst my young gay Widow, would have been flapping it about, upon her Fifteen Hundred.

Sir Amb. And perhaps might have marry'd again some Sharper or another, that would have squeez'd her dry.

Sir John. Aye, Sir Ambrose, there are so many of those impudent Fellows, now a Days, up and down the World, that upon my Conscience an honest fair-dealing Gentleman, with his substantial Settlement; shall lose his Mistress, because he can't Dance, Sing, take Snuff, or be a Coxcomb.

Sir Amb. Sir John, give me your Hand, I profess you speak the very Soul of me; it is the greatest Grievance the World lies under.

Sir John. 'Tis Fact, Sir Ambrose. Now you must know about the Time this Affair was transacting, an Uncle of mine dies, and leaves me Twenty Thousand Pounds, which paid off Sisters Fortunes; and the Remainder of the Money, with some more that I have saved, is to buy this Estate in the North. Since I have discombur'd my self, I shall not stand so much upon a Fortune with a Woman, as upon her being agreeable; — but about these Notes, Sir Ambrose.

Sir Amb. (Pointing to Cash) This, Sir John, is my Cash-keeper; I trust him with some Fifty Thousand Pounds a Year; if you please to give him the Bills, he will receive the Money for you.

Sir

20 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

Sir John. I shall be grateful, Sir, in my Acknowledgments (*gives Cash the Bills*)
Cash. They are very good, Sir; I suppose, with Submission, Sir, you would have me transfer the Cash to your Credit; and presume I must deliver you, in lieu thereof, Bills for *Ditto* Sum, sign'd by me, *per Sir Ambrose*.

Sir John. As your Method is, good Sir.
Cash. We will make our selves Debtor for the Sum, and you Creditor *pro Contra*.

Sir John. Exactly, Sir.
Cash. I will perform it most punctually.

Sir Amb. (aside) What if this Man now shou'd, as it were, be sent on purpose unto my Hands, for my Daughter's Good; a great Estate, a well-look'd Gentleman, very sober, and one who hates Coxcombs and Sharpers; I will offer him Lodgings in my House — who knows but he may be smitten by her — the Girl has Charms enough, and I Money enough. (*To him*) *Sir John,* I hope you will do me the Favour of continuing under my Roof, so long as you stay in *Dublin*.

Sir John. By no means, *Sir Ambrose*; I shall be troublesome, my Equipage will make you uneasy.

Sir Amb. Not in the least, *Sir John*.

Sir John. Nay, I left my Chariot and my six *Flanders* Mares at *Chester*; I order'd my Coach-Man not to embark till he heard from me.

Sir Amb. Oh, forbid 'em, *Sir John*; make Use of my Coach: So long as you stay in this Country, think this House your own, and me your cordial Friend, and most obedient humble Servant.

The Intriguing Squire 21

Sir John. You are particularly obliging, and answer the Character all the World has given me of you.

Enter Squire Daudle.

Squire Dau. Well, I have search'd in every Room for her, and cannot find her.

Sir Amb. (*Espying of him*) Well, Squire Daudle, what is your Business here?

Squire Dau. Why, truly, Sir Ambrose, no manner of Business, only but to——

Sir Amb. Only but——to show you are an idle Fellow, I suppose.

Squire Dau. Ah, Sir Ambrose, you are pleas'd to be merry; (*aside*) but if I could steal your Daughter, you would then be melancholy enough. (*To him*) Why, you must know, Sir Ambrose, my Father sent me to see if you and Mrs. Aurelia will not come and play a Game at Ombre this Evening at our House.

Sir Amb. Does you and your Father imagine, because you are a couple of idle People, that therefore I must be drawn in to be idle too; know, young Fellow, that I set a Value upon my Time, and therefore cannot come, nor my Daughter shall not come; and the seldomer you come here, the more pleasing it will be to me——don't you see I am busy with this Gentleman, who is this Moment come from England.

Enter Cash.

Cash. Sir Ambrose, your Hand is requir'd to the settling an Affair with a Gentleman in the Counting-House, who is somewhat scrupulous about my adjusting *this* Account with him.

Sir Amb. Sir John, I beg your Pardon for a Moment.

[Exeunt Sir Ambrose and Cash.]

Squire

22 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

Squire Dau. Sir *John*, and from *England*! I must be acquainted with him——Sir, your most obedient humble Servant, I understand you are a Stranger, you're welcome to *Dublin*: Pray, Sir, what Business may call you into this Country?

Sir *John*. Is it usual, Sir, for the Gentlemen of this Country, to inquire into the Affairs of a Stranger at first Sight.

Squire Dau. Pray, Sir, don't be angry; all Countries have their particular Customs and Fashions: I must own, I am one of those who are very inquisitive that Way, and only I want a little Assurance, or else; by my good Will, I could stop every Stranger that goes along the Street, and not leave him till I know his Name, and Place of Abode, and Business; 'tis a gay good-natur'd Temper some of us have.

Enter Sir Ambrose.

Sir *Amb.* Some of us have.—Pray what are you imposing upon Sir *John*,—for some of us have?

Sir *John*. Why, I find the Gentleman pretty intimate with me at first Sight; he values himself much upon his Inquisitiveness after Strangers, and pretends it is the Custom of the Country here.

Sir *Amb.* Sir *John*, we have our Coxcombs and our Fools in this Country, as well as in all other Countries,——I do assure you, this *Squire Daudle* is a finish'd one.

Squire Dau. (*To Sir John, aside*) You smoke the old Put, don't you, Sir *John*; he's very rich, but a little brutish, or so. (*To him*) Well, Sir *Ambrose*, you will not be convinc'd by my Arguments; you are mighty apt to be positive, very often whimsical, and generally speaking, peevish, very peevish.

Sir

Sir Amb. I desire, Sir, that you will not give me the trouble of being rude to you in my own House; but that you will be so kind, as to give my humble Service to *Sir Jeremy Daudle*, and tell him from me, if he does not chain up his Monkey, he will give great Uneasiness to the Neighbourhood; and so you may take up your Tale, and skip off.

Squire Dau. (To *Sir John*) Sir, I am very sorry, that you have met with so ill an Impression of me, at first Sight: When I have the Honour of being particularly acquainted with you over a Bottle, you will find ——— but I will not praise my self too much.

Sir John. Sir, your most obedient Servant.

Sir Amb. So, my pretty dear Miniature of Man, you may be gone; and pray take care not to forget delivering my Message to *Sir Jeremy*.

Squire Dau. (Aside) I shall not rest quiet till I am reveng'd on this old Fellow, ——— he is certainly jealous of me; I am resolv'd to steal his Daughter from him, for two very good Reasons; first, out of Love to her, and secondly, out of Spight to him. (To them) *Sir John*, your most humble Servant; I shall take a Time, but at present I make bold to borrow my self from you.

Sir Amb. And if you never pay him again, I can assure you, he'll never put you to any Trouble about it. [Exit *Daudle*, making Mouths.

Sir John. Bray, *Sir Ambrose*, who is this pert, pretty, familiar Gentleman?

Sir Amb. Why, he's the Son of *Sir Jeremy Daudle*, a very near Neighbour of mine, and an old Acquaintance; he is a weak honest Man,
with

24 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

with a very small Estate, manag'd by a termagant Lady, who has had the breeding of this Squire, and has made him the Monkey he appears to be. Would you believe it, Sir John, the old People had the Impertinence to offer this Boy for my Son-in-Law ——— no ——— since I can give her as good a Fortune as any private Man in this Kingdom, I am resolv'd not to throw it away upon a Blockhead, in order to beget a whole Race of Fools for my Grand-children.

Sir John. Sir Ambrose, I think your Resolution very commendable; your Daughter appears to be a most agreeable young Lady, and is of herself a Fortune, without the Addition of any Money.

Sir Amb. (*Aside*) I am very glad he thinks so. (*To him*) Ah, Sir John, a little Beauty, a little Love, and a great deal of Money, are admirable Ingredients mixt together. ——— Thank Heaven, the Girl has no Vice that I know of; she puts on her Cloaths for Decency's Sake, and not to be stared at; she goes to Church for Devotion, and not to be admir'd; she visits out of pure Love and Friendship, and not because 'tis fashionable; she praises no body to their Faces, in order to rail at 'em behind their Backs; she manages her Expences frugally, supplies my Family decently, and governs my Servants prudently, and with these Accomplishments she may perhaps make some honest Gentleman a good Wife.

Sir John. Upon my Word, Sir Ambrose, these are excellent Qualities, which, added to the Agreeableness of her Person, makes her appear

The Intriguing Squire. 25

to me, the most accomplish'd Female I ever met with, I am all over Raptures about her.

Sir *Amb.* (*aside*) I am mighty glad of that. (*to him*) You a Courtier, Sir *John*, pray where is your Equipage, is it yet come on Shore.

Sir *John*. My Man tells me, it is carry'd to the Custom-house.

Sir *Amb.* Oh, I'll send my Clerk there, he shall get 'em discharg'd.

Sir *John*. When goes your Pacquet for England.

Sir *Amb.* The Government has promis'd to send their Letters in, within this Hour.

Sir *John*. Short warning indeed, I have several Letters to dispatch.

Sir. *Amb.* I will order Pen, Ink, and Paper into your Apartment, — (*Aurelia crosses the Stage*) *Aurelia*, pray stay with Sir *John* till I return. [Exit Sir Ambrose.

Sir *John.* (*aside*) So; Matters go on swimmingly; I find I shall not want Opportunities, and if I fail of making use of 'em, may I be reduc'd to my original Vocation again: (*to her*) Madam, your most obedient Servant; I think you prodigious like your Uncle.

Aur. (*aside*) What can my Father mean, by leaving me alone with this Man; 'tis the first Time he ever did so since I can remember. (*to him*) I am very proud, Sir, of being thought like my Uncle; I have not seen him this many Years.

Sir *John.* I wish, fair One, I had never seen you; or that I was never to look on any other
C Object,

26 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*
Object, — how Charming — how Beautiful —
how divinely Fair you are.

Aur. Do you speak to me, Sir?

Sir John. It is impossible to speak to you,
Madam, I am struck Dumb with Admiration?

Aur. And yet, for all that, your Lips move,
and you seem to speak the Language of the
Country you came from: I profess I am a
Stranger to it, and cannot apprehend without
an Interpreter.

Sir John. Why in plain *English*, Madam, I
am most desperately in Love with you?

Aur. Why then, Sir, in as plain *English* again
I must tell you, I have never the better Opini-
on of your understanding for it; I am not used
to this romantick Sort of Conversation, there-
fore must beg you wou'd pick out some more
proper Person to fix your Heroicks upon.

Sir John. Oh cruel Creature, and yet amongst
all your Cruelty, how amiable you appear! Oh,
were you to be kind, what a distraction of Joy
and Pleasure shou'd I have.

Aur. Sir, your humble Servant. (*Going.*)

Sir John. Hold, hold, dear Madam, I sup-
pose you forget it was your Father's Commands,
you shou'd stay with me till his Return.

Aur. Sir, I obey my Father in all Things law-
ful, but he order'd no Familiarities; I don't
remember any Intimacy depending betwixt you
and I, that shou'd occasion your comical Gal-
lantry.

Sir John. Madam, if I had not receiv'd some
Encouragement from your Father, it's very pro-
bable I shou'd have sigh'd and whin'd a con-
siderable

siderable Time, before I had vented my Passion to you; but as I have Estate enough, to come up to your Father's Bargain, I hope I have Person enough, not to be disagreeable to you.

Aur. (aside) There must be something in this, or my Father wou'd never have trusted me alone with him. *(to him)* Sir, not to give you any any farther Trouble in this Affair, my Father may, when he pleases, command me not to Marry; but it never is in his Power to command me to Marry.

Sir John. I am too much a Gentleman, Madam, to pretend to bargain with your Father for you, and I hope you are too generous, to despise the Man that humbly sues to be your Slave; if your Heart is not dispos'd on, crown my Wishes, and be duriful to your Father.

Aur. (aside) 'Tis a good agreeable impudent Fellow; but what is that to me.

Enter Sir Ambrose and Cash.

Sir Am. (aside) So, so, if he is but caught, all my Fears are at an End. *(to them)* *Sir John*, all Things are ready in your Apartment, and your Goods are brought hither from the Custom-house: *Cash*, show *Sir John* up Stairs.

Cash. I shall undertake, for depositing him there, *Sir John*, if you are so determin'd.

Sir John. Most willingly, Sir, *(aside)* had the old Fellow stay'd but a Moment longer, I might have been at the End of my Project, for the Girl's Eyes struck Fire, her Breast began to heave, and a Sentence or two more, wou'd have caus'd a Palpitation at her Heart, *(to them)* your Servant, for half an Hour.

[Exeunt, Sir John and Cash]

28 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

Sir. Amb. Aurelia, he is a very graceful, fine Gentleman.

Aur. Sir!

Sir. Amb. What said he to you, *Aurelia*?

Aur. To me, Sir!

Sir Amb. Come, hide nothing from me; he is a noble Gentleman, ——— has he, *Aurelia*, prais'd any Part about thee, ——— has he said any tender Things ——— do'st thou think he looks like a Lover?

Aur. A Lover, Sir, I have always been bred with that Prudence and Reservedness, that I shall never give any Man an Opportunity of looking like a Lover at me.

Sir Amb. Pshaw, pshaw, thou mistak'st me, Child; I wou'd have you put on no grave Airs upon this Occasion; I give you Leave to Coquet it, like a very Woman ——— Dear *Aurelia*, draw him on ——— he's a Jewel of a Man, ——— such an Estate ——— and if you prove but a little coming, he will make such a Joynture, that thou hast Happiness thrown into the very Mouth of thee.

Aur. He talk'd, Sir, of Charms, and Flames, and Darts, and such ridiculous Stuff.

Sir Amb. Did he, did he, *Aurelia*? 'Tis not ridiculous from a Man of his Estate; thou must encourage it, Child, do you but hear him on one Side, and let me talk to him on the other Side, and we will so manage the Matter, that you shall be close link'd to his Side ——— *Aurelia*, I have invited him to take Lodgings with us; therefore don't drive him out of the House with your Unkindness, ——— meet him like a Friend, ——— talk to him like a Brother, ——— and think
of

of him like a Lover, — for I am determin'd he shall be the Man, the happy Man, — take an Opportunity of falling into his Way, — I am going to Sir Jeremy Daudle's, about his impertinent Son, I'll be back in a Moment.

[Exit Sir Ambrose.]

Aur. So ; My Father from being a jealous, cautious, severe old Man, is become an am'rous Match-maker — but little does he think where my Heart's dispos'd on.

*'Till Marriage comes, our Parents we obey,
'Tis Love that steals our Duty quite away.
At their Commands, none wou'd be Slaves for Life,
Duty to Husband, makes a happy Wife.*



30 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*



ACT II.

SCENE, *Sir Jeremy Daudle's.*

Enter Sir Ambrose and Sir Jeremy.

Sir Jer. **A**S I am serious, *Sir Ambrose*, it is none of my Fault.

Sir Amb. Look you, *Sir Jeremy Daudle*, I will no longer be troubled with his Impertinencies: I design to marry my Daughter within these two Days to a worthy Baronet, who is just now arriv'd from *England*.

Sir Je. Why, in truth, *Sir Ambrose*, I cannot blame you.

Sir Amb. As we have been old Friends and Neighbours these many Years, I would not have such a Trifle as your Son break off our ancient Correspondence; therefore I expect to hear no more of this Matter; and so, your Servant.

[Exit Sir Ambrose.]

Enter Lady Daudle, and Squire Daudle.

Sq. Dau. Aye, but you shall hear more of this Matter, *Sir Jeremy*; my Lady-Mother and I have overheard all his Complaints against me, but I will carry his Daughter for all this; I am sure I am as proper, and as handsome as his Baronet.

L. Dau.

The Intriguing Squire. 31

L. Dau. Aye, thou art a charming Boy ; and I will not have thee baulk'd for all I am worth in the World.

Sir Jer. In truth now, Deary, he had better give over.

L. Dau. I tell you, No, Sir: Am not I the Head of this Family?

Sir Jer. Aye, Deary, and the Tail of it too.

L. Dau. Don't interrupt me, then: Do you think that all the Education we have given our fine Boy here, must be thrown away: No, no, he shall get her by a Stratagem, and that will show his Cunning; he shall marry her, and that will show his Love; and he shall bully *Sir Ambrose* out of a good Fortune, and that will show his Courage: Oh, I love an Intrigue from the very Soul of me; to watch, to be surpriz'd, to meet with a thousand Difficulties, and then to fall into the Arms of the Thing we love, oh Ecstasy!

Sq. Dau. Aye, my dear Lady-Mother, nothing in the World is so delicious.

Sir Jer. Aye; but if I might be suffer'd to speak now——

L. Dau. You suffer'd! —— Pray who hinders you from Speaking? You may talk what you will to your self; but we are determin'd to go on with the Intrigue.

Enter Monsieur De Cuir, a French Shoemaker.

De Cu. Monsieur, votre Serviteur; I have cum brought you your Shoes; I don't doubt but they vil vit you much ver well.

Sq. Dau. Ha—let me see—— Pho, Pox, the Heel is not half high enough; I told you I would have 'em red Tops, and yellow Heels.

32 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

De Cu. Sire, vit Permission, upon de Conscience of de *French* Refugee, ven I live in *Paris*, before I come heder for my Religion, I vark ver-ry much for all de fine Gentlemen, de Beau, and vat you call in *Ireland* de Cokescomb; and I never saw any such Fancy upon One Two both Shoe in all my Life.

Sq. Dau. Sir, as I take it, I am to pay you; and therefore, I have a Mind to be at the *Head* of a Fashion, and will have my *Foot* dress'd as I please.

De Cu. Ver well, Sire; 'tis only so much de great deal de more Sharge.

L. Dau. Pray, Monsieur *De Cuir*, who are those Shoes for, they are very pretty.

De Cu. May it pleasea your Latysheep, dey are for Matam de prity Jentlewoman, your Voisin, your Neighboura, Mistress *Aurelia*; I am juste going Home vid dem.

Sq. Dau. My dear Lady-Mother, I have thought on't: Such an Intrigue! Such a Stratagem! Such an Invention!

L. Dau. Oh! I dye to hear it.

Sir Jer. Aye, aye, let him alone for Invention.

L. Dau. Lord, Sir *Jeremy*, won't you give him leave to tell it us?

Sir Jer. My dear Lady Wife, I long as much to know it, as I did to be marry'd to thee.

L. Dau. Sir *Jeremy*, be dumb. I say: [*Sir Jeremy claps his Fingers to his Mouth.*] Come, Child, communicate.

Sq. Dau. Nay, nay, I must whisper it to your Ladyship; for if Sir *Jeremy* should know it, perhaps he'd spoil all. [*He whispers my Lady. Sir Jeremy listens.*] (*Squire speaks.*) Nay, nay, Sir, you must not hear.

L. Dau.

The Intriguing Squire. 33

L. Dau. Stand off, *Sir Jeremy*; how dare you lend an Ear to what I han't a Mind you should know; because I have been good-natur'd lately, you forget Discipline. [*Squire whispers again.*] Oh my dear Boy, no Statesman could have invented such a Plot.

Sq. Dau. I'll put it in Execution immediately. *Monfieur De Cuir*, come along with me this Moment, I'll make your Fortune for ever.

De Cu. Vid all my Heart, *Sir.* [*Exeunt.*]

L. Dau. Oh! I shall dye away with Impatience, 'till I hear the Result of this Affair.

Sir Jer. I long to know it. If I can be any Diversion to my dear Lady Wife, to make her pass the Time easy, 'till the Plot is over —

L. Dau. You a Diversion, Ha, ha, ha, as my Son says when he punns, you are my Aversion instead of my Diversion — But, poor Soul, thou dost not know what a Pun is; go, get you in, or I'll be upon the Back of you, I will.

[*He goes out, she following.*]

SCENE draws to Mrs. Friendless's House.

Enter Friendless, Herriot, and Townley.

Town. You say, *Madam*, you love the fair *Aurelia* tenderly; if so, show it then by suffering me to meet her here — She is admitted to go to your House only — You know she has confess'd a Passion for me; I only want an Opportunity to have the Parson join our Hands, our Hearts have long been join'd.

Her. Indeed, *Mamma*, you must comply with the Gentleman's Request — Methinks his Story

34 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

is so like a Novel, or a Romance, that it brings Tears into my Eyes.

Friend. Consider, Sir, the Misfortunes I lye under—— She is the only Friend I have to trust to—— Should her Father, who is very jealous, make any Discovery, I shall be for ever miserable.

Town. Madam, the Moment I have marry'd her, I'll discover it to Sir *Ambrose*: For tho' at present my Fortune is but small, yet at the Death of my Uncle, I shall have a plentiful Estate.

Her. How charming does he speak! What, Madam, will you be ungrateful to Mrs. *Aurelia*? How often has she wish'd to meet this Gentleman, how tenderly has she spoke of him, even so tenderly, that she has made me almost in Love with him too.

Town. I am oblig'd to you, my pretty Charmer—— Look you, Madam, grant my Request, and the Moment the Parson joins our Hands, I'll make your Daughter a Present of Five Hundred Pistoles, because I know *Aurelia* loves her tenderly.

Friend. Well, Sir, for Mrs. *Aurelia*'s Sake, I will run the Hazard.

Town. I beg it may be this Afternoon at Four.

Her. As good an Hour as can be; I will go and acquaint her of it; so that just as the Bell rings, she may step in hither, and make her Father believe she is gone to Church.

Town. Excellent Invention. I will be punctual, and bring a Parson with me.

Friend. Pray Heaven it proves according to your Wish.

Her.

The Intriguing Squire. 35

Her. Never fear, Mamma, this is the winding up of an Amour. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE the Street.

As Townley comes out of the House, Enter Sir Ambrose, and espies him as he's crossing the Stage.

Sir Amb. Is not that Townley, the beggarly Rake that pretended to my Daughter——sure he came out of that House, some damn'd Intrigue is carrying on——I must hasten the Match with Sir John——I will Home, and forbid my Daughter ever crossing the Threshold of that Door——I judg'd right, and now I'm sure she is a Match-making Hussey. [Exit.]

SCENE draws to Aurelia's Chamber.

Aur. Ah, poor Townley; I fear it is not your Fate and mine, to come together; but I'm resolv'd I'll die before I will be another's. In what is the Love of a Parent shown, if they will not gratify our Inclinations; but, for a momentary Humour of their own, perhaps, make us Miserable for an Age.

Enter Sir Ambrose.

Sir Amb. Aurelia, come hither, mind what I say now: Your Confidant——your Hussey——your Go-between——your Friend——your Jade——is a Devil incarnate; I have resolv'd, if ever you enter her Doors again, you shall never see my Face. I am convinc'd of her Falshood.

36 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

Falshood——look you, I am your Father—— you are oblig'd to be Dutiful —— suppose there was not a Duty incumbent, there's Gratitude; I wou'd fain have you Grateful, I can give you a swinging Fortune——I can chuse whether I'll give you a Groat, or not——In short, I can lock you up—— I can starve you, and I can turn you out of Doors; but come, Child, Daddy loves you; promise me never to see this damn'd confounded Widow more.

Aur. I am sorry, Sir, you should take a prejudice to a Woman, that I am well assur'd, does not deserve it.

Sir Amb. Hussey, you Lye!

Aur. Well, Sir, in Obedience to you, I will not see her; but I hope, you'll let me send her some Relief, from Time to Time.

Sir Amb. Aye, thou dearest Child, thou shalt send her any Thing, but thy self; if ever you see her Face, I will be the Death of you all.

Aur. You may depend upon my Duty, Sir.

Enter Squire Daudle, dress'd like a Journey-Man Shoe-Maker.

Sq. Dau. Servant, Sir; Servant, Madam; I have brought your Ladyship's Shoes Home, my Master begs Pardon, he cou'd not come with 'em himself.

Aur. Lets see 'em—— I believe they'll fit me very well.

Sq. Dau. To a T, Madam, give me Leave to try 'em on——(*She sits down, he pulls off her Shoe*) This Shoe is well worn, and your Ladyship treads well on your Pasterns; your Ladyship has a fine turn'd Foot of your own; it wou'd do a Man Good to be taking Measure of it.

Aur.

The Intriguing Squire. 37

Aur. What does the Fellow mean to do with my Foot?

Sq. Dau. Only pulling your Stocking smooth, Madam, (*aside*) I wonder she does not know me; I must discover my self; I wish this old Jealous Rascal wou'd walk off, — (*puts on her Shoe,*) There's a Shoe, Madam! Tread your Foot hard to the Ground; that Foot peeping from under a Hoop-Petticoat, is enough to captivate a Thousand Hearts, without seeing any other Part of your Body.

Aur. The Fellow's very Pert and Elegant, (*She stares at him*) Sure, I shou'd know that Face, 'tis Squire Daudle; shou'd I discover him to my Father, in the Humour he is in, he'd have him murder'd: Friend, the Shoes fit me very well; bid your Master send in his Bill, I owe him for several Pair of Shoes.

Sq. Dau. (*aside*) It is as I suspected, she don't yet discover me, I must even give her my *Billit-leux*, and tell her, before her Father, 'tis my Master's Bill — (*to her*) Madam, my Master bid me tell you, Times are very ticklish, and Money's hard to come by, and therefore he has made bold to send your Bill by me. (*he gives her the Paper.*)

Sir Amb. Come, *Aurelia*, to show my Paternal Love to you, notwithstanding the handsome Allowance I make you, comply with my last Commands, and let me see the Bill, I will pay it my self.

Aur. That's obliging indeed, Sir, (*She gives him the Paper, without ever looking on it.*)

Sq. Dau. (*Aside*) Oh dear, what a damn'd confounded Piece of ill Fortune is this! I shall be

38 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

be cursedly used, what signifies my *Awl*, when this is like to be my *Last*; I thought to have pass for a Shoe-maker, and I have done it in a very cobbling Manner.

Sir *Amb.* Hearkee you, Friend, how long have you liv'd with this *French Man*.

Sq. *Dau.* (*Aside*) Pox on him, I had much rather not hold any Discourse with him. (*to him*) And't please your Worship, I can't say, I live with him, for in Truth I do but Starve with him; for I am an *Irish Man* born, and cannot taste his stew'd Snails, his Fricassee of Frogs, and Soups made of the Shreds of Leather, which we pair from the Shoes we make.

Sir *Amb.* Why the Fellow has a great Trade, what shou'd make him live so Miserably?

Sq. *Dau.* Why and't please your Worship, he was born a Slave, was dragoon'd out of his own Country, upon the account of Religion, and is resolv'd to live miserably, in hopes of getting together as much Money here, as he left behind him in *France*.

Sir *Amb.* A good intelligible Fellow this: I warrant you People of the Country here, grumble at these Foreigners.

Sq. *Dau.* No, an't please your Worship, not one Morsel; we can't blame the Fellows for being Industrious; but we now and then curse the Gentry, for letting their own Countrymen starve, whilst they are imploying Foreigners.

Sir *Amb.* If our own Countrymen were but as Industrious, they wou'd not want Business; but they never care to Work, till they begin to grow Hungry. — Well, let us see what this Fellow's Bill is.

Sq.

The Intriguing Squire. T 39

Sq. Dau. Your Honour may let it alone, I believe my Master is not in such great Need; I will send him to receive it himself.

Sir Amb. No, no, let us see, (*opening the Paper, reads*) Dearest of Angels——— (*speaks*) Damn'dest of Dogs; what does this mean, Sirrah? (*Squire Daudle going to sneak away, Sir Ambrose stops him.*)

Sir Amb. Hold, my dear Rascal,——I am resolv'd to Pay you, before you go away.

Sq. Dau. And't please your Honour, I had rather not receive it, for I cannot give you a Receipt: I can't write.

Sir Amb. Oh, you shall make your Mark; but, let me see; what is the Sum Total? (*Reads*)

Dearest of Angels,

I Have been a long Time dying for you; upon my Soul, this comes with my last Gasps, if you do not cast one Eye of Pity upon me; I shall expire in your Presence,——your Father's Cruelty distracts me; upon his forbidding me the House, I invented this Stratagem; give me some Signs that you love me, the rest be mine; in the next Attack, I will bring a Parson, who shall join our Hands; and let me alone to make up the whole Affair with Sir Ambrose.

I am eternally yours,

Nehemiah Daudle.

Sir Amb. A Son of a Whore; (*aside*) by this Light, 'tis the Rogue himself; but I will not seem to know him, that I may the better revenge

40 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

venge my self on him. Heark ye, Friend, how came you by this Letter, Sirrah?

Sq. *Dau.* (*Aside*) Aye, now the Storm is rising. (*to him*) Why, I suppose, my Master mistook, and gave me the wrong Paper.

Sir *Amb.* Aye, very like so, let's see the Superscription, (*Reads*) To the beautiful Mrs. *Aurelia Wealthy*. No, Sirrah, he has not mistook; who was by, when he gave you this Paper?

Sq. *Dau.* (*Aside*) I'll try to bring my self off, by laying it upon my self. (*To him*) Why, Sir, as you look like a very honest, conscientious, civil, worthy Gentleman, I will e'en tell you the Truth; there's one Squire *Daudle*, a smart, handsome, pretty Gentleman, as any in this——

Sir *Amb.* You lye, Sirrah; he's a little, queer, hatchet-face, pert, impudent, empty Puppy.

Sq. *Dau.* Your Honour is pleas'd to be Merry.

Sir *Amb.* No, Sirrah, I am pleas'd to be Serious, as you shall find, if you tell me not the Truth.

Sq. *Dau.* Nay, I'll tell you Truth, Sir; the Squire, who is very much of a Gentleman, employ'd me to deliver this Letter, knowing I was bringing Home the Lady's Shoes; and, to tell you the Truth, he gave me a Pistole for my Pains.

Sir, *Amb.* He did well: Let me see that Pistole.

Sq. *Dau.* (*Feels in his Pockets*) Curse on't, how unlucky is this! (*he pulls out a Moidor*) Indeed, Sir, to tell the Truth, I lye; for it was not a Pistole, it was a Moidor; and there it is, Sir.

Sir

The Intriguing Squire. 41

Sir. Amb. So much the better—Come, now I will Reason with you ; wer't thou such an ar-rant Puppy, as to imagine my Daughter Fool enough, to run away with such a worthless Rascal, as *Squire Dandle* ; a Fellow of no Figure, no Principles, nor no Understanding ? Answer me that, now : Speak freely, Rogue.

Sq. Dau. Why truly, Sir, upon second Thoughts, I do think him but a sort of a, kind of a, kind of a, sort of a, so so, sort of a Gentleman. (*Aside*) Is not this very hard now, that I must be forc'd to rail at my own dear Person.

Aur. If the Fellow speaks his Mind, he can't suppose that I wou'd be a Party concern'd, in so ridiculous a Match.

Sq. Dau. (*Aside*) Ha ! Adso, I thought she wink'd, that is some Comfort still.

Aur. You cannot, sure, think me such a Wretch.

Sq. Dau. Oh, no Madam.

Sir Amb. Nor me such a Dog, to part with a Halfpeny, to so beggarly a poor *Maramont*.

Sq. Dau. Oh, no Sir.

Sir Amb. A Fellow of Yesterday, whose impertinent Mother sets up for Quality, because a Lord Lieutenant, in a merry Mood, Knight-ed her Husband.

Sq. Dau. 'Tis very true, Sir, (*aside*) I will get some Body to murder him for all this Scurrility.

Sir Amb. Now, Sirrah, how shall I use you ?

Sq. Dau. Use me, an't shall please your Honour ; I hope you have no Use at all for me.

Sir

42 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

Sir Amb. Do'st thou know, *Sirrah*, that I can Hang thee? My Daughter is an Heiress; now that dismal Dog, the Squire, has laid a Scheme for stealing her; thou being an Accessary to the Fact, shalt be hang'd as well as he.

Sq. Dau. (Aside) Pretty News, truly; so, all that is left to my Choice is, whether I will be hang'd as a Gentleman, or a Journey-man Shoemaker; this is a terrible old Dog—— (*to Sir Ambrose*) I beg your Honour, wou'd show your Goodness to a poor Mechanick, who was drawn into this Priming-Iron, by being mighty ignorant of the Law; and since your Worship has pocketed the Moidor, it's plain I shall get nothing by it. (*Aside*) Gad, I act it so naturally, I defie him to find out who I am.

Sir Amb. I am resolv'd to pay you most immoderately, *Sirrah*, (*offers to Canoe him, he runs behind Aurelia.*)

Aur. (Aside to Daudle) Be satisfy'd, I know who you are; bear it like a Man; turn your Back to him, and take his Blows with Courage.

Sq. Dau. (Aside) Aye, dear, sweet Creature, I can bear a great deal for you, but he strikes so very Hard.

Sir Amb. What is that you mutter, *Sirrah*? (*he strikes him*)

Sq. Dau. Oh, Murder, Murder.

Enter Sir John Dareall.

Sir John. For Heaven's Sake, what's the Matter?

Sir Amb. Oh, *Sir John*, I have made a fine Discovery here; this Fellow brought a Letter from the impertinent Puppy that accosted you

to Day: He had form'd a Design of stealing my Daughter.

Sir John. Why, sure, the little Baboon had not so much Impudence.

Sq. Dau. (*Aside*) My Rival too! Must he Triumph over me? I have bad Luck indeed: But *Aurelia* will prove kind, there's my Comfort still.

Sir John. Oh, Sir Ambrose, don't put your self in a Passion, about this insignificant Rascal; send him to Bridewell, duck him in the River, or toss him in a Blanket.

Sq. Dau. (*Aside*) The Devil take you, for your good Advice.

Aur. (*Aside*) They do Torment the poor Creature; and I know not how to bring him off.

Sir Amb. Well, Sir John, to oblige you, let him be toss'd in a Blanket; — here, who's below there?

Enter Cash. Cash. Did you call, Sir Ambrose?

Sir Amb. Yes, get a Blanket, and four sturdy Fellows, and let this dismal Rascal be well toss'd in it.

Cash. Is he a Thief your Honour has taken? Perhaps, he had a design upon your Cash; he looks, indeed, like a House-breaker, or rather like a Pick-pocket. [Exit Cash.]

Sq. Dau. (*Aside*) Aye, Mr. Cash, you're a cleaver Fellow to lead a lame Dog over a Stile; what will my Lady-Mother say to this Disgrace; and I dare not own my self to be it, least in his Passion, he sends me to Newgate. I have

44 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

I have been often threatned with a Blanket, but never thought I shou'd be toss'd in one.

Enter Cash, with a Blanket and four Servants.

Cash. Here is ditto Blanket, which I have transferr'd into the Hands of these Fellows.

Sir Amb. Why then, prithee Endorse him on the Back of it (*Cash shoves him into the Blanket, and the Fellows toss him up; he leaps out, and runs away*).

Sq. Dau. Ah dear, dear, a Thousand Pounds for a clear Stage. [*Exit running.*]

Sir Amb. Hang you, Rogues, why did you not make fast the Door?

Sir John. So, so, 'tis pretty well, and will frighten him from coming here again.

Sir Amb. Why prithee, Man, it was the Squire himself; there lies the Jest.

Cash. Good now, how he was disguis'd, he look'd very much defac'd, he was clipt of his Gentility, and Nobody wou'd take him for current Coin, in ditto Drefs. You have no farther Orders for me, nor these Men, *Sir Ambrose*, for I am somewhat in haste, about posting out of the Day-Book into the Ledger.

Sir Amb. No, you may go; but take Care to examine every Body that comes into this House. (*Excunt Cash and Servants*)—— You see, *Aurelia*, what Tricks are us'd, by the empty Fellows of this Town, to ruin you; for what but Ruin must follow your marrying against my Inclinations.

Sir John. Aye, what indeed, Madam, your Fortune-hunters and Sharpers, have Ten Thousand Traps to catch a young Lady with.

Aur. 'Tis very true, Sir.

Sir

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Sir Amb. Why, 'tis very hard, *Sir John*, that I, who can give my Daughter Ten Thousand Pounds down, cannot Sleep, for Fear some Rascal or another shou'd steal her, and make her and himself miserable.

Aur. I beg, *Sir*, you will not be uneasy about my Conduct, 'tis Time enough to complain, when I have done a foolish Action; I hope, you don't think my Heart is engag'd to *Squire Dauld*, or any other Coxcomb.

Sir John. (*Aside*) I'm glad to hear she has no Engagement upon her Hands. (*to him*) In short, *Sir Ambrose*, I am desperately in Love with fair *Aurelia*.

Sir Amb. (*Aside*) As I cou'd wish.

Sir John. Now, if you think me worthy of being your Son-in-Law, give her what you please, and name whatever Settlement you think proper, and I will most eagerly comply with it, for I never met with so many Charms before.

Sir Amb. (*Aside*) See how unconcern'd the Baggage is! (*to her*) Why don't you strike Fire with your Eyes, Blush, and shew an Amorous Confusion. (*To him*) *Sir John*, you do me and my Daughter too much Honour; I must say, the Girl is Prudent, and knows when to be wise; I shall use but few Ceremonies about the Matter, *Sir John*, I will lay down Ten Thousand Pounds, with some Trinkets and Jewels, that shall be Nameless; I will settle all I have at my Death on you, and the Heirs of her Body; and I will not be unkind in my Life-time.

Aur. (*Aside*) Poor, miserable Creature, 'tis dismal to hear the Bargain made.

Sir

46 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

Sir John, Most generously offer'd, *Sir Ambrose*; and not to be behind Hand with you, I will Joynter her in a Thousand Pounds a Year; settle *Hartwell-Hall* on her, with all the Plate, and Jewels for Life; and allow her 300 Pounds a Year Pin-Money.

Sir Amb. Fairly clos'd, *Sir John*, it is a Match. *Aurelia*, now my Heart's at Ease; the long-wish'd-for Day is come, and I will put you into the Hands of one, who, I doubt not, will use you as tenderly as I have done! *Sir John*, take her.

Aur. What, *Sir*, am I bargain'd for and sold to a Stranger, without ever being consulted in the Matter.

Sir Amb. Well observ'd, *Aurelia*, there is some Decorum due to the Sex. *Sir John*, I will leave ye together, you and I have agreed our Part of the Marriage, and as you are an accomplish'd fine Gentleman, there is no doubt to be made, but in one Quarter of an Hour, you'll gain the Outworks to (my Daughter's Heart, and take her Citadel Sword in Hand. *(Aside to Sir John)* Look you, *Sir John*, gain her Consent if you can; but get it, or not get it, she shall be your Wife, if you please. *(Aside to Aurelia)* Heark ye, Child, I wou'd have you do nothing against your Inclinations; but if your Inclinations run contrary to mine, you will be turn'd out of Doors, and you may go Starve, my Dear. *(To Sir John)* There's my Daughter, *Sir John*, with all her Senses, reason her out of 'em as fast as you can; make her believe she is a Goddess, and you may do what you will with her mortal Body; praise her Understanding

Understanding, and you may soon make a Fool
of her; admire her Shape, and you'll not
find her strait Lac'd; adore her Beauty, and
she'll think every Thing you do Handsome.
Ah, when I was a young Fellow, I would make
no more of getting the Consent of such a Girl
as this, than I would of Dancing a *Cheshire*
Round, or an *Irish* Jigg; it might put me out
of Breath, but it was soon over: Good Luck to
you, Sir *John*—— *Aurelia*, make him look
like a Fool if you can. [Exit.

Sir John. Well, Madam, I am left here to
know my Doom from you; a few Words, ut-
ter'd from the delightful Engine of your
Thoughts, raises me into Life, or sinks me into
Atoms.

Aur. This is a mighty stiff pedantick Stile;
I suppose 'tis a set Speech, got by Heart, on pur-
pose to make Love with, in a ridiculous Man-
ner.

Sir John. Very well, Madam, that is as much
as to say, you do not like this maner of Court-
ship; perhaps, I know as many Ways to a
Lady's Heart as any one.

Aur. That's fine indeed; pray, Thow many
Ways may there be? Upon my Word, if you
find the Way to mine, it must be by a Road
that I know nothing on.

Sir John. Nay, fair Lady, if you resolve to
be Obstinate, my Rhetorick will signify but
little, tell me the Humour you'll be Court'd in,
and I will put on that Shape; now, you must
know, some Ladies are captivated by a Man's
admiring himself, and being full of his own
Praises: Will this do, Madam?

Aur.

48 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

Aur. No.

Sir John. Some doat upon a Man, meerly out of Revenge to another Lady that likes him, and they often marry out of Pride and Vanity, and to show the World, that the Fellow was at their Disposol.

Aur. Ridiculous Revenge.

Sir John. I have known a Lady fall in Love with a Coach and Six fine *Flanders* Mares, and for their sakes, has marry'd the Baboon they carry'd; notwithstanding she, and all the World, despis'd him.

Aur. Much good may do her, with her Equipage.

Sir John. There are, Madam, a Thousand other trifling Ways, by which the foolish Part of your Sex are taken; but a Woman, of your good Sense and Breeding, must be attack'd in a most refin'd Manner; I beg, you wou'd believe my sole Happiness is plac'd on you; there is nothing on Earth I wou'd not do, to gain your Love.

Aur. (*Aside*) Oh, if I mistake not, to gain any Thing else. (*To him*) This, Sir, is a very solemn Thing, and requires some Consideration; I beg, you will give me till the Morning, to decide my Doom; I have at present a little Business, which requires your Absence; if you Love, you will not scruple to Obey.

Sir John. I am all Obedience, and so proud of your Commands, that tho' tis a great Alay to my present Satisfaction, I comply with Joy. [Exit]

Enter, at the other Door, Herriot.

Her. Oh, my dearest Lady! I have been watching

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watching this Half Hour to speak to you, my Mother must needs see you, at her House, this Afternoon.

Aur. My dear *Herriot*, it is impossible; my Father has forbid me ever going there again.

Her. Aye, but Madam, that dear, sweet Gentleman, Mr. *Townley*, will be there.

Aur. Speak softly, — come to my Chamber, where I will take such Resolutions as I dare.

[*Exit ambo.*]



D

ACT



ACT III.

SCENE, Sir Ambrose's Hall.

Enter Squire Daudle, in Womens Cloaths.

Sq. Dau. **S**O, so, the Devil's in it, if they discover me in this Disguise; let me see,—my Patches, my Paint, my Pomatum, my Beauty-Wash, my Black Combs for Red Hair; Spanish Wooll for Pale Complexions, Ratafia for Ladies troubled with the Vapours; False Tours for the Madam turn'd of Fifty; and False Teeth, for the Bawd of Threescore; Prayer Books, for repenting Sinners; and Play-Things for Girls of Twenty—Well, this Mrs. Go-Between has furnish'd me with every Thing necessary; and this Intrigue coming so soon upon the Neck of the other, can never be suspected to belong to the same Person, by which Means I may the better execute my Design. I am convinc'd *Aurelia* loves me, for when all the Family laugh'd heartily at me, she did but grin, and smile, and put on an affected Joy, for Fear of her Father; could I but get an Opportunity of speaking to her alone, she would blush,—hide her Face, hold her Tongue, and fetch her Breath very short; whilst I jump into her Arms, with the Extasies of an *Alexander*,
imprint

The Intriguing Squire. 31

imprint Ten Thousand Kisses upon her dear tender Lips, press her to run away with me, marry her whilst her Blood is in a Hurry, go to Bed to her, and send her Father Notice of it, he comes and surprizes us, we jump out of Bed naked, flap down on our Knees, she cries, he melts, I profess my Extravagancy of Passion, he curses us a little, considers a good deal, at last blesses us both, and drives us into Bed again with some comfortable Promises; upon which I get him a Grandson, rise early to pay the Drummers and Fiddlers, and so become the Town Talk for a Month:—Aye, these are to be the Circumstances exactly. But who comes here; 'tis *Lettice*, *Aurelia's* Maid: I must make her my Confident.

Enter Lettice.

Let. Who would you speak with, good Woman?

Sq. Dau. Your Servant, fair Lady; I was desir'd, by Mrs. *Love-Toy*, and my Lady Dowager *Trinket*, to call upon Madam *Aurelia*, with some little Toys and Trifles: I presume, you are pretty Mrs. *Lettice*, Madam *Aurelia's* Companion, &c. I humbly beg Leave, as a Token of my Love and Respects, to present you with this little Tortoise Shell Patch Box, made in the Shape of a Heart; it is fill'd with your nice cut Patches, such as your Stars, your Half Moons, and your great Whig and Tory Ones.

Let. And pray, Honey, what am I to do for this fine Present?

Sq. Dau. Mrs. *Lettice*, 'tis our Method in *England*, when we would gain the good Will of the Lady, we always make Presents to the Con-

52 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

ident ; you must know, all my Rarities are right *English*.

Let. Oh dear, *English* ; I am mighty fond of your *English* Things ; I will call my Lady to see all your *English* Things.

[*Exit Lettice.*

Sq. Dau. Here's a Jade now ; it is not above Two Years ago, since she was taken out of an *Irish* Cabbin, with her Brogues on, and yet begins to despise her own Country, and is fond of every Thing that's *English* ; I will turn her away for that, the Moment I marry *Aurelia* : I think we have Enemies enough abroad, without encouraging those within our selves——but see, the fair Object of my Heart's Desire.

Enter Aurelia, and Lettice.

Let. Indeed, Madam, but you must see 'em——tis a Woman from *England*, Madam.

Aur. I have Things of Consequence in my Head, I have no Time to throw away on Trifles.

Sq. Dau. (Aside) I hope, one of these Things of Consequence in her Head, is my Person ; I have no Mind to make my self known before this Hussy, for she that would betray her own Country, would, no doubt, betray me.

Aur. Good Woman ; my Maid tells me, you are sent hither by Mrs. *Love-Toy*, and the Lady-Dowager *Trinket* ; I should be glad, on their Accounts, to do you any Service ; but I have Occasion for very few Things that you sell.

Sq. Dau. Thank your good Ladyship, it is a great Deed of Charity to lay out a Penny with me, for I am a poor decay'd Gentlewoman.

Aur.

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Aur. (aside) By the awkward Appearance she makes, her Gentility looks pretty much decayed, truly (*to him*) you look as if you had met with Trouble.

Sq. Dau. Aye, Madam, I am not the same Thing I was ; I fell in Love with a Rake of a Husband, that had Three or Four Wives besides me, and he us'd us all very sadly ; very sadly ; indeed.——Will your Ladyship be pleas'd to look over my Toys ; I have the prettiest *Flanders-Edging* for Wedding Night-Cloaths that ever your Ladyship saw. (*Aside*) Now I shall discover whether she has a Mind to be marry'd, or not.

Aur. Good Woman, no Wedding Night-Cloaths for me ; a Winding-Sheet will best become me.

Sq. Dau. (Aside) Excellent Intrigue, now for a Touch of me. (*To her*) I hope, your Ladyship is not cross'd in Love.

Aur. If I obey my Father, I am not to marry the Man I like.

Sq. Dau. (Aside) Very well ; the Man she likes is me, that's most certain. (*To her*) Ah, Madam, I marry'd in Obedience to my Father's Commands, but it ruin'd me ; therefore I never would advise any young Lady to obey their Parents, against their own Inclinations.

Let. A notable Woman, this ——

Enter Sir Ambrose.

Sir Amb. Aurelia, where are you——I have been searching all over the House for you. (*Seeing Daudle*) How now ! what Woman's this ?

Sq. Dau. (Aside) What a damn'd unlucky Bitch am I ?

54 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

Let. Sir, 'tis a poor decay'd *English* Gentlewoman, that sells your Patches, and Fanns, and—

Sir Amb. And Reputations, I suppose; one of those modest Conveniencies, that set young People together by the— in short, a Match-making-Bawd; —Ha, *Aurelia*!

Sq. Dau. (Aside) So, the Storm begins; I am a dead Man.

Aur. I do not know what she is indeed, Sir.

Sir Amb. How came she here then—Heark you, Woman—who in the Devil's Name are you? —From whence came you? And who sent you?

Sq. Dau. Why, an't shall please your Worship—

Sir Amb. Woman, that I may set you right in your Speeches, know, whatever you say, it shall not please my Worship.

Sq. Dau. (Aside) Why then, whether I talk like a Man, or a Woman, it will be the same Case to me. *(To him)* My Business here, Sir, was only to vend a few Trifles; I am what they call a Walking-Merchant, one that gets my Living by the Sweat of my Brows.

Sir Amb. By the Sweat of other People's Brows, you mean; I warrant you have in that Box Billet-Deux of all Sorts and Sizes; thou art hir'd by impudent young Fellows, to help 'em to steal foolish young Wenches; but let me tell thee, Woman, thou shalt not carry on thy Trade here; and that thou mayst never have any Encouragement to come again, I will use you so as that you shall tremble at the Sight of my House.

Sq. Dau.

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Sq. Dau. (*Aside*) What an unfortunate Dog am I? What an unlucky Turn is here of an Intrigue, which I thought the best I ever invenred in all my Life.

Sir Amb. Hark ye, Hussey, what's that you mutter? Ha, (*he takes Hold of his Shoulder.*)

Sq. Dau. (*Trembling*) No-no-nothing, Sir.

Aur. Pray, Sir, don't use the Woman ill; upon my Word, she came in but a Moment before you.

Sq. Dau. (*Aside*) Ah, the dear Creature; Ten to One but she has found me out; oh, how I should admire her Wit, could she but bring me off.

Sir Amb. Come, come, let me see what you have got in this Box of yours, (*rummaging, he finds some Letters*) What Letters are these? (*he reads*) To Mrs. Go-between, — Oh that's your Name, I suppose, is it not, Madam?

Sq. Dau. (*Aside*) What shall I say now, — a damn'd careless Bitch, what made her leave her Letters with me — I warrant there's some hellish Intrigue or another, that I shall be toss'd in a Blanket for; but I must own it. (*To him*) Yes, Sir, my Name is Go-between, at your Service. [Sir Ambrose reads.

DEAR Iniquity (*speaks*) That I suppose is your Sir Name? (*Reads on*) the Husband I spoke to you about, is this Moment gone down to Ring's-End; therefore haste to the dear charming Creature, and let her know, if she will be walking up Gable-street, I will overtake her in a Plack, and we will spend the Evening together at a certain House near the World's-End, where little Company

56 *The HSATY WEDDING : Or,*

Company uses to come. Make haste, for I wait impatiently for an Answer.

Yours intirely,

Mac-Shameless.

(He speaks) Your Servant, Mrs. Go-between.

Aur. Oh, impudent Creature! how had she the Face to come within these Doors?

Sq. Dau. (Aside) Ah, poor *Nehemiah*, I suppose I shall be carted for a Bawd.

Sir Amb. What a lucky Discovery I have made. *[Reads another Letter.]*

Dear Go-between,

WAit upon my Lord; I hear he is very flush of Money; perswade him I have elop'd from my Husband somewhere in the North.—The Counsellor, before he turn'd me off, Equipp'd me with very handsome Cloaths, and my Lodgings are genteel: Upon my Honour I am sound; for I have lain with no one but the Brigadier this Two Months; manage this Matter well, and Poz you shall go Halves;—my Lord talk'd a great deal to me in the Lattice last Play Night; I know he likes my Colour, and he prais'd my Hand and Neck.

I am your faithful Friend,

Betty Brim.

(Sir Ambrose speaks to him) Your humble Servant, Mrs. Bawd.

Sq. Dau. (Aside) Aye, 'tis all out, I am an unlucky Bawd truly.

Aur. Monstrous, unheard of Impudence!

Let. Well, these English are a cunning People; what Ways they can find out to get Money.

[Sir Ambrose reads.]

Mother Go-between,

I Am certain she has Two Thousand Pounds; I give her the Letter, but don't let her know I am turn'd out of the Army; you may call me Major, or Colonel, which you will; what's done must be quick, for my Taylor swears he will arrist me before Saturday Night; you know I am not worth a Groat, and if I am sent to Goal, there I must lye; if I succeed, you shall certainly have a Hundred Pounds.

I am dear, dear Bitchington,
your Child and Servant,

O. Rakeish.

Sq. Dau. (*Aside*) My damn'd confounded Stars have done very clever Things for me.

Sir Amb. Lattice, send a Servant to call a Constable.

[Exit Lattice.

Now, Madam, if you will be so ingenious as to confess who sent you hither, and what your Errand was, perhaps you shall only be drawn through the River Liffey, and turn'd loose to the raging Mob; but if you do not discover, you shall march in Pomp to Newgate, in order to be try'd for your Life the next Term.

Sq. Dau. (*Aside*) In truth, I shall come off badly either Way, for he's a very inveterate old Fellow; I will e'en confess who I am, enter into Bonds that I will never trouble his House nor Daughter again, and perhaps I may come off with whole Bones. (*He kneels*) Sir Ambrose, on my Knees I beg your Pardon.

Sir Amb. Aye, Hussey; but that will not do now.

58 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

Sq. Dau. I am no Hussey,——but your unfortunate Neighbour, Squire *Diddle*.

Sir Amb. (Aside) Upon my Conscience, and so it is.

Aur. Ah, poor Squire.

Sq. Dau. I cannot but own indeed, *Sir Ambrose*, that I borrow'd (that wicked Woman) *Mrs. Go-between's* Cloaths, and Pox of Trinkets; but upon my Honour and Honesty, I knew nothing of these wicked Letters.

Sir Amb. (Aside) Aye, but you shall pay for all. (*To him*) Here is a consummate Impudence, to pretend she is my Neighbour, *Mr. Nebemiah Diddle*; he is, indeed, a Coxcomb, and often guilty of your impertinent Frolicks; but would you, Woman, make me believe he would countenance such flagrant Rogueries as these? No, no, if thou hast no other Excuse to make, thou must march to the *Black Dog*.

Sq. Dau. Upon my Conscience, 'tis I, *Sir Ambrose*, (*he pulls off his Head-Cloaths*) as you may see here.

Aur. A very dismal Lover.

Sir Amb. Woman, I am deaf to all thou canst say, and blind to all thou canst show me.

Sq. Dau. Dear, sweet, *Mrs. Aurelia*; do but feel me; it is an easy Matter to distinguish between a Man and Woman.

Aur. Oh, foh, you wicked Woman, I would not touch you for all the World.

Enter Sir John Dareall, Lettice, Constable, and Cash.

Sir John. Hey day, what Figure have we got here?

Sir Amb.

The Intriguing Squire. 59

Sir Amb. Another Trick upon my Daughter, *Sir John*; this is a Match-making Bawd.

Sq. Dau. (*Aside*) What, my Rival here again! I have hard Luck indeed, to be twice disgrac'd before him.

Sir Amb. Here, Constable, carry this wicked Woman to Justice Quibus; tell him, I will be with him in a Moment. *Cash*, go you along with her.

Sq. Dau. Ah, pray dear *Sir Ambrose*, do not disgrace me at this Rate; pray, good *Sir John*, perswade him.

Sir John, Me, Woman, how canst thou expect any Favour from me? What, to enter into a Combination to steal my Mistress from me! I will see thee trounc'd, if it cost me a Thousand Pounds.

Sq. Dau. I tell you, I am no Woman; I protest, you would almost provoke one to show all one has. Pray, dear Mrs. *Aurelia*, put in one Word for me.

Aur. Go, you vile, shameless Creature, you ought to be made an Example on.

Sq. Dau. Mrs. *Lettice*, have you no Interest with your Master?—nor you, *Mr. Cash*?

Let. Ah, pah upon thee, Hussey.

Cash. Woman, I will attend thee to the Black Dog, and take Care, when I deliver thee, to have a Receipt in full for thee.

Sir Amb. Away with her, she grows odious to my Sight, (*the Constable, Cash, Servants, and Lettice, haul him*.)

Sq. Dau. (*Cries out*) Murder, Murder, I am no Bawd, I am a Gentleman, good Mr. Constable.

Con-

60 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

Con. Come along, if you can turn your self into a Gentleman, you shall be hang'd for being a Witch!

[*Exeunt, pulling him out.*]

Sir Amb. So I shall fright the little Rascal presently—*Sir John*, you see how I am plagu'd and pester'd upon the Account of my Daughter: I profess I have so good an Opinion of you, that I shall take your Word about the Settlement, and therefore beg you may be marry'd this Night.

Sir John. (Aside) This offers as I could wish. *(To him)* I shall comply, *Sir Ambrose*, with a great deal of Joy and Rapture; but the young Lady has desir'd till to Morrow to give me her Answer.

Sir Amb. Her Answer! to what?—Have not you and I agreed all Matters? Is it not her Interest to have you, and is it not obeying my Commands?

Aur. Sir, you have always been a most indulgent Parent to me, and therefore I hope you will not act a Violence, and force me against my Inclinations.

Sir Amb. Inclinations! a pretty Story, truly! Have you any Inclinations, Madam, to be turn'd out of Doors?

Aur. Sir, I had much rather beg my Bread, from Door to Door, than marry the Man I cannot like.

Sir Amb. Not like, Hussy! Pray show me what it is you dislike in *Sir John*; I faith I think him a proper handsome fine Gentleman; come, come, there's more at the Bottom of this than we can dive into: I suppose this Squire

Dandle

The Intriguing Squire.

61

Daudle came hither by your Appointment; but I will go this Moment, and have him punish'd most shamefully.— Come along, *Sir John*—
(*he goes but returns again*) Hearkee, I suppose your Trickmate, *Mrs. Friendless*, is concern'd in these Intrigues of yours.— See her again if you dare.— Prepare to be marry'd to *Sir John*, when I come again, or pack up your Awls and be gone. [Exit with *Sir John*.

Aur. So, my Catastrophe is winding up — *Townley* is the Man, that's certain — at Four a Clock I have promis'd to meet him at the Widow's; 'tis very plain I cannot be happy, without being disobedient, and yet I cannot expect any Happiness, whilst I am so; my Father is for driving me into what I think Misery; I, to avoid this, may run my self into worse Trouble — I cannot like *Sir John*, and to be forc'd, is dreadful. — I love *Townley*, and have sworn to marry him — but then my Father won't give us one Farthing — Why then we are the less beholden to him — 'tis better living in a Cottage with the Man we love, than in a Coach and Six with him we hate. — 'Tis the first Offence I e'er committed against my Father's Inclinations — but then, I comply with the dear Man who I design shall be my Husband — and Wives must obey their Husbands. — So, dear *Sir Ambrose*, 'tis given against you, and I'll to the Widow's — good luck attend me — [Exit.

SCENE

62 *The HASTY WEDDING; Or,*

SCENE *draws to the Street, Aurelia crosses the Stage as she goes into the Widow's.*

Enter Sir Ambrose,

Sir Amb. Mercy on me! is not that *Aurelia* going into the cursed Widow's House, notwithstanding my Commands to the contrary.— Oh Woman! Woman! what a world of Woes can thy Resolutions run thee into.— I will never see her Face again.— She shall never darken my Doors, that's certain.— I warrant she's to meet some beggarly Rascal there; it cannot be *Dandle*, I have him secure.— I have a great Mind to set Fire to the House, and burn 'em altogether.— What if I should enter softly, and listen, I may make some Discoveries that may be worth my while.— if I find out their Tricks and Contrivances, I shall go near to murder 'em all.— This Thing most certainly will break my Heart.— I wish I don't run Mad.— Methinks I begin to be distracted.— Ungrateful *Aurelia*.— I must be reveng'd of her.— I shall do some very rash Thing in my Passion, for I find the Devil very strong in me.

[He enters the Widow's House.]

SCENE *draws, and discovers Widow Friendless, Herriot, and Aurelia.*

Aur. You see, my dear Friends, how hardly I'm attack'd; upon which I am resolv'd to marry *Townley*, and run all Hazards— methinks 'tis strange he is not come.

Her.

The Intriguing Squire. 63

Her. I warrant you he's punctual to the Time; it wants several Minutes of Four yet.

Friend. I wish it was well over; my Heart trembles for you both.

Her. Oh! dear Mamma, you're strangely fearful; you had more Spirit sure, when my Father run away with you.

Friend. Oh! Child, that rash Action of mine I have paid severely for.

Her. You have no Reason to complain, I am sure; whilst my Father liv'd, he loved you well; and my good dear honey Lady has amply supply'd your Wants since. Hark, I hear some Body in the Entry; I am sure it is that dear Man Townley. *(as she goes to the Door, enters Sir Ambrose, without seeing him she speaks)* Oh, Sir, are you come?

Sir Amb. Yes, yes, I am come, with a Vengeance to you all.

Aur. Oh Heav'ns! my Father.

Her. *(Aside)* Deuce take the ugly old Thing, how he has frighten'd me.

Friend. This is what I always fear'd; now I am compleatly miserable.

Sir Amb. So, so, I read Guilt in every Countenance— Where is this Minion, this Rascal, you ungrateful Hussey; I'll murder the Dog, if he be above Ground.

Her. *(Aside)* Oh dear! how my Heart flutters for fear Townley should come unarm'd.— I wish he could but kill this ugly, old, ungenteel Thing.

Sir Amb. *Aurelia*, I have strong Inclinations for ripping you up, and seeing your Heart's Blood.— I advise you to make all the Speed you can out of my Sight.

Aur.

4 The HASTY WEDDING: Or,

Aur. I am so confounded, Sir, I know not what to say.

Sir Amb. And I am so confounded, I know not what to do; but Vengeance I will have— Without speaking one Word more, be gone, least I should——

Aur. I will obey you, Sir. (*Aside*) Ah poor *Townley* — how will my poor Friend and her Daughter suffer on my Account, miserable *Aurelia*! [*Exit*,

Sir Amb. Well, Mrs. *Original Sin*, and Mrs. *Actual Transgression*, what have you to say for your selves? How came you to harbour my Daughter, against my positive Commands and Inclinations?

Friend. It ne'er was thought a Crime, that we know of, to enjoy your Daughter's Company; it was to us the greatest Blessing: By her Charity and Goodness we have been supported, and the Burden of our Afflictions have been made easy by her Conversation. Had we known it was your Commands she should not see us, we had inviolably obey'd 'em—— Compassionate our Misfortunes, *Sir Ambrose*; you are blest with a most plentiful Fortune; consider how beautiful is Charity, how pleasant it is to relieve the Miserable, and have the Prayers of the Widow and the Orphan. (*She kneels*.)

Her. (*Kneeling on the other Side*) See two miserable Supplicants imploring of your Aid: Pity a poor Fatherless, distress'd, young Creature.

Friend. My Father was a Gentleman, and your Friend; he never thought his Daughter would be so reduc'd, to beg an Alms. Good Sir, be generous, and forgive what's past.

Sir

Sir *Amb.* (*Aside*) My Daughter is certainly most to blame, and I will be reveng'd on her for her Undutifulness, and despising of the Match, the happy Match I had provided for her—— What can she be so fond of this Woman for ; she seems agreeable indeed, and of a sweet Disposition.—— Suppose I should cloy my Daughter with her Company, take her Home to my own House, and marry her—— I cannot have a cordial Love for the stubborn stiff-neck'd Jade *Aurelia*.—— I am young enough to get Children, and this Woman is young enough to breed 'em for me—— perhaps I may have a Son—— what Comfort would that be in my old Age—— there's no other Way of punishing *Aurelia* effectually but this—— it shall be so—— it is resolv'd——

Her. (*Aside*) Deuce take him for making me kneel so long. (*To him*) Let your Heart melt with Pity and Compassion towards us ; you shall always have our Prayers, Sir.

Friend. Tears and Prayers, alas ! are all we have to give.

Sir *Amb.* Rise, Madam ; I own your pitiful Condition has touch'd the tender Strings about my Heart ; you have many Charms, and I resolve to make you happy—— I have agreed to marry *Aurelia* out of Hand to Sir *John Darvall*.—— I shall then be left alone.—— I want a House-keeper, and a Nurse ; give me your Hand, Widow, and in Exchange take my Heart ; I mean, that you shall be my Wife.

Friend. Sir——

Sir *Amb.* Nay, no Words ; I am honest and sincere—— Send for a Parson, it shall be done this

66 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

this Moment, and I will carry you Home in Splendour.

Her. Oh! by all Means, dear Mother.—
Sir Ambrose, I will fetch the Parson, he lodges but at the next Door; (*Aside*) Oh dear, to be a Lady, and ride in a Coach of one's own.

Sir Amb. Make haste, my Dear, and I'll prove the best of Fathers to you.

Her. And I the best of Daughters.— *Sir Ambrose*, I will bring him this Moment. [*Exit.*

Friend. (*Aside*) Who knows the Secret but we two; he knows he ne'er can show his Face within this Kingdom again, and ten to one he dies Abroad.— The *West-Indies* is a sickly Place.— it shall be so.

Sir Amb. Well, my Heart's Delight, are you resolv'd to make me happy?

Friend. Indeed, *Sir Ambrose*, your Proposal is romantick, and I can scarce believe you are in earnest.

Sir Amb. Upon the Faith and Conscience of a Man, all I have said is Truth, and I will marry you instantly.

Friend. You cannot think me so imprudent as to refuse a Happiness like this.— I know my own Unworthiness, tis true; but what is that to your unbounded Generosity and Goodness.

Sir Amb. Well said, Widow; I promise you, whate'er I want in Youth and Vigour, shall be made up to you in Tenderness and Friendship, and your Daughter *Herriot* shall be my constant Care.

Enter

The Intriguing Squire. 67

Enter Herriot.

Her. Oh! Sir *Ambrose*, I have found him; he's in the next Room, looking out the Words that are to link you fast together.

Sir Amb. Come on then, Widow; may Happiness attend us both—— 'Tis Pity *Aurelia* is not here an Eye-witness; perhaps, poor Girl, we shall have her dispute the Marriage.

Her. Never fear her, Sir *Ambrose*; she'll be overjoy'd—— I will send her Word immediately.

Friend. This is a Happiness I never dreamt on—— I wish I don't dream now.

Her. The Parson waits, Sir *Ambrose*.

Sir Amb. I am as impatient as he can be, my dear, my kind, my charming Widow.

(He leads her out.)

Her. Oh! what an Extrasy am I in—— to be my Lady *Walsby's* Daughter—— but then the Coach——

To strut it on the Strand, or in the Ring,

Oh! Equipage is a delightful Thing.

I shall have Money, Wit, a Shape, and Air,

And ev'ry Day a Coxcomb shall despair.

When Poor—— I was but so and so at most;

But now a Fortune grown, I am a Toast.

ACT



A C T IV.

S C E N E, Sir *Ambrose's* House.*Enter Aurelia and Lettice.*

Aur. **T**His is surprising News, indeed; I can scarce believe my Eyes! let me read it once more. (*she reads*)

M*y* dearest Sister; for so I now to my great Joy must call you; for some few Minutes since, your Father was marry'd to my Mother; and we are preparing to come Home in Splendour, he having sent for his Coach. I give you this early Notice, that my dear Aurelia may get all Things in a Readiness for our Reception.

I am, most tenderly and most affectionately,
your loving Sister,
Herriot.

Well, dear Sir *Ambrose*, you have reveng'd yourself most heartily upon me for my Undutifulness.

Let. Lord, Madam, sure you don't believe a Word of this; Sir *Ambrose* cannot be so silly.

Aur. Go, Fool, I know 'tis true; they dare not have us'd me with so much Freedom — Who gave you this other Letter?

Let.

Let. A Porter, Madam.

Aur. Poor Townley! (she reads.)

Dear Charmer,

AS I was coming (according to our Appointment) to Mrs. Friendless, to my great Surprise, I saw your Father go in before me: I am in a great Concern, for Fear he should have made some Discovery, and use my dear Aurelia ill. Let me know as soon as possible, and when I am to be the happy, happy
Townley.

Heaven knows, that this Marriage will make great Alterations in my Affairs.

Let. Oh, Madam, yonder's Sir John coming this Way.

Enter Sir John Dareall.

Sir John. Your Servant, dear Aurelia; there is the oddest Story reported at the Coffee-house about Sir Ambrose, that ever was heard: 'Tis said, he's marry'd to a Woman not worth a Groat; one whom he mortally hated, and always forbid you keeping Company with her: — Scandal flies about here strangely!

Aur. Indeed, Sir John, there is no Scandal in that Story; 'tis every Word on't real Matter of Fact.

Sir John. The Devil it is! Pray of what Age is she?

Aur. Young enough to have many Children, I will assure you — she has one fine Daughter by a former Husband.

Sir John. (Aside) Why then my Cake's Dough; there's no Gaming in Town that can support me;

70 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

me; my Equipage and Title will be of little Service to me; therefore I may ship myself for *England*; for, I suppose this silly old Rascal will have enough to do with his Money, now *Aurelia* will have little of it: (*To her*) Methinks you look well pleas'd upon this bad News, fair Lady.

Aur. I am very much rejoyc'd at it, Sir.

Sir John. How! Madam, rejoyc'd! for what, I pray?

Aur. In Obedience to my Father's Inclinations, I am very well satisfy'd; but the Lady he has marry'd is the only friendly Intimate I have; and, what is the greatest Pleasure of all to me, I, that was tir'd out of my Life about Marriage, and the Fear of being stole, may now be trusted out alone: I shall be brought down to a moderate Fortune for a private Gentlewoman, and never will be forc'd to marry the Man I don't like.

Sir John. Meaning me, I suppose, Madam?

Aur. Why, to be free with you, *Sir John*, I was engag'd, long before I saw your Face, to one who will not be alarm'd or surpriz'd about my Fortune, as you seem to be.

Sir John. Who, I, Madam? I may be concern'd for you, or that Matter; but, upon my Honour, Madam, I am so smitten with your Charms, that, provided your Father will but give you half a Dozen *Irish* Smocks, and a strip'd Stuff Gown and Petticoat, I shall envy no Monarch's Glory, but think I have touch'd the highest Pinnacle of Happiness.

Aur. A perfect Courtier, Sir; full of Words, and very unsincere.

Let.

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Lt. (Aside) It is pity she's engaged to *Townley*; for, really now, *Sir John*'s a fine spoken Man; and, if I were free, I should cry a Fig for my first Engagement, and take the Baronet at his Word: The very Thoughts of being a Lady would make me false-hearted sooner than any Thing in all the World.

Enter Sir Ambrose, Lady Wealthy, and Herriot.

Sir Amb. Lady *Wealthy*, I wish you Joy of your new Apartment; *(he salutes her)* this House is yours, and every Person belonging to it at your Command: Come, my pretty Daughter-in-Law, let me salute you; you're welcome here upon my Word. *(Espying Sir John and Aurelia)* *Sir John*, your most humble Servant; I have stole a Wedding; you little thought I should have been marry'd before you; that is my Lady, *Sir*, *(presenting him to Lady Wealthy)* and that is my pretty Daughter-in-Law — Oh! my dutiful and most obedient Daughter *Aurelia*; are you there?

Aur. I hope, good *Sir*, you'll pardon me for my late Offence.

Sir Amb. Pardon thee! aye, aye, I pardon thee with all my Heart, Child; I found your immoderate Love of this Lady here got the better of your Duty to me; therefore I have found out a Way to please us both; and now I am not uneasy, if you love her as well as you do me; you may continue with her all Day, and, if you please, she is your Mother-in-Law; Child, you may ask her Blessing, and, perhaps, you will obey her, tho' you would not me.

Aur. Madam, it is with a great deal of Joy I see you Mistress of this House.

Lady

72 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

Lady Weal. Thank you, my dear *Aurelia* — I dare swear it, Child: Come, Sir *Ambrose*, you must forgive what's past; it is our Wedding Day.

Her. My dear *Aurelia*, I rejoyce to see you.

Sir John. (*Aside*) How unconcern'd she appears!

Aur. My dear *Herriot*, I always had a Fondness for you, which this Alliance will rive faster.

Sir Amb. Sir *John*, methinks you look amaz'd at this sudden Match — I am a Man of Credit still; my Word's my Bond; get but *Aurelia's* Consent, and the Ten Thousand Pounds shall be forthcoming at a Moment's Warning.

Lady Weal. (*Aside*) Ten Thousand Pounds! What will be *Herriot's* Fortune, then? — I never will agree to that. (*To him*) Sir *Ambrose*, I have a tender Love for poor *Aurelia*; I beg she may follow her own Inclinations; (*aside*) I know her passionate Love for *Townley*; give her but Opportunities, and she'll run away with him, and so be disinherited.

Sir Amb. Well, my dear Lady, I shall leave all to your Management; but pray let Sir *John* have fair Play; let him win her if he can.

Lady Weal. (*aside*) I like the Gentleman, he may be a good Match for *Herriot* — (*to him*)

Nay, Sir *Ambrose*, I only advise, I don't direct. Sir *John* shall always find a Friend of me.

Aur. (*Aside*) How's this?

Enter Cash, the Musick playing without.

Sir Amb. What Noise is that without, there?

Cash. Upon my Credit, Sir *Ambrose*, such a Din I never heard before; there is the Drums Trumpets

The Intriguing Squire. 73

Trumpets, Fiddlers, and Bagpipes; all come to wish you Joy of your Wedding — I must observe to you, Sir *Ambrose*, that since the News of your Marriage, your Bills are brought very fast to our Shop.

Sir *Amb.* Well, Sir, I suppose the Cash will answer.

Cash. I hope so; (*aside*) for, if it won't, I doubt your Wife's Portion will scarce make good the Deficiencies. (*To him*) What must I do, Sir *Ambrose*, to still this raging Noise?

Sir *Amb.* Why, give 'em five Pistoles, and send 'em packing; 'tis an impertinent Custom, but they have pleaded it Time out of Mind.

[*Exit Cash.*]

Sir *John.* Faith, Sir *Ambrose*, I should be glad to pay upon the like Occasion, if fair *Aurelia* would prove less cruel — (*a Noise without.*)

Enter Cash.

Cash. Why, I was going to pay the five Pistoles, as *per Order*; but can have no Receipt for the Money; they will not trust one another; so I can get no Voucher; your speaking to me is no Order, without I have it to show under your Hand.

Sir *Amb.* Give 'em the Money, and I will sign the Order. [*Exeunt Sir Ambrose and Cash.*]

Sir *John.* I will follow him, and push this Matter Home—Ladies, your Servant, for a Moment. [*Exit Sir John.*]

Lady *Weal.* This is a very disagreeable Fellow, *Aurelia*; thou shalt never have him, Child; let me alone to perswade your Father from it; but, come Daughter, for so stands the Case now, when I was only your Friend, and

74 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

out of Gratitude oblig'd to comply with yours and *Townley's* Request, I could not well give my own Sentiments of that Affair; but, as a Parent, I must command you never to see him more. You are very near my Heart, therefore I will not be privy to your Ruin.

Aur. This is most surprizing, Madam!

L. Weal. Aye, so was marrying of your Father, Child.

Her. Come, *Aurelia*, you have always been preaching me up to a Duty to my Mother; now she is your Parent, Child, and therefore pray show me a good Example.

L. Weal. Don't stare so, *Aurelia*, you see the Ascendant I have over your Father; study but to please me, and your Business is done, Child; you shall not want a handsome Fortune, provided you marry the Man I like: *Townley's* a Beggar, Child; I will never consent to marry you to a Beggar.

Aur. I protest, Madam——

L. Weal. Hold there, *Aurelia*, don't begin your Speeches with so much Warmth, Child; not but I shall give you very great Freedoms, when we are alone together; but as there is a Duty and a Decorum due to me, as your Father's Wife, I must expect it from you.

Her. You know, Sister, my Mother is apt to be very passionate; I have felt the Weight of her Hand often; therefore pray, *Aurelia*, don't provoke her, least we both lye under her Resentment.

L. Weal. Aye, thou dear sweet temper'd best of Creatures, let but *Aurelia* take Example from thee, and you will share my Heart together.

I must

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I must own I don't love Contradiction, that's all the Failings I have; therefore, if you would win my Heart, say as I do—— that's all——

Aur. But, Madam——

L. Weal. But, *Aurelia*—— but is generally the Beginning of an Argument, and when a Parent suffers a Child to argue with her, Where's Duty? Where's Decency? Where's good Manners? No! I can suffer any Thing but that; therefore pray let us wave the Discourse—— I think you have a pretty good Fancy in Cloaths, *Aurelia*; I design to buy a fine *Cherry colour'd Damask*; what shall I line it with?

Aur. (*Aside.*) So, I am born to be miserable, but little thought I should have met with this sort of Misery.

L. Weal. Look you, *Aurelia*, when I condescend to ask your Advice, I expect an Answer immediately.

Aur. I beg your Pardon, Madam; I understand Dress very little; but, in my Opinion I should line it with a *Cherry colour'd Lute-string*.

Her. Oh! fye upon your awkward Fancy, Sister; such a Lining is only fit for an old Woman—— if I might be thought a judge, I would advise your Ladyship to a *White Italian*; it would give it a sprightly Air.

Lady Weal. And so it would, indeed, my Dear—— Well, *Herriot*, you shall fancy all my Cloaths, and your own too: I think *Aurelia* must have something new upon this Occasion.

Aur. Madam, my Father has made me a Present of three Pieces of very fine Silk, which, if I could have liked Sir *Jahn*, were design'd to have been made up against the Wedding.

76 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

L. Weal. Since there's no Likelyhood of that disagreeable Match, if we like the Silks, *Herriot*, and I will chuse each of us a Piece of 'em.

Her. I will have the Peach Colour with Gold Flowers, if your Ladyship pleases: I saw 'em to Day when they came Home.

L. Weal. You shall take your Choice, my Dear.—— But what do we stand trifling here for; I must look into my Family Affairs—— You are happy, *Aurelia*; you have got rid of a great deal of Trouble—— the Management of Servants is one of the greatest Plagues of Life, and you have a sad Pack of Servants; I must get a new Retinue as soon as I can, tho' I believe I shall keep your Maid *Lettice* to wait upon *Herriot*; and when *Herriot* has no Occasion for her, she may do any Thing for you; I know *Herriot* and you love one another so tenderly, there will be no Disputes; you have too much Discretion to dispute any Thing with her—— if you should have any Reason for complaining against her, provided you give me substantial Proof of it, I shall let *Herriot* know she must not do it for the future; tho' I dare swear the Child will never give you any Cause, without you provoke her very much.

Aur. I will assure you, Madam——

L. Weal. Since, by being your Father's Wife, I justly deserve the Title of Ladyship, when you speak to me, *Aurelia*, pray give me my due Honour.

Aur. I thought it had been the Height of good Manners to have said Madam, even to the Queen herself.

Her. Nay,

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Her. Nay, Sister, if you know better than her Ladyship and I, we have done.

L. Weal. Say nothing, *Herriot*, she will learn better——Where's all the Keys of your Cupboards, Store-Room, and the Plate, *Aurelia*?

Aur. And please your Ladyship, *Lettice* has them.

L. Weal. Oh! fye, *Aurelia*, a Housewife! and trust the Keys to her Maid——pretty Minagement, indeed! well, I shall ease you and her too of these Burdens——Come, *Herriot*, let us look into our Family Affairs; sure I shall make thee another guest Housewife than *Aurelia*.

Aur. I shall be glad to learn, and please your Ladyship.

Her. I shall be glad to show my Sister any Thing that I know.

L. Weal. Aye, thou'rt a good natur'd Creature, the best temper'd Child I ever met with in all my Life; how unhappy might *Aurelia* have been with some Sisters-in-Law——Come, *Herriot*, it's probable we shall have a great deal of Company to congratulate us, and therefore we must go and adjust Matters.

Aur. Shall I wait on your Ladyship?

L. Weal. No, *Aurelia*, thank our Stars we want no Help——we shall give you very little Trouble——when I want you I will send for you.

Her. Aye, Sister, when we want you we'll send for you.

[*Exeunt Lady Wealthy and Herriot.*]

Aur. Very pretty! and very pert——let me consider, for I protest I am in a Maze——my Bosom Friends!——People that I have

78 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

supported by my Charity—— Oh! Ingratitude, thou cursed hellish reigning Vice—— My Lady Mother with a Vengeance—— Well, Sir *Ambrose*, my disobeying your Commands, will be severely punish'd. — What, must I never see *Townley* more, my Life, my Soul, my Happiness—— I must, I will see him; and he shall be mine in spite of all her Artifice.

Enter Lettice.

Let. Oh Madam! there's terrible Doings; your Lady Mother is got into the Kitchen, calling the Cook Names, and throwing every Thing she meets with at the Scullion's Head: She has lock'd the Butler into his Pantry, and charg'd the Coachman with stealing the Horses Oats. What will poor Sir *Ambrose* say to all this Noise, who always lov'd Peace and Quietness? The young Thing tells me I am to be her Maid, curse on her Pride; but I forgot to give you this Letter from dear Mr. *Townley*.

Aur. There is the only Comfort left. (*She opens the Letter and reads.*)

Dear AURELIA,

I Am not much surpriz'd at your Father's marrying Friendless; for I always supposed that a Man who behaved himself so whimsically to you, would one Time or other do a very ridiculous Thing by himself: I foresee the termagant Airs your Mother-in-Law is like to give herself, and no doubt will incense your Father against you: Shake off their Tyranny, and come to the Arms of him who most tenderly loves you; 'tis true, my Fortune's small, but yet enough to live above the World's Contempt; real Happiness is scatch
in

The Intriguing Squire. 79

in the Resolution of being contented in our Circumstances: Therefore rid your self of all your Plagues at once, and bless your

Admirer,

TOWNLEY.

Aur. (Speaks) Generous Townley, it shall be so: Does any any one wait for an Answer?

Let. His trusty Porter, Madam.

Aur. I will into my Chamber, and write one that shall please him.

L. Weal. (Calling without) Why, Lettice, I say; very fine, truly—Is this the respect show'd to a Lady?

Let. So, so, my Turn is next. *(She runs out.)* I am coming, coming, coming, and it shall please your Ladyship. *[Exit Lettice.]*

Aur. Poor Creature! her good Fortune has turn'd her Brain: I hope she'll vent some of her mad Fits on my Father.

Enter Sir Jeremy Daudle, Lady Daudle, and Squire Daudle.

Sir Jer. Ah! Mrs. Aurelia, we are come to wish you Joy of you:—

L. Dau. Of your what, Fool—— What Joy can it be to her—— to be sure, Mrs. Aurelia, you must be very melancholy.

Sir Jer. Aye, to be sure, very melancholy.

L. Dau. You are always interrupting me—— I am afraid this new Alliance will make bad for you, Aurelia.

Sq. Dau. Aye, many a *Bastinado* have I gone through, in hopes I should have been well paid for every Stroke; but now I'm well assur'd, the Fortune will fall short of what I set my Heart on.

80 *The HSATY WEDDING: Or,*

Aur. Nay, Squire, if you slight me I must be undone——I thought you had always profess'd a sincere Love for me.

Sq. Dau. Aye, Mrs. *Aurelia*, that's true but Love buys no Beef and Mutton.

Sir Jer. No! Love buys no Beef and Mutton.

L. Dau. Well, *Aurelia*, I pity you; your liking my Son, shows you have a great deal of Wit and Penetration; for tho' the Squire is my Flesh and Blood, yet there are so many Charms in the dear Boy, that I can't help being of your Opinion: How came this unfortunate Business, *Aurelia*? Was the Devil in your Father? I am afraid this Woman and her Daughter will quite ruin you; they say he married out of Revenge to you——this Devil of a Woman——we must get somebody to poison her.

Sir Jer. Aye, we must get somebody to poison her.

Enter Lady Wealthy and Herriot.

L. Dau. (*Runs to her*) My dear Lady *Wealthy*, I congratulate you from the Bottom of my Soul. (*To Herriot*) Joy, Joy, to the little dear Charmer.

Sir Jer. From the Bottom of my Soul, (*salutes Herriot*) to the little dear Charmer, Joy, Joy.

Sq. Dau. (*Salutes them*) Give me Leave, Madam, to make up the Chorus, and repeat what all the World are Singing.

L. Dau. Aye, thou art a dear Boy.

Sq. Dau. (*To her*) And you, my little Angel, how beautiful she is! (*Aside*) She will be the Fortune——I must pay my Addresses to her; there's no Comparison between her and *Aurelia*.

L. Weal. Pray, Lady *Doodle*, was this Visit to me?

L. Dau.

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L. Dau. To you, my Lady! pray to whom should it be? I will assure you, there is no Body living has more Respect for your Ladyship than my Family.

Sir Jer. Aye, for your Ladyship, than my Family.

L. Weal. Upon my Word, *Aurelia*, I am very angry with you; do you think when People of Fashion visit me, that you must hold Discourse with them, and keep 'em from my Presence? Upon my Word 'tis rude, 'tis very rude.

Av. I beg your Ladyship's Pardon, I meant no Harm.

L. Weal. Meant no Harm; I believe you meant no Harm, you have more Duty to me than that comes too, but you must not be so thoughtless.

Her. I will answer for my Sister, Madam, that she will never be guilty of the like again.

L. Dau. Pretty Miss, she's for excusing it I find.

L. Weal. Oh! Lady Daudle, there is not such a Comfort in Life, as that dear Creature, the best natured Soul upon Earth! I hope *Aurelia* will take Example by her.

Av. (*Aside.*) I shan't stay to be baited with your Impertinence, I have Business of greater Consequence upon my Hands. [*Exit.*]

L. Weal. What is the Girl gone, without asking Leave, or making a Courtesy? What a Solecism in Breeding is that! She's prodigiously under-bred; I shall have much ado to polish her.

L. Dau. Why, poor Child, she has been a great while left to her self; and when young Women are left to themselves, they make but awkward Creatures.

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Sir Jer. Aye, they make but awkward Creatures.

L. Dau. Dear Heart, did not I say so before; you, like an *Eccho*, repeat nothing but ones last Words.

Sir Jer. Why really, my Dear, I love Talk mightily, and I have very few Words of my own, and that makes me borrow yours; but if you are offended, I beg Pardon, Deary.

L. Weal. (*Afide*) Well, I must bring *Sir Ambrose* to this Sort of Discipline; methinks there's something so genteel in snubbing one's Husband before Company—(*To them*) I must engage your Ladyship for the Evening, *Ombre's* the Word.

L. Dau. Aye, dear *Ombre*, Life would be insupportable without *Ombre*: How tedious would the Winter-Evenings be, but for that dear Game.

Her. I own *Picquet* is my Favourite.

L. Dau. Oh, *Picquet*, is very well for all Day, but sociable *Ombre* for all Night.

Sir Jer. Aye, for all Night.

Sq. Dau. I beg I may have the Honour of engaging pretty Miss *Herriot* at *Picquet*.

L. Dau. Have a Care of the irresistible Charms of those Eyes; she'll *Picquet* you, and *Re-picquet* you, with one Glance.

Sir Jer. Ha, ha, ha! aye, with one Glance.

Sq. Dau. Never fear me, my Lady, I know the worst on't, 'tis but dying at her Feet.

L. Weal. Very gallant indeed; the Squire is a perfect Courtier.

L. Dau. Poor Boy, he always affected being genteel from a Baby, never play'd at any Thing but Gentlefolks Tea-tables, Visiting-Days, and Christen-

Christenings with the Misses; he scorn'd the vulgar Games, and keeping Company with Mechanick Boys; he is, indeed, the only Comfort of my Heart.

Sir *Jer.* Aye, the only Comfort of my Heart.

L. *Weal.* (*Aside*) Very well, I will set him down for another of *Herriot's* Lovers.

L. *Dau.* Would you believe it, Lady *Wealiby*, I have made no less than fourteen Visits since I heard of your Marriage; there's no Pleasure of Life to me like hearing the Tittle-tattle Impertinence of our Sex upon any surprizing Occasion.

Sir *Jer.* Aye, upon any surprizing Occasion.

L. *Weal.* Well, be so free with me, my dear Lady *Daudle*, as to tell me what the World says of me; for I suppose I am to be the Town-Talk for one Month.

L. *Dau.* Why at present the Town talks very favourably of you, because very few People know you; but poor Sir *Ambrose* is terribly taken to Pieces; and indeed till this handsome Action of his, I rail'd at him very heartily, for he has used poor *Nehemiah* most inhumanly.

Sir *Jer.* Aye, most inhumanly.

L. *Dau.* I will say it for my Son *Nehemiah*, he has an enterprizing Brain; the finest Lad at an Intrigue that ever was; now, this barbarous Sir *Ambrose*, would really have sent him to *Newgate*, if Sir *Jeremy* and I had not come in the Good-speed: Justice *Quibus* was making out his *Mittimus*.

Sir *Jer.* Aye, he was making out his *Mittimus*.

L. *Dau.*

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L. Dau. Did not I say so, Fool; do you think I cannot be believ'd without your Vouching for me, — I really don't know where I left off now.

L. Weal. About his *Mittimus*, my Lady.

L. Dau. Your Ladyship says true; 'twas a vile Action of Sir *Ambrose*, and I'd have him to know, my Son deserves as good a Fortune as Mrs. *Aurelia*, every Day in the Week.

Sir Jer. Aye, every Day in the Week.

Her. I believe my Sister will be no great Fortune now.

L. Weal. Poor *Aurelia*, I must perswade her Father to give her something, provided she marry the Man I like; what she is to have will be uncertain, for I may have many Children, and perhaps a Boy.

Sq. Dau. (*Aside*) If I had stole her, what a precious Prospect should I have had.

L. Dau. Well, my dear Lady *Wealthy*, I rejoyce at your good Fortune, and I hope you'll make Sir *Ambrose* know his Duty; for your sake, I believe, I shall be brought to have a tolerable Opinion of him; tho', indeed, I had vow'd Vengeance against him, for using my Son so: He is my Aversion, a peevish, positive —

Enter Sir Ambrose.

My dear, dear, Sir *Ambrose*, I wish you a great deal of Joy.

Sir Jer. Aye, a great deal of Joy.

Sq. Dau. Aye, and so do I, dear Sir *Ambrose*.

Sir Amb. Thank you, Neighbours, thank you. — Well, Squire, are you and I Friends again; I don't fear your stealing my Daughter now; if I lose her, you see I have got another.

Sq. Dau.

The Intriguing Squire. 85

Sq. *Dau.* Well, Sir *Ambrose*, I have paid for my Peeping, and shall have done with Intriguing for the future.

L. *Dau.* Aye, Sir *Ambrose*, your severe Usage has quite baulk'd my Boy.

Sir *Jer.* Aye, quite baulk'd my Boy.

Sir *Amb.* Why then, I have taught him to be Wise; he has bought his Wit, and will for the future know that a young Fellow's Head has not Brains enough in it to over-reach an old Man's Cunning.—Well, my Lady, what Diversions will you find out for your Neighbours? I know they are come to spend the Evening with you.

L. *Weal.* Why, Sir *Ambrose*, we are going to Cards.

Sir *Amb.* I will finish a little Business, and wait on you — Where's *Aurelia*?

L. *Weal.* Truly, Sir *Ambrose*, I have substantial Reasons for complaining of her; she has left us so odly, so abruptly, that I protest I am surpriz'd at her.

Sir *Amb.* Why, she has lost by this Day's Work considerably, and therefore you must give the Loser's leave to look cloudy.

L. *Weal.* I hope you don't justify her, Sir *Ambrose*?

Sir *Amb.* Why, what if I do? She's my own Daughter, and I can do as I please about her.

L. *Weal.* Very well, Sir *Ambrose*, I have done.

Sir *Amb.* Aye, or else you are undone, I can tell you.—Well, set you merry for Half an Hour, in which Time I shall dispatch a little Business; and then, Squire *Daudle*, you shall throw
the

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the Stocking, and Sir *Jeremy* shall fill his Carcase full of good Sack-Poffet. [Exit.]

L. Weal. I find I must govern him by Degrees; he's a stubborn old Man.

L. Lau. Aye, but if your Ladyship takes my Advice, as stubborn as he is, we'll make him as humble as my Sir *Jeremy* here.

Sir Jer. Aye, as humble as my Sir *Jeremy* here.

L. Dau. You, Idiot, you; was there ever such Nonsense, as your repeating those Words after me.

Sq. Dau. With Reverence be it spoke, dear Sir, 'tis a very silly Way you have got; an't please your Ladyship, we must break my Father of it, or People will take him for a Numb'd-scul.

Sir Jer. Aye, take him for a——well, I have done, Honey; I have done——

L. Weal. Well, Sir *Jeremy*, we'll to Cards.

Sir Jer. Aye, to Cards—Your Hand, if your Ladyship pleases.

Sq. Dau. Your Hand, my fairest *Herriot*.

L. Dau. Squeeze it, my dear Boy; say soft Things to her.—She is a charming Creature.

*He is a Man of Wisdom and of Parts,
Who gains, the shortest Way, the Ladies Hearts.*

[Exeunt.]

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, A Hall.

Enter Miss Herriot, Squire Dandle.

Her. **N**AY, don't pretend to it, for you shall not follow me.

Sq. Dau. Indeed, my pretty Miss, you're too Cruel; I must and will admire you, in spite of your Teeth.

Her. Pho, I hate your fulsome Praises of my Hands, my Face, my Eyes, and Shape; are you such a Changling as to imagine that if I have those Things in Perfection, that I don't know it as well as you; and that I don't know how to set a Value on 'em as well as you.

Sq. Dau. Aye, but my little dear Charmer, there is no avoiding your Perfections; they all stare one in the Face, and one can no more help admiring of 'em, than one can help talking of 'em, when one does admire 'em.

Her. You, Men, look so like Fools and whining Coxcombs, when you are upon those Subjects, that I abhor the Generality of your Sex for it:—No, the Man who wins my Heart, shall appear

88 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

appear a Man of Sense, that I may have the Pleasure of making a Fool of him my self.

Sq. Dau. Do but put me down in the List of your Lovers, and make what you please of me.

Her. Well, the Prudes may say what they please; but it is a delicious Thing to be Admir'd and Ador'd; and of all your soft Things, there's none like those that are said to us.

Sq. Dau. Dearest Creature, permit me to touch your Fair Hand, (*takes hold of her Hand.*) Oh, Raptures! Thus, let me devour it, and die away with Extasy.

Her. Since you are so enamour'd with one, pray take the Fellow to it; you must know there is more Weight in that Hand than in the Nothery, (*bitting him a Box on the Ear, as she strikes him.*)

Enter Aurelia.

Aur. Poor Squire, you are very unfortunate in your Amours.

Sq. Dau. (*Aside*) So, I shall have a fine Time on't between my two Mistresses.

Her. Do you think, Sister, that you have a Right of intruding into my Company; perhaps, I had a Mind to be private——*Aurelia*, my Lady-Mother shall decide that for us.

Aur. Why, prithee, Child, dost thou imagine——

Enter Lady Wealthy.

L. Weal. Prithee! Who is that says Prithee?—— Prithee is a Word of great Contempt.

Her. (*Crying*) In short, I can't bear it, nor I won't bear it; no Body was ever so us'd.

Sir Amb. (*Listening at the Door*) What civil Wars are these? I must over hear 'em.

L. Weal.

The Intriguing Squire. 89

L. Weal. Dry up thy Eyes, my dear little Charmer ; who has offended thee ?

Her. Why, an't please your Ladyship, *Aurelia* has us'd me most barbarously, and most inhumanly.

L. Weal. *Aurelia* ! ———

Aur. Who I, Madam ! Give me Leave ———

L. Weal. Give you Leave ! That's pretty ; why, you are the Person accus'd ; what has the Creature done, *Herriot* ?

Her. Why, Madam, when *Squire Daulle* and I were here alone together, she not only listen'd, but enter'd in, and interrupted us ; and I won't bear it, so I won't.

L. Weal. No, nor you shall not bear it ; Such Insolence was never heard on, 'tis provoking to the last Degree.

Sir Amb. (List'ning). Poor *Aurelia* !

L. Weal. In my House, to be guilty of so much Rudeness !

Aur. Upon my Word ———

L. Weal. Upon your Word ! ——— Pray, who will take your Word for a Farthing ?

Sq. Dau. (Aside) I find I am the Occasion of these Broils upon the Coast, therefore 'tis prudent for me to steal off, lest I should be brought to sending and proving. [Exit.

L. Weal. I protest, your ill Language and rude Behaviour has frighten'd the Gentleman away.

Aur. My Language !

L. Weal. Look you, *Aurelia*, this is the last Time I will have any Dispute with you ; for either you shall leave the House, or I will.

Sir Amb. (List'ning) Excellent Woman !

L. Weal.

90 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

L. Weal. My Daughter and I will have no Spies upon us.

Aur. Sure, never any Thing was so unaccountable!

L. Weal. 'Tis very true, *Aurelia*; nothing ever was so unaccountable: I am glad you own the Fault, and I hope you will mend; you have many Faults that you must mend, *Aurelia*, if you expect Quiet in my House; with all the Calmness in the World, I tell you, (for I am not in a Passion, Child) your Carriage and Behaviour is very ridiculous, and your Dress most awkward.

Her. I never saw any Body dress so awkwardly in all my Life; her Cloaths are put on without any Air, her Gown is pasted upon her Back; she never turns out her Toes, and pokes out her Head like a Pig upon a Spit.

L. Weal. So she does indeed, *Herriot*. — Ah, let thee alone to describe an ungenteel Creature.

Sir Amb. (Lis'ning) Sure I got this Girl without a Gall; what will they not provoke her to an Answer?

Her. Pray, my Lady, do but observe the Lapets of her Head, what a becoming Look she has! tho' I must do her this Justice, to say, Night-Cloaths becomes her best; for the more she hides of her Face, the better it will be liked.

Aur. Pray, Ladies, how long am I to be your Scorn and Ridicule?

L. Weal. Nay, Madam, if you can't keep within the Bounds of good Manners, you are no fit Company for us; and so come along, my dear *Herriot*.

Ha.

The Intriguing Squire.

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Her. No, upon my Word, she is not Company for us. [Exit.

Sir Amb. (Lis'ning) No indeed is she not.

—Poor *Aurelia*.—

Aur. For what Reason am I made thus miserable—is it for my Undutifulness to my Father: I am sure, I have Cause of Repenting, and most severely has he punish'd me for it; —it's Demonstration; I can meet with nought but Misery in this House;—Generous *Townley*! Let me once more read his tender kind Letter, *(She pulls out Townley's Letter, and as she is going to read it, Sir Ambrose comes behind her, and snatches it out of her Hand.)*

Sir Amb. Let me see, *Aurelia*, I will read it for you.

Aur. Oh Heavens, my Father! Then I am compleatly ruin'd.

Sir Amb. Perhaps not, *Aurelia*,— but let us see what *Townley* says about it.

(He reads.)

Dear *Aurelia*,

I Am not much surpris'd at your Father's marrying Friendless, for I always suppos'd that a Man who behav'd himself so whimsically to you, would one Time or other do a very ridiculous Thing by himself: (he speaks) well observ'd truly, (he reads) I foresee the termagant Airs your Mother-in-Law is like to give herself, (he speaks) I wish to Heaven, I could have foreseen 'em; the Devil should have had her for me.—(he reads) and, no doubt will incense your Father against you: (he speaks) there he is mistaken, for it is not in the Power of any one to set me against my Daughter.—(he reads) Shake

off

92 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

off their Tyranny. (He speaks) Why truly, Aurelia, thou hast been tyrannically us'd, (he reads) and come to the Arms of him who most tenderly loves you; (he speaks) and upon my Word, Aurelia, I like him the better for it; (he reads) 'tis true my Fortune's small, (he speaks) aye, so it is too small indeed; (he reads) but yet enough to live above the World's Contempt; real Happiness is seated in the Resolution of being contented in our Circumstances: (He speaks) Why in Truth, and so it is; and if People can be satisfy'd with a small Fortune, I do not see any Occasion there is for a great one; (he reads) Therefore rid your self of all your Plagues at once, and bless your Admirer,

TOWNLEY.

(He speaks) Upon my Troth, a very worthy Fellow—— Come hither, Aurelia; you and I have two Accounts to make up—— you have very much offended me, —— set that there; —— now I have been guilty of a rash Action; I have committed a damn'd confounded Marriage, which, I doubt not, has very much offended you; now, where shall we set this Aurelia? Do you forgive me, and I will forgive you.—— Do you really love this Townley? Confess your Heart freely to me; I will not be angry with you, Aurelia.

Aur. I own, Sir, I have long had a secret Passion for him, and was this Day to have met him at your Lady's House, had you not prevented it.

Sir Amb. Would thou hadst met him, and would, to Heaven I had not prevented it——

But

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But come, *Aurelia*, we must make the best of a bad Market; it is in my Power to give you into *Townley's* Arms, and make you happy; I wish it were in yours to make me so; but my Plagues are like to last for Life, — This ungrateful Woman, that could use you with so much Barbarity and Insolence, will not spare me, who never show'd the Charity to her that you have done. I own I have done a rash ridiculous Action; but then, *Aurelia*, you must own, you were pretty much the Cause on't. —

Aur. Which, on my Knees, I beg Forgiveness for. I fear'd your sudden Passion might have forc'd me to have marry'd against my Inclinations, which made me consent to a Meeting with *Townley*, and this Woman was privy to my whole Design; I doubt, I should have been so undutiful as to have marry'd him, had you not come so suddenly upon us.

Sir Amb. Rise, *Aurelia*; your Misfortunes, as well as mine, bring Tears into my Eyes. Send immediately to *Townley*, let him know I have seen his Letter, and do consent he shall be my Son-in-Law; I am determin'd to give you the same Fortune I always design'd you, in spite of this termagant, ungrateful, She-Wolf; her Usage to my dear *Aurelia* has made her Sight odious to me, and her Daughter is the true Spawn of her.

Aur. How can I enough admire so kind, so good a Father!

Sir Amb. Be gone, my Dear, for yonder comes my evil Genius; it is not safe for thee to be within her Reach. [Exit *Aurelia*.]

Enter

94 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

Enter Lady Wealthy and Herriot.

L. Weal. So, *Sir Ambrose*, it is a fine Life I am like to lead here, I shall be insulted in my own House.—*Aurelia*, and all the Servants, are in a Confederacy against me and my poor Daughter; for ought I know, they may poison us.

Her. They are malicious Creatures, Ten to One, but they will poison us.

L. Weal. Look you, *Sir Ambrose*, I will be Mistress of my own House; all the Servants shall be turn'd off immediately; and I expect you should find out some Place or other for your Daughter to be in; you may board her cheap enough in the Country.

Her. Yes, you may board her very cheap in the Country.

Sir Amb. And if I should be so unnatural, as to turn my Daughter out of Doors, do you believe I shall not one Time or other repent me of it, and turn you and your Daughter out of Doors, and take my own Child Home again.

L. Weal. Turn us out of Doors! That's pretty, truly.

Sir Amb. Why, Madam, to come somewhat Home to the Matter; if you assume any Power here, but what I give you Leave to execute, I shall use you and your Daughter very scurvily.

L. Weal. Ha, ha, ha; that's good, indeed.

Sir Amb. Ha, ha, ha, not so good as you think; for in the first Place, I will have one of my Rooms very well darken'd, and the Doors barracado'd with a plentiful Parcel of Iron; I will have five Bundles of very clean Straw deposited therein, and whenever your Ladyship is going into your undutiful Tantrums, I will

I will take you by the little Finger, and lead you into the aforesaid Room, and lock you securely in there, supplying you from Day to Day with a sufficient Quantity of Bread and Water, until you shall so far come to your Understanding, as to be sensible that I am and will be intirely Master of my own House.

L. Weal. Do you think I will be us'd after this Manner? No, I will dye first.

Sir Amb. Why, truly that would do better for me; the Obligation of Marriage would then be over, and I should be again my own Man.

L. Weal. Oh! Such inhumane Usage I cannot bear; Oh! I faint, I dye! Oh, *Herriot*, hold me, Child, (*she falls in a Swoon.*)

Her. Oh, for Heaven's sake, assist me, Sir; she's Cold! she's gone!

Sir Amb. Truly, Miss, I am but a Fool of a Physician, and can do her little Good; besides, I have some urgent Business in my Compting-House.

L. Weal. Oh, oh, oh!

Her. Her Fit is very strong; can you be so barbarous to leave me alone with her? Must she dye for want of Help?

Sir Amb. If she has a Mind to dye, she shall not want Help, I'll send for a Physician; so, your Servant, my Dear. [*Exit.*]

L. Weal. (*Rises up*) What is the Stiff-neck'd, stubborn, old Rascal gone? I will be reveng'd. I suppose this Minx *Aurelia* has been beforehand with us in her Story; but I will make him know the arbitrary Power of a Wife; I will show him the true Spirit of my Sex; and before I have done, I will make an humble Husband of him.

Her.

96 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

Her. Pray Heaven, your Ladyship brings him to know his Duty; or, perhaps, when we have a Mind to go a Visiting, he will deny us the Coach.

L. Weal. We will both rack our Brains for his Destruction; but, my Dear *Herriot*, my Care for you is great, and for fear of any unlucky Incidents, the sooner I marry you the better. What think you of this *Daudle*, or Sir *John Darc-*
all?

Her. An't please your Ladyship, I am not old enough to relish either of their Persons; but to be a Lady determines me.

L. Weal. As we could wish, he comes.

Enter Sir John.

Sir John. Your Ladyship's obedient Servant; your Absence is much lamented in the Parlour. Sir *Jeremy* and his Lady have beat me most shamefully at *Ombre*.

L. Weal. I beg Pardon, Sir *John*, for leaving you so abruptly, but upon my Marriage with Sir *Ambrose* he was oblig'd to settle Six Thousand Pounds upon my Daughter; here we have been perfecting the Writings, and now I am for Cards again: We shall have you, I hope, Sir *John*.

[*Exit.*

Sir John. (*Aside*) Six Thousand Pounds—(*To her*) Immediately,—(*aside*) she's an agreeable, pretty, genteel Girl: I want just Six Thousand Pounds. (*To Herriot*) How sorry am I, my little dear Angel, that Sir *Ambrose* has settled any Fortune upon you.

Her. Pray, why so, Sir *John*?

Sir John. Because I might have shewn you how much I adore your Person; you would then have

have known my Sincerity, when I had thrown all my Fortune at your Feet, and thought the Beauties of your Mind Riches enough for me, to have settled all my Estate upon you.

Her. This is generous, indeed, Sir *John*—I find, tho' I am but a young Lover, there is a Sympathy between the Sexes; I own, when first I saw you, I wish'd *Aurelia* might not be your Wife.

Sir John. My dear, innocent, sincere Creature, let me grow to you; I suppose you are not ignorant Sir *Ambrose* and I had agreed upon all Matters about his Daughter; for which Reason, I cannot ask you publickly of him; but if you will consent that I shall marry you privately, it shall be done immediately.

Her. Well, Sir *John*, it is a Folly to deny the Fact; besides, I am too young to dissemble with you——Go with me into the Parlour, and get my Mother's Consent, and I am yours, as soon as e'er you please.

Sir John. Aye, but suppose, my Dear, she should be averse to it.

Her. Why then, we can but do it without her Consent.

Sir John. Well, I can deny you nothing (as he is leading her out)

Enter Squire Daudle.

Sq. Dau. Ha! I don't like this Intimacy, especially since Lady *Wealthy* has told me Sir *Ambrose* has settled Six Thousand Pounds upon her; now she is become a Fortune, there will be Spies about her, and it will be hard to get an Opportunity of being alone with her; but I have a Stratagem, such an Intrigue, such a Dis-

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guise, I will about it instantly. Ha ! Is not that *Jack Townley* coming this Way ? Perhaps, *Sir Ambrose* and he are reconcil'd, and *Aurelia* will be his ; if so, it's Time for me to make sure of this Girl.

Enter Townley.

Town. My dear *Daudle*, your most humble Servant.

Sq. Dau. Dear *Townley*, I rejoyce to see you here ; how stand Affairs with *Sir Ambrose* ?

Town. With me Joy, my dear Boy ; he has sent for me hither, as *Aurelia* informs me, to compleat our Happiness.

Sq. Dau. Faith, *Townley*, I am glad on't with all my Soul ; I shall not be long after you ; I am upon committing Matrimony too ; but see *Aurelia's* coming this Way ; I will not interrupt you—(*meets her*) Your Servant, fair Lady.

Enter (as he goes out) Aurelia.

Town. My dear *Aurelia*, did I ever think I should embrace you in this House again.

Aur. No Words now ; my Father has order'd that I conduct you to my Chamber, where he will immediately attend us ; and if it will not frighten you, I am to inform you the Parson is sent for.

Town. Too well you know how much my Heart o'er-flows with Joy at my near Approach of Happiness.

Aur. I feel the same Delight. I always told you our faithful Love would one Day be rewarded.

Enter Cash.

Cash. Mrs. *Aurelia*, I am sent hither, by Command of your Father, to let you know *ditto* Parent.

The Intriguing Squire.

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rent is now waiting in your Apartment, with a Parson, who is to joyn you and this Gentleman together in those Bonds commonly call'd Wedlock— You have my Prayers and good Wishes.

Town. Thank you, dear *Cash*.—Come, my Life; my Soul, my All. [*Exeunt*.]

Cash. Go your Ways, for a happy Couple; I do not know what to make of our new Brood; I find all our Servants are so much disoblig'd, that they often wish *ditto* Brood at the Devil.

Enter Sir John Dareall and Herriot.

Sir John. And are you sure, my little Angel, the Parson will come, upon receiving your Note, for I am impatient till 'tis over.

Her. Nay, I am uneasy till 'tis done; but never fear, *Sir John*, he is intirely at my Devotion; he marry'd my Lady-Mother to *Sir Ambrose*—(*spying Cash*) Oh! Mr. *Cash*, your Servant: Is the Messenger return'd I sent to fetch the Parson?

Cash. (*Aside*) *Sir Ambrose* told me, that the Parson's being here was to be a Secret from these People; perhaps she suspects something, and so has a Mind to sift me about it. (*To her*) Madam, I will go and inquire for *ditto* Gentleman, and bring you an Answer.

[*Exit Cash.*]

Her. Pray do, Sir. What will *Aurelia* say, *Sir John*, when she finds I have got her Lover from her; I shall take Pleasure in rallying the Creature, for she had so great an Opinion of her self, and seem'd to look so scornfully down upon me, that I cannot but take Notice—We should

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should teach those sort of People to know them-
selves, Sir *John*.

Sir *John*. Oh, by all Means, Madam.
Enter Cash and Squire Daudle, disguis'd like a
Parson.

Cash. This is the Clergyman, I suppose, you
wanted Madam; for he desir'd he might speak
with you.

Sq. *Dau.* (*Aside*) I don't like Sir *John*'s being
with her, I must get her alone to my self, and
then slap-dash the Business is over.—Madam, if
you please, I would speak a Word in private
with you.

Her. Oh, you may speak out, Sir; I suppose
Mr. *Homily*, being engag'd himself, has sent you
to marry me to this Gentleman.

Sq. *Dau.* (*Aside*) Ha, what the Devil—
here's an Intrigue to counterplot mine; but I
will take the Hint, and by that Means get to
the Bottom of it.—(*To her*) Yes, Madam; Mr.
Homily craves Pardon for his not coming, be-
ing sent for in great Haste to marry a Couple.

Sir *John*. Why, Sir, our Case requires Haste,
and therefore I must beg you would dispatch
us immediately.

Sq. *Dau.* (*Aside*) The Devil you would—(*To*
him) Sir, there is some Gravity and Circum-
spection to be used in this Affair, it being a
Solemn Business; I must ask this Lady some pre-
vious Questions concerning it.

Cash. (*Aside*) I presume I should give Sir *Am-*
brose some Intimation of this Matter, for it
doth not appear to be a Bill he has accepted.

Sq. *Dau.* Fir Lady, if you please, let me
kn w whet er you are willing to marry this
Gentleman?

Her.

Her. Most willingly, Sir.

Sq. Dau. (*Aside*) What a damn'd Fool shall I be made on, then? (*To her*) But, Madam, is there no Pre-engagements between you and one Daudle?

Her. With me! No, I assure you, I despise the poor dismal Creature.

Sq. Dau. (*Aside*) You do, you say. Then I am a most unfortunate Dog. (*To her*) One Question more, Madam; Does Sir *Ambrose* or my Lady know any Thing of this Matter?

Her. My Mother does, Sir.

Sq. Dau. (*Aside*) Then I may go hang my self. (*To her*) I shall be glad to have it from her own Mouth, Madam.

Sir John. What scrupulous Impertinence is this! The Thing is to be done privately, and she has Company with her in the Parlour.

Sq. Dau. May she not be call'd out, Sir?

Her. Yes, yes, Sir—Mr. *Cash*, be so kind as to tell my Lady I beg to speak one Word with her.

Cash. I shall, Madam, (*aside*) and by the Way, give Sir *Ambrose* Notice of what you are transacting here. [Exit.]

Her. Pray, Sir, who inform'd you, that there was a Match depending between me and Daudle?

Sq. Dau. There is such a Report, Madam.

Sir John. Given out by that little vain Rascal himself, I suppose; I shall slit his Wind-Pipe, if he talks with Freedom of my Angel.

Sq. Dau. (*Aside*) Pray, Heaven, he does not discover me; I am in Danger of my Life, and I never undertook an Intrigue in all my Life, but I was so.

102 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

Her. Sure any one that sees Sir *John*, can never suppose I would quit his Person for such a ridiculous Creature as the Squire. — Do you know him, Sir?

Sq. Dau. I have seen him, Madam. (*Aside*) It is always my Luck, in my Intrigues, to hear my self rail'd at.

Sir John. He is one of the saddest Dogs I ever met with.

Sq. Dau. (*Aside*) I dare not contradict him now: I am an unlucky Dog I am sure, which is next a-kin to a sad Dog.

Enter Lady Wealthy.

L. Weal. Did you send for me, my dear *Harriot*.

Sir John. My Lady, the Doctor here makes a Scruple about marrying of us, and questions your Consent.

L. Weal. What, then Mr. *Homily* could not come himself.

Sq. Dau. No, an't shall please your Ladyship, and therefore employ'd unworthy me.

Sir John. Well, Sir, now I suppose you are satisfy'd, and therefore will proceed.

Sq. Dau. Will your Ladyship be pleas'd to give 'em away?

L. Weal. With all my Heart, Sir.

Sq. Dau. But I have some Scruples still concerning Sir *Ambrose*.

Sir John. Pho, Pox of your Scruples.

Sq. Dau. Pox of my Scruples, Sir! I will assure you, Sir, People of my Coat, are not us'd to be serv'd after this Manner; you that can use such Expressions to one that has not marry'd you, what severe Language would you give me if I had marry'd you?

Her.

The Intrigueing Squire. 103

Her. Upon my Word, I shall be angry with Mr. *Homily*, for sending a Parson to us that trifles with us after this Manner.

Sq. Dau. Young Lady, you need not be in such Haste to be marry'd; if you were to stay a Year or two, it would do you no Harm.

Sir John. Hark ye, Fellow, use none of you're Reflections here; I shall slit your Wind-Pipe for you, if you do.

Sq. Dau. I am not angry at your calling me Fellow; for I am so: But Ladies, pray bear Witness I go in Danger of my Life. What, am I to be assaulted! You a Gentleman! to offer Violence to a Man that has nothing to resist with.

Sir John. Hark ye, I am a Free-Thinker, and have no great Respect for any of you; therefore marry us this Moment, or by Heaven thou diest. [*Draws his Sword.*]

Sq. Dau. (Kneeling) Ah, dear Sir, I will, I will. (*Aside*) Here's a damnd Story now. Why, if I should say the Words over 'em, 'tis a Marriage in Law; a Pox of my Intrigueing.

Sir John. Come, Sir, no Trifling, but do your Office.

Sq. Dau. Well, Sir, are you ready?

Sir John. Aye, aye, begin.

Sq. Dau. (Aside) If I don't do it, he will murder me. (*To him*) Stand there, Sir,—— (*aside*) there's no getting from it;——Wilt thou have this——

Enter Sir Ambrose, Aurelia, Townley, and Cash.

[*He spies Sir Ambrose, runs behind him, and cries out Murder, Murder.*]

Sir Amb. What Uproar's this?

F 4

Sq. Dau.

104 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

Sq. Dau. Ah, Sir, pray protect me from that bloody-minded Man; he threatens to murder me, because I would not marry him to that young Lady.

Sir Amb. I wish you had, and then I should have got rid of Part of my Plague. This is an Intrigue of my dear Lady's making, I suppose.

L. Weal. (*Aside*) This Disappointment will spoil poor *Herriot's* Fortune. Ha! *Townley* and *Aurelia*, what can this mean?

Enter Lady Daudle, and Sir Jeremy.

L. Dau. Nay, I am certain it was his Voice; and I am sure he cry'd out Murder. (*Spying Daudle*) Ha! is not that he, in that Disguise, disappointed in one of his Intrigues, I suppose—My dear *Nehemiah*, what made you cry out so?

Sir Arb. What, *Squire Daudle*, have you not left off your damn'd Intrigueing yet?

Sq. Dau. Pray, *Sir Ambrose*, forgive me this once, and I have done for ever; your Lady here, having inform'd me that you had settled Six Thousand Pounds upon her Daughter, I thought the Money would do as well in my Pocket as anothers—— for which End I borrow'd this Habit—— in the Interim this young Lady sends for a Parson, takes me for the Man; and so I discover'd the Plot, as you see.

Sir John. Damn the Villain; I will be reveng'd on him.

Town. Hold, Sir, this is not a Place for such Sport. (*Looks in his Face*) Ha, *Jack Ombre*! how the Devil came you into this Country?

Sir Amb. Ha! What Name do you give him?

Town. Ombre, Sir, last Year, when I was at the Bath, it was his Fortune to lodge in the same House

House with me, he is a famous Tat-monger, that eats when the Dice runs high, and starves when they don't.

Sir *Amb.* A Sharper—a Gamester—Mr. *Ombre*, what an Escape have I had! Upon my Word, Mr. *Ombre* had like to have put the two black Aces upon me. Call some Servants, and secure him, *Cash*; perhaps he has Pick-Locks for our Iron Chests.

Town. No, Sir, he is of a Race of Cheats that scorn to get their Living any Way, but by imposing upon other Peoples Understandings.

Sir *Amb.* We have as good Laws in this Country, for punishing such sort of Creatures, as any where he could go to—Let me see, *Item*, for counterfeiting my Brother's Hand; *Item*, for representing the Man he is not; *Item*, for—Kiss me, my dear *Aurelia*; kiss me, my dear Son *Townley*—What an Escape is here? Marry thee to a Sharper! how I Love thee for thy Undutifulness!

L. *Weal.* Ha! Marry'd without my Consent or Knowledge; what can all this mean! My dearest *Herriot*, marry thee to a Sharper! Heaven forbid.

Sir *John.* I beg you would not expose me, for I am a Gentleman, tho' an unfortunate younger Brother.

Sir *Amb.* So much the worse for that; when Gentlemen turn Rogues, they always prove the greatest, and ought to be made the greatest Examples; therefore away with him to Justice *Quibus's*.

Sir *John.* Mr. *Townley*, I beg you will intercede for me.

106 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

Cash. Sir, our Orders are punctual, and therefore you must proceed. [*They haul him out.*]

Sq. Dau. He has been my Rival to two Ladies, therefore if he must be hang'd, I will see him as far as *Stephen's Green*.

Her. What a Disappointment's here! I am like to be no Lady, nor no Fortune neither.

Sir Amb. This, Neighbours, shall be a Night of Mirth—Wish me Joy of my Son *Townley*.

L. Dau. Oh dear, marry'd, *Sir Ambrose*!

Sir Amb. This Moment, in my Daughter's Chamber. Her Mother-in-Law shall have no more Opportunities of using her ill in this House.

L. Weal. A good Riddance of her, I think.

Her. I am glad she's gone; but then I am sorry she's marry'd before me.

Sir Amb. Your ill-natur'd Malice and Ingratitude to poor *Aurelia*, has given me a Surfeit of you both.

L. Weal. Do you think I will be a Cypher in the House? How dare you Marry that Creature without my Consent? You have no Fool to deal with: Things must stand upon another Foot before I shall have any Satisfaction. This House is mine, Sir, and you, and all about me, shall tremble at my Commands: I will make a Figure; you have Money, and I know how to spend it.

Sir Jer. I profess, a meer Termagant, a She-Devil.

Enter a Sailor.

Sail. Pray, is one *Townley* here?

Town. Who wants me?

Sail

The Intriguing Squire. 107

Sail. I was order'd by the Captain of our Ship, to deliver this into your own Hands.

Town. (Opens it) Ha! a Letter sign'd Friendless! What can this mean! (Reads.)

Dear Townley,

I suppose you will be surpriz'd to hear of an old Friend the World thought Dead: You know how miserably I had involv'd myself in Debt; my Wife and I agreed to part, and so 'twas given out I Dy'd, and a formal Burying was made for me; I got to Cork in a Disguise, and took the first Ship to the West-Indies: In our Passage we were attack'd by a Pirate; but, having many Hands on Board, we overcame him, and found Twelve Hundred Thousand Dollars; my Share of the Booty was Six Thousand Pounds, which has put me into a Condition of satisfying all my Creditors: In a few Day I design for Dublin; I beg you will acquaint my Wife of this good Fortune. I am your affectionate Friend,

and humble Servant,

John Friendless.

Sir Amb. Let me kiss thy Hand — What Rapture! What Joy is here — Madam Friendless, your most obedient Servant.

L. Weal. Hell and Confusion! This makes my Condition worse then ever; for when my Husband hears how I have behav'd myself, he will certainly discard me.

Her. What is my Father alive! My Mother to be no Lady, nor am I to have no fine Cloaths, nor a Coach to go Abroad in; this is Heart-breaking News.

L. Weal. Come, Child, we have no Business here, to stay to be insulted. Sir

108 *The HASTY WEDDING: Or,*

Sir Amb. Madam, will your Ladyship, that was, be so kind as to make Use of my Coach, to see you safe Home? Pray give my Service to Mr. *Friendless*, and let him know, you are never the worse for my Wear; *Tol lol di dol di lol.*

L. Weal. Death and Destruction seize me and all the World!

Her. Aye, and me too; for I am desperately disappointed. [*Exeunt.*]

Aur. Poor Creatures! What Scorn and Misery have they brought upon themselves!

Sir Amb. Was there ever such an Inundation of Joy, Neighbours — Children, why don't you rejoice abominably?

L. Dan. We do, we do, *Sir Ambrose*: O, the upstart Creature! What an Air of Quality she gave herself; and how near poor *Nehemiah* was of being ruin'd!

Sir Jer. Aye, poor *Nehemiah*!

Sq. Dan. Well, I must resolve to leave off my Intrigueing: Had I marry'd this Girl, what a Hoop-Petticoat full of Misery must I have dragg'd after me.

Sir Amb. My dear *Townley*, give me thy Hand; I will this Night settle all I have upon thee: Love my Danghter well; for in Truth the Girl deserves it.

Town. Sir, she has been long assur'd of my Love and Constancy.

Aur. Which, you see, has crown'd our Happiness at last.

Sir Amb. I wish I don't die with Joy; methinks I am as light as a Fly since I have shook off my Load — Mercy on me! I tremble when

The Intriguing Squire.

109

when I think of the Danger I have escap'd —
A termagant Wife is the nearest Resemblance
of the Devil that ever I met with.

Enter Cash.

Cash. The Musick, Sir *Ambrose*, who were
here at your Wedding, are come again to play
at the Celebration of your Daughter's Nuptials.

Sir *Amb.* Let them play immoderately, for
Joy I am not marry'd, and for Joy that my
Daughter is marry'd; and let us have some
Dancing — (*They Dance*) So, so, now let's
to Supper, and then the Glass shall move with
merry Glee — I am all Joy and Transport.

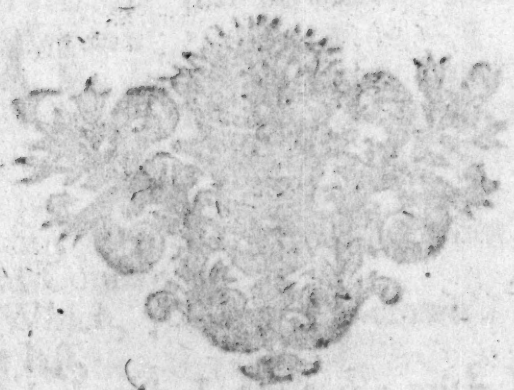
*In vain We Parents lay down Schemes for Life;
I wisely chose her Husband and my Wife,
Which might have caus'd a plaguy deal of Strife. }
Fortune will o'er our Actions still preside;
'Twas Fortune made my Girl a happy Bride:
And Fortune, to her Honour be it spoke,
Eas'd my poor Shoulders of the Marriage-Yoke.*

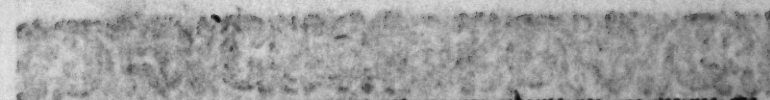


T H E

The Intriguing Gentleman
 when I think of the danger I have escaped
 from the Devil that ever I met with
 (The Devil) who were
 as at your service are come again to play
 the Game of your Danger's Match
 for I am not going to and for I have some
 business is married and let us have some
 dancing — (The Devil) for do you know
 support, and then the Devil shall move with
 every one — I am all his and I transport

In this the Picture is drawn between the life;
 I am all his and I transport
 I am all his and I transport
 I am all his and I transport
 I am all his and I transport
 I am all his and I transport





THE
P R E F A C E

THIS Play was written in Five Days, and
by the Author got up in Ten more. Five

SHAM PRINCE,

OR,

News from *Passau*.

A

C O M E D Y.

of the thing given me; but there was no
my People of good Sense and Reputation con-
could be expected: So I thought that in a
Comedy, which was a Task never so many.
think, indeed, the Prince himself is oblig'd to
me for his Part: If I knew where to have sent to
him, I would most certainly have delivered the



only that in the Decree that he got Money by him;
that is, by his going off.



THE P R E F A C E.

THIS Play was written in Five Days, and by the Actors got up in Ten more. Every Body knows the Occasion of it, and how well the Town receiv'd it; therefore I hope Criticks will be favourable to it; for I have made no Alterations in it since its first Acting: So they may judge by the Reading, the Hurry I was in at the Writing of it. As the Design was to expose a publick Cheat, and to show the Folly of some Tradesmen, who were drawn in upon that Occasion, I took Care to do it so, that even the People, from whom I stole my Characters, could not take it ill, and came to see themselves represented. The *PLAY*, indeed, might have been much better, had I made Use of the Hints given me; but there were too many People of good Sense and Reputation concern'd, to be expos'd: So I turn'd that into a *COMEDY*, which was a *TRAGEDY* to many. I think, indeed, the *PRINCE* himself is oblig'd to me for his Part: If I knew where to have sent to him, I would most certainly have dedicated the *PLAY* to him; for I really believe I was the only Man in *DUBLIN* that got Money by him; that is, by his going off.

P R O.



PROLOGUE,

Spoken by

Mrs. *GIFFARD*.

WHEN Poetry in all its Grandeur shin'd,
And Poets were the Darlings of Mankind,
Then *Satyr*, like a well-made Looking-Glass,
Expos'd the Villain, ridicul'd the Afs;
And Vice in all its Colours would display,
And sent their Audiences well pleas'd away.
To Day our Author shows you, on the Stage,
A comick *Knight*, the Wonder of this Age.
A *Beau*, a *Politician*, and a *Cheat*,
But Prince of *PASSAU* in his own Conceit.
All *Europe* joyntly in his Cause unite,
And yet his Highness prov'd a very Bite.
As many Tradefmen, to their Cost, have found,
Who still believ'd him, whilst he kept his Ground.
They

The P R O L O G U E.

They strait prov'd *Courtiers*, and good Places got,
And kept them, till his Highness spoil'd the Plot.
They all grew Great, and put on proud Behaviour,
And happy he who gain'd the Prince's Favour.
But Oh! the cruel Fates, had so decreed,
The great *Sicilian King* could not proceed,
The Night before that ever glorious Day, }
His Highness very fairly run away,
And in the Hurry quite forgot to Pay. }

How cross was this, how full of strange Vexations,
To baulk his Duns, and all his poor Relations.
Despotick Princes will do what they please,
And ne'er consult the harmless Subjects Ease:
They come, they go, and never tell the Cause;
Their arbitrary Wills are still their Laws.
Our Author fairly would his Plots display,
But that the *Prince* has took them all away.
Sir *WILLIAM CHEATLY* he to Night has shown, }
But then the Plot is most of it his own: }
'Twas writ on purpose to divert the Town. }



EPILOGUE,

Spoke by Mr. GRIFFITH.

G Allants, you've seen the Prince run quite
(away, }

And, to my Credit, I my self may say,
I was the *Heroe* of our Author's Play.

With snip-snap-Sheer, good Wit, and quaint
(Conundrum,

I acted, as the Wardrobe-keeper, under him.

I think, we Tradesmen have been all misus'd,
And by the *Poet* shamefully abus'd.

Our Characters are brought upon the Stage,
The most notorious Bubbles of this Age.

We're ruin'd if he's suffer'd to go on,
For he'll discover when we are undone.

No *Fop*, no *Beau*, nor *Sharper* can appear,
But strait you see him at the *Theatre*.

No Woman can be talk'd on, for a Fool,
But she becomes the *Poet's* Ridicule.

Nay, all their tittle-tatling foolish Ways
Are mark'd by him ; you'll find 'em in his Plays.

He shows their Vanity, their Pride, Ill-nature,
And now and then describes a virtuous Creature.

He says it is the Business of a *Poet*,

When People act like Fools, to let 'em know it ;

And Vice and Folly swears he will expose ; }

He knows he makes the Knaves and Fools his

(Foes ; }

He never pays his Court to such as those.

With Zeal he draws his Pen in Virtue's Cause,

And from that Circle he must gain Applause.

They will observe the Moral of his Scenes,

And all the Men of Sense know what he means.

If they encourage him, he thinks 'tis well,

For, give him but an *INCH*, he'll take an *ELL*.



SIR William Cheatly, the Sham-Prince,	}	Mr. Lyddal.
Trueman and Welldone,		Mr. John Watson
Gentlemen of Fortune,	}	Mr. Giffard.
Sir Bullet Airy, a fat Béan,		Mr. Vanderbank.
Cheatly, Sen. a notorious Cheat,	}	Mr. Rogers.
Father to the Sham Prince,		Mr. Hallam.
Mr. Seville, a Merchant,		Mr. Dogberry.
Mr. Kersay, a Draper,		Mr. Griffith.
Mr. Shred, a Taylor,		Mr. Dummus.
Trip, Welldone's Footman,		Mr. Trefusis.
Shoulder-dab, a Bayliff,		

W O M E N.

THE



THE
Sham Prince, &c.



ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Trueman and Welldone.

Trueman.

BY Heavens, I can't bear it! Did you observe last Night with what Cheerfulness and Gaiety she receiv'd him?

Well. How can you be jealous of so arrant a Coxcomb? In short, were she to make all the Addresses to him imaginable, he is too stupid to apprehend her.

True. Oh! Love is a Passion, that equally touches the Plebeian, and the Man of Quality.

Well. I grant you; we are all sensible of Love; but Education makes us have more refin'd Notions of it: That of a Fool is very little remov'd from that of a brute Beast.

True.

118 *The SHAM PRINCE: Or,*

True. And yet the Fool very often serves as a Play-thing to the Ladies.

Well. The Women don't admire him for his Want of Understanding, but because he likes all they say and do; for a Fool is generally a mannerly Creature, whilst your Man of Sense, by a Conceitedness natural to his Understanding, is always finding Fault with every Woman, and seems to look down with a despicable Countenance upon all their Actions, when to our Cost we know they are often wiser, and always out-wit us.

True. They don't show their Wit, when they use Men with Insolence, who are to be their Lord-like Husbands.

Well. Why, they govern in their Turns, and are somewhat like the *French*, who, tho' they are very haughty when invested with Power, yet they are very humble Spaniels, when that Power is taken from them.

True. But *Araminta* is full of arbitrary Notions, and so fond of Governing, that she'll marry a Fool, on Purpose to have the same Power after Marriage that she has before.

Well. Ah, *Trueman*, she knows the World too well, to give up her Power to a Fool, who tho' a pretty, simple, docible Animal, before Marriage, yet, afterwards, proves a sullen, obstinate, dogged, jealous, very Husband.

True. I profess, *Welldone*, I have so much Love and Tenderneſs for *Araminta*, that it would break my Heart to see her throw herself away on any Fool.

Well. But yourself, dear *Trueman* — You'll pardon the Expression, when you consider that all Lovers are set down in the List of Fools.

True. 'Tis very true, and I should be very glad so find you in that List; then you would not only be touch'd with my Uneasiness, but keep me in Countenance.

Well. No, no, I shall never be so far gone, as to keep you in Countenance; there are two or three very agreeable Women in *Dublin*, either of which I could drag a Chain with well enough; but my Way of making Love is, I send in the Rent-Roll of my Estate, a List of my Debts and Incumbrances; the Jointure I can make, and the Money I expect; after which, if the Woman has not Ten Thousand Charms in her Person, I warrant you I can pick out a Feature or two to doat on.

True. Whimsical, indeed; but suppose her Conduct should be ridiculous, or her Conversation insipid.

Well. O, as to her Conduct, I know my own Income to a Shilling, and will supply her with but just Money enough to appear in the Quality which becomes my Wife; and as to her Conversation, your marry'd People generally say all they have to say the first six Months; afterwards it is but the same Talk over again.

True. This careless Air of yours is very diverting; but take Care of your Heart; there are Women with irresistible Charms, sympathetically made on Purpose to triumph over particular Men: I am satisfy'd 'tis my Fate to be made miserable by *Araminta*.

Well. Ha, ha, thou art a romantick Fredestimarian, indeed — Do you know, that *Araminta's* Haughtiness and Cruelty, as you call it, proceeds from a Notion, that she's an equal Match

120 *The SHAM PRINCE: Or,*

Match for you; and that her Fortune will just fit your Settlement; Ten Thousand Pounds always gives a Woman an Air of Insolency; but how many pretty agreeable Girls, with moderate Fortunes, would receive your Addresses with a becoming Tendernefs; but 'tis the Money, *True-man*, gives her all her fine Feathers.

True. Aye; but will you believe me, when I tell you, that, if *Araminta* had not one Groat, I should doat on her.

Well. Why then, to be free with you, I will not believe you; for you must know, all Passions, when they grow strong, are very near ally'd to Madness; now you are mad enough to be in Love, and your Reason has so far left you, as you can't distinguish, whether you are in Love with her Money, or her Person.

True. Ah, now you banter me; I tell you it is her Person, join'd with the Beauties of her Mind, makes me adore her.

Well. Oh, you must have a prodigious Opinion of her Temper, when you every Moment rail at her Cruelty and blame her Conduct.

True. But that, I hope, is only put on to make me uneasy.

Well. Which is as much as to say, she has a damn'd deal of Ill-nature.

True. Fye, fye, *Welldone*; call it by some softer Name.

Well. How should I then act like a Friend, in trying to recover you from your Lethargick Folly.

True. May I depend on it, that your Friendship is sincere?

True.

Well. You may depend on't; for I borrow no Money of you, and you can do me no Service at Court; and what puts my Friendship out of Doubt, you have no Wife for me to debauch; where none of these Things are depending, Friendship may appear in all its Lustre.

True. If you are indeed my Friend, find some Way of making this *Cheatly* appear ridiculous in the Eyes of my *Acaminta*.

Well. Why, I am satisfy'd he does appear so already to her; but 'tis you, I find, must have convincing Proofs of it: I suppose you know I lodge in the same House with him, and his Father, whom I take to be a cunning designing Fellow, and, by what I observ'd, has a Mind to impose upon my Landlord *Seville*, the Merchant, who is very rich: The young Fellow seems enamour'd with his Daughter within these few Days; old *Cheatly* has given out, his Son has a great Fortune fallen to him, and has dubb'd him with the Title of Sir *William*; this Morning his Taylor brought Home a fine Velvet Coat, with Liveries for his Servants; and he resolves to make a great Figure.

True. It is that which gives me Pain; and, I am well assur'd, 'tis all design'd to gain my *Araminta*; some Usurer has advanc'd Money on the intended Project; I know she's vain, and much I fear the gaudy Equipage will tempt her.

Well. You must know, the Son has not the Cunning of his Father, and therefore cannot so well tell you the Story; I believe their Designs may be on *Araminta*, but she has Sense enough to despise the Creature.

122 *The SHAM PRINCE: Or,*

True. Aye, but for fear she should not, pray let us divert their Stratagem, and turn the glaring Thing on some other Object.

Well. Are you willing, *Trueman*, to throw away Four or Five Hundred Pounds, to secure your Mistress.

True. As many Thousands, upon my Honour.

Well. Why, then leave the rest to me, you know *Trip*, my Servant.

True. Yes, and have a great Kindness for the comical Dog.

Well. Why, he shall stand your Friend in this Matter.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir *Bullet Airy* is at the Door in his Coach, and desires to know if you will take a Walk in *Stephen's Green* with him.

True. Desire him to walk in for one Moment, and I'll wait on him.

Well. Pray, why are you not jealous of this Coxcomb? I should think him more capable of undermining you, than the other. This is a brisk, airy, merry Fellow, and those Sort generally take best with the Ladies; the other is a fullen Fool, that never gains any Ground amongst 'em.

True. Oh, Sir *Bullet Airy* is my Friend; besides, *Araminta* has declar'd to me he's her Version.

Well. If she had a Design of imposing on you, I should suspect that Declaration of hers to be a Trick. Sir *Bullet* has a very good Fortune, and by Presents and admiring of 'em, makes himself very acceptable among the Women.

Enter

Enter Sir Bullet Airy.

Sir Bul. Dear *Trueman*, split me into lean Men, if I am not very glad to see you. Ha! *Welldone*, art thou there? You are inseparable Companions, and can no more be asunder, then a Set of Teeth; and devour every Thing that offers to divide you, Ha, ha, ha.

Well. A pretty Simile truly; sure, *Sir Bullet*, you must study at Home, to be witty Abroad; you can never say all your good Things off-hand.

Sir Bul. Waste me, *Welldone*, if I have any premeditated Malice about me; I am pretty happy in a Genius; your fat People are always good-natur'd; tho' I don't think my self half Fat enough for a very fine Gentleman: But what makes my Equipage none of the most despicable, is, that I have the fattest Coachman in Europe; my Footmen are pretty bulky, and my Horses in full Flesh, I do assure you.

True. And truly, *Sir Bullet*, you your self look like the Picture of Plenty.

Sir Bul. You must know, I was at Lady *Homebred's* this Morning, and in came your Mistress, *Araminta*: Lady *Homebred* has one of the finest Looking-Glasses I ever saw; I was but admiring my Shape in it, and that Devil, *Araminta*, told me I was made like a *Rhenish* Cask; *Skeleton* take me, if I knew what Answer to make her.

Well. Oh, *Sir Bullet*, you could never want an Answer.

Sir Bul. No, as you say, I did not want an Answer; but I was studying how to be witty upon her.

Well. Well, and I hope you gave it her pretty Home.

Sir Bul. Why, before I could get hold of a Thing that I thought witty enough, the Creature run on, with telling me, I was neither made for a Lady's Man nor a Beau; fell a praising your tall, handsome, lean Fellows; and Skin and Bone represent me, if she would let me crowd in one Word with her; but at last, Madam, says I, *Julius Caesar* always desir'd to have fat Men about him, and cou'd not bear the Sight of lean *Cassius*; *Mark Anthony*, who for a Woman lost the World, was very Fat: The States of *Holland*, who are reckon'd the wisest People in *Europe*, are in all their Assemblies represented by fat Men; and their Grand Pensionary is much bigger than me. Pray, says I, who looks more Orthodox in the Church than a fat Priest? Who keeps up the Grandeur of the City more than a fat Alderman; or who fills a Chariot so agreeably as a fat Beau? Did you, says I, ever meet with a lean Fellow, that was not ill-natur'd; they are fit for nothing, but to make Criticks on; they are always a Chewing, full of Spleen, and never speak well of any Body. I was going on, but was interrupted by the new blazing Star, *Sir William Cheatly*.

True. What, did he visit *Araminta* this Morning?

Sir Bullet. Aye, in the best fancy'd Equipage you ever saw; and really the Man is very fat about the Face; and were his Body a little larger, he might pass for a very genteel Fellow.

True. Well done, it is certainly as I suspected.— Pray, *Sir Bullet*, how did she receive him?

Sir

Sir Bullet. Why, *Trueman*, you know the Woman better than I; give her her Due, she receives every Body but me very handsomely. He talk'd of making a Ball, and invited all the Ladies to it.

True. And did *Araminta* promise to go?

Sir Bullet. Promise! aye, and when I came away, was perswading Lady *Homebred* to let her Daughters go.

True. And you left him there:

Sir Bullet. He was coming away——I think he offer'd to carry me to *Stephen's-Green* in his Chariot; but 'faith, there is so many unaccountable Stories told about him, that I was not willing to be seen with him, till I am convinc'd how he came by his Estate and Quality; but come, are you for *Stephen's-Green*, 'tis a fine Morning, and there will be a great deal of Company, for all *Dublin* knows that Sir *William* is to appear there.

True. Well done, what's resolv'd on must be soon executed, or I am for ever ruin'd.

Well. I'll to my Lodgings, and give Orders about it, and then wait on you to the *Green*.

Sir Bullet. Well, shall we resolve to dine together?——Faith, I want to laugh heartily; 'tis the wholesomest Physick a Man can take——shall we dine at the Three Tuns, and drink hard for half an Hour.

Well. With all my Heart; secure *Trueman*, and you're sure of me.

Sir Bullet. Come, Sir, will you march.

[Exit *Welldone*.]

True. I will follow.

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Sir Bullet. No, waste me if you do. (*Pushes him before him*)

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to Stephen's-Green.*

Enter Araminta, Lady Homebred, Miss Molly, and Miss Nanny Homebred.

L. Home. Oh! fye, Cousin, you have positively brought me here against my Inclination; I hate all publick Places, and all publick Diversions.—— I know how censorious *Dublin* is, and am sure Women that appear often, must be talk'd on.

Ara. Fear nothing, my dear Aunt, I'll secure your Reputation for a Pinch of Snuff.

L. Home. Mine, I defy the World to say black's my Eye—— You, Cousin, have a great Fortune; and the Man who courts you, 'tis for your Money, Child; that will dazzle him so, he'll ne'er look into your Reputation; but what must these poor Girls do, who have but small Fortunes, and therefore must get Husbands by their Virtue, and their Prudence, and their Housewifry?

Ara. And by their appearing once in six Months; ha, Aunt—— Oh! fye, fye, for shame give over your Prudery; the more a Man looks at a Woman, the more he likes her.

L. Home. Mercy on me, I should be out of my Wits, should any Fellows stare at my Daughters.

Ara. That's the Reason, I suppose, you have left going to Church, and have forc'd 'em to the Meeting.

L. Home.

L. Home. Why, no fluttering, foolish young Fellows come thither: People only meet to be devout.

Ara. In a slovenly Manner, truly?

L. Home. 'Tis more decent, Cousin, than when a whole Shoal of young Fellows, who are always staring Women out of Countenance and because they have no Religion themselves, they wou'd divert other People from it.—— Thank Heaven, my Girls have no Vices that I know of; I give 'em Diversions enough; for when the Government invites, they always see the Play; and when the Corporations ride the Fringes, I carry 'em to a Relations of mine in *Castle-street*, where they take their Bellies full of the Show—— Nay, once I went with 'em to a Lord Mayor's Feast.—— Why, *Molly*, what are you staring at now? —— *Nanny*, hold up your Head, Child.—— Come, Cousin, let's be gone, for I see a great deal of Company coming this Way.

Ara. No, no, my dear Aunt, my Cousins shall not be coop'd up after your Manner: Severity breeds nothing but Hypocrites—— they must learn to talk to the Men, or they won't know what to say, when a Lover asks them the Question.

L. Home. Ask my Daughters the Question! Oh! fye, Cousin, why do you put such a Thing in their Heads; the Man that marries either of them, must ask me the Question.—— I'll assure you, I know what's best for 'em; they shall marry when I think it's proper, and to the Men I like.—— I will send 'em out of my Hands good Housewives.—— They make all their own

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Linnen, Cousin, and Molly has a Bed of her own Working, and Nanny is working an Elbow Chair and two Stools in *Irish* Stitch, which will be finish'd by this Time Twelvemonth, and then she shall go about a Bed for herself.

Ara. Pretty Qualifications truly! Can either of 'em do more than a Sempstrefs, or my Maid, that I give five Pounds a Year to—— I warrant you they can make Fish-Sauce, and an Orange-Pudding, so can every greasy Cook-Maid.—You breed 'em as if they were decay'd Gentlewomen, and that you had Hopes of recommending 'em to be House-keepers in a great Family, where they are to keep an unruly Set of Servants in Awe.

L. Home. Upon my Word, Cousin, you are enough to spoil all the young Housewives in Town—— Don't mind her, Children, she is a profuse Creature, made only to spend Money; but you must save it, my Girls—All your unhappy Matches among the Quality, proceeds from their not looking into their Affairs; they spoil all the good Servants they meet with, by being above telling 'em what they have to do.

Enter Sir William Cheatly, with several Footmen following him

Sir W. Cheat. You, Fellow, bid the Chariot wait by *Dawson-street*.—— Ladies, your most Obedient.

Ara. Sir William, your Servant.—— Now, Aunt, I hope you'll think it no Disgrace to have my Cousins seen walking with this compleat fine Gentleman,

L. Home.

L. Home. I like Sir William very well; but, Molly, let him say what he will to you, don't answer him, Child.

Miss Molly. No forsooth, Madam.

Miss Nanny. (*Aside to her Sister*) A good agreeable young Fellow, Sister; I wish we could but talk with him.

L. Home. Nanny, keep just behind me, Child.

Miss Nanny. Yes, an it shall please you, Forsooth, (*Aside*) Oh! what wou'd I give now to have the Liberty of Coqueting it, for one Hour, amongst all these pretty Fellows.

Ara. Well, Sir William, you must expect to be taken to Pieces prodigiously; every Body must have a Fling at you.

L. Home. Oh! 'tis a censorious Place, made up of Inquisitiveness and Detraction.

Sir Wm. Madam, they may take what Liberty they please with me, I believe I shall help Conversation a little; I design to give 'em every Day fresh Occasions of talking of me, and at last shall surprize 'em more than they think for—— (*To Miss Molly*) Is your Ladyship for a Pinch of Snuff?

L. Home. Oh! dear Sir William, my Daughters are not well-bred enough for that.

Ara. You wou'd make awkward Creatures of 'em, Aunt; I warrant you my Cousins can eat Wall, and Ends of Tobacco-pipes; 'tis Fifty to One but they have each of them a know'd Nutmeg in their Pockets—— Sir William, pray let me regale with a Pinch of your Snuff——

'tis excellent, pray where got it you?

Sir Wm. At the Green Man, Madam; I lik'd the Snuff, and order'd the Fellow to send me

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in a dozen Pound of it ; as much as you please
is at your Service.

Ara. A perfect Courtier—— Your Box is
the prettiest I ever saw.

Sir Wm. 'Tis the best I could meet with in
this Country ; I give *Felster* fifteen Pistoles for
it, and truly I think it's cheap——That is at your
Service, Madam, and the Owner of it too.

Ara. At present, *Sir William*, I have no Oc-
casion for either.

Enter Sir Bullet Airy, and Trueman.

True. Death ! Hell and Furies ! she's intimate
with him, (*Aside*)—— Your Servant, Ladies.

Ara. Lord, *Trueman*, how you haunt one—
methinks, you're always appearing to me, looks
as if I had been guilty of your Murder.

True. Madam, when ever I die, it will cer-
tainly be given out you was the Death of
me.

Ara. A great many Things are given out in
this Town that are not true.

Sir Bullet. Consumption seize me, Lady *Hombred*,
if I am not overjoy'd to see you here, and
these fair Nymphs your Daughters.

Ara. Nymphs ! oh dear, dear ; what awkward
Words are there for a fine Gentleman—— why
Nymph is never said to any Thing but a Vi-
zard in the Middle Gallery ; I suppose you first
learnt how to make Love from those Crea-
tures.

Sir Bullet. Split me into lean Men, if I am
not even with you, Mrs. *Araminta*, before you
leave the Green.—— 'Gad, I can be severe, and
I can be witty.

Ara. My dear, Sir *Bullet*, don't fancy so; you might as well be Handsome, as Witty; they are both Gifts of Nature, which you are not beholding to her for.

Sir Bullet. Prithee, *Trueman*, take off your Whasp, she's always stinging me.

Ara. Well, that was a severe Thing, tho' it was not a witty one.

L. Home. Aye, Cousin, no Body should throw Stones, whose House is made of Glass.—— Children, keep close to me.

Sir. Bullet. Your Ladyship says true.—— Skeleton take me, if I am not enamour'd with your Ladyship's Manner of breeding your Daughters; for methinks there's nothing on Earth so disagreeable as a pert young Lady, who under the Notion of being witty, grows very rude.

Miss Nanny. Nay, I must have a Pinch of Snuff out of Sir *William's* Box, if my Mother kills me for it—— Sister, if you'll hold my Mother in Talk, I'll venture at it.

Miss Molly. (*Aside to her*) Be quiet, you wild Thing you.

Ara. Well, Sir *William*, shall you and I be severe upon every Body, and take a Turn this Way.

True. This is done on Purpose to affront me.

Sir Wm. Why really, Madam, I have a Right of being severe upon the Town, for they have used me pretty scurvily; but I believe I shall shine out so, as will amaze 'em all.

Enter Welldone.

Well. Gentlemen and Ladies, a good Morning to you.

True.

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True. Dear *Welldone*, I rejoyce to see you; she has used me most scurvily.

Well. So much the better.—— *Sir William*, your most humble Servant; shall I beg the Favour of one Word with you.

Sir Wm. With all my Heart, *Mr. Welldone*.

Ara. (Aside) Ungenteel Creature! Cou'd not he have told him he was engag'd to a Lady; now must I take up with this horrid Thing *Trueman*, or walk with my hum-drum Aunt.— Well, *Sir Bullet*, are you making Love to her Ladyship? Prithee let's hear some of your tender Things.

L. Home. Cousin, as much as you think I am past 'em, I do assure you, 'tis not long since that I had fine Things said to me.

Sir Bullet. And Consumption seize me, *Madam*, if you are not a Subject for fine Things.

L. Home. Well, *Sir Bullet*, my Cousin may say what she pleases of you; but, upon my Word, I think you a polite fine Gentleman.

Sir Bullet. Split me into lean Men, if your Ladyship is not a most discreet, ingenious Person, and your Daughters are Angels.

Aur. Come, Aunt, let's walk; how can you bear to hear Flattery from the Mouth of one who does it in so clumsy a Manner?

L. Home. Miss *Molly*, Miss *Nanny*; follow me close, Children.

True. (to *Araminta*) May I have Leave, *Madam*, to follow you at a Distance?

Ara. The greater the Distance, the greater the Obligation, *Sir*.

True. (Aside) Pert, cruel Creature.

[*Exeunt all but Welldone and Sir William.*

Well.

Well. You'll pardon me, Sir William, for mentioning your Name and sudden Appearance here; but I promis'd my Friend, who was then at Passau in Germany, to write him all the News I could pick up; and there's his Answer.

Sir Will. 'Tis very well, Sir—— (He reads.)

Dear FRIEND,

Yours came to my Hands, when I was at Supper with the Princess of Passau; she seeing a Letter deliver'd to me, would make me open it, and then, you know, I could do no less than read her the Contents; she colour'd very much at the naming Sir William Cheatly, first ask'd me if he was marry'd? When I told her I believ'd not; she was more compos'd, and declar'd to me, that she had made a Resolution never to marry, till she could meet with a Man of her own Name; for you must know, the Principality of Passau has been in the Hands of the Van Cheatly's for above five Hundred Years; she has been courted by several German Princes, but refus'd 'em all; her Territories are large, she has a noble Income, with about four Hundred Thousand Pounds in ready Money, with many Jewels: She has order'd an Irish Gentleman here (who is her Secretary for Foreign Affairs) to ride Post with all Expedition towards Ireland, to propose her in Marriage to Sir William: I believe he brings some Presents, and if the Match goes on, that Gentleman is to marry 'em by Proxy; should the Business go on, I beg you would recommend me to be Master of his Horse, which will be worth to me about two Thousand Pounds a Year. I am, dear Welldone,

Your very Humble Servant,

LOVELESS.

T D A

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Sir Will. Mr. Welldone, I shall be glad to do your Friend any Service, but I cannot dispose of so considerable a Post as that, without consulting my Father; I beg you'll let me show him this Letter, and you may write your Friend Word, that I shall not give away any Post, till I get settled in the Principality, but I will do something for him; and so your Servant, dear Welldone— (*To his Footmen*) Some of you call my Chariot: Oh, you Gods! Prince of Passau! what an Extasy am I in —

(*Exit. with Footmen.*)

Well. So, so, Trueman's Fears will soon be over; *Araminta* will be no more thought on; the Prince of *Passau* will look down with Scorn upon her.

*As Lyars are most easy to believe,
So greatest Knaves we soonest may deceive.
Extol their Merit, and cry up their Parts,
You quickly gain the Outworks of their Hearts,
And wisely undermine their Tricks and Arts.*



ACT



ACT II.

SCENE, Cheatly's Lodgings.

Enter Shred to Cheatly Senior.

Shred. **Y**OUR Servant Sir, your Servant; I make bold, Sir, to bring in my Bill: Times are very ticklish, Sir, and no Body cares to trust.

Cheat. Very well, Sir, give me your Bill, you shall be pay'd.

Shred. Yes, Sir, I know that Sir; but pray, Sir, when am I to be pay'd?

Cheat. Why, let's see, what Day's to Day? Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, ay, you may call on Saturday; I heard my Son say, he'd have no more Cloaths of you, till he had paid for those he has had already.

Shred. I believe he won't, indeed Sir. Mr. Cheatly, I am a plain-dealing Man, and am fain to cut my Coat according to my Cloth; now I don't value the Stories that are rais'd of a Button; but People would say I was a Goose, if I should suffer my self to be Fine-drawn by you and your Son, without pressing you for Money; and therefore I beg this mayn't be a Sleeveless Errant of mine.

Cheat.

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Cheat. Why, you must know, Mr. *Shred*, that my Son had many Taylors recommended to him, and chose you from amongst 'em all.

Shred. Sir, not to *canvas* the Matter, I have stood as stiffly by your Son as *Buckram*; but you know Sir, *Stay-Tape* will make any Man wax weary.

Cheat. Pray what will satisfy you Mr. *Shred*.

Shred. Why Sir, every Farthing of my Money.

Cheat. Aye, but my Son and I must look your Bill over, for I reckon there will be a good deal to be cut off.

Shred. Not one *Shred* Sir, 'tis a *shear* good Bill.

Cheat. Sure Mr. *Shred*, you could not use all that black Velvet.

Shred. Sir, you seem, by the *Thread* of your Discourse to *mistrust* me; now, Sir, as I have trusted you and your Son, I think you ought to trust me; and I declare, that if I was to be truss'd up this Moment, my last dying Speech should be, that I had not cheated you one Farthing; therefore, Sir, I beg you would dispatch me.

Enter Kersey.

Ker. Your Servant, Mr. *Cheatly*; I hope you'll pardon my Presumption, in being somewhat importunate for the Pence; I hope I do not commit a Solecism in Breeding, when I ask for my own; every Person, both by the Civil-Law and the Common-Law, have a Right to ask for their own; my Cloth and my Velvet; my Shalloon and my Serges cost me Money, Mr. *Cheatly*, therefore Sir, there is my Bill; you know Mr. *Cheatly*, that I have not seen one Penny of yours

or

or your Son's Money, since I dealt with you; or more properly speaking, since you dealt with me.

Shred. Mr. *Kersey's* a well-spoken Man, and speeches it like a Recorder; there is some Measure in his Discourse, and a Yard of his Reasoning is worth an Ell of another Man's.

Cheat. Mr. *Kersey*, there is not any great Occasion for this Rhetorick of yours, you shall be pay'd, Sir.

Ker. As a learned Gentleman in this Town has it, *quandoque*, now that is in *English*, Sir, when? I suppose Mr. *Shred*, you are here upon the same unhappy Occasion with my self.

Shred. Yes, Mr. *Kersey*, I am drawn in, as the saying is; I gave 'em a Yard, and they have taken an Ell.

Ker. I find our Affairs are all of a Piece.

Enter Mrs. Twist.

Twist. Your Servant, sweet Mr. *Cheatly*, I am glad to find you at Home; for really it was whisper'd about the Town, as if you and your Son were gone off, as we call it in the Way of Trade.

Shred. No, Mrs. *Twist*, no Body can believe that; tho' if they were gone off, there would be no finding of 'em again, you might as well look for a Needle in a Bottle of Hay.

Twist. So long as I can have the Honour of seeing Mr. *Cheatly*, I never will believe any Stories about his being gone off.

Ker. Nor I, upon my Credit.

Twist. That Affair being settled, if you please we'll proceed to Business; we are all Friends, I suppose, and therefore, Dear Honey, Mr. *Cheatly*, 'tis no Secret I am going to tell you, I really must have my Money, Mr. *Cheatly*.

Ker.

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Ker. Aye, and I must have my Money.

Shred. I must *shape* my Discourse in the same Words; I must have my Money.

Enter Seville.

Sev. Oh, your Servant, Tenant, (*to Cheatly*) I hope I am not imposed upon, but I am inform'd that your Son has no Fortune nor Title; 'tis all a Pretence, in order to steal my Daughter. Have I launch'd out so much Money, with the hope of the Lord knows what, which is to happen the Lord knows when, and so I am used the Lord knows how; will you be pleas'd to set us right in this Matter?

Ker. Upon my Word, Mr. *Seville*, I had never let him run in my Debt, had I not been inform'd that you were deep in with 'em before.

Shred. Aye, I believe he is as *deep* as well can be, and has pocketed nothing in this *shammy* Affair, I am afraid we shall all be *fobb'd off*.

Cheat. Gentlemen and Ladies, I did not expect to be so used; you were mighty humble when we *took up* the Goods.

Ker. Aye, and should be very humble again, if you would be pleas'd to *lay down* our Goods where you took 'em up.

Twiss. 'Tis a great deal of *Lace* your Son has had of me.

Shred. I believe you would *solace* your self very much, could you get it again; all the Time I sat *cross-legg'd*, I thought I was working upon a good Foot, and *measur'd* Things accordingly, but now I am afraid this Business will make me *shear off*.

Sev. Mr. *Cheatly*, I wish you would give these Gentlemen and me some Satisfaction or another,

another, before Matters come to an Extremity.
Twist. Aye, do but tell us what we have to trust to.

Ker. And give us good *Security* for the Money.

Shred. Or else I would not be in his Coat for any Thing.

Cheat. Why I would willingly have kept the Matter some time longer a Secret, knowing it would have been ten Thousand Pounds more in my Son's Way, but that I may make you all easy.

Twist. Aye, dear Mr. *Cheatly*, I always said you were very much of a Gentleman, and were it not for your tittle-tattle People that come to my Shop, I could have been mighty easy in this Matter.

Ker. For my Part, there's no Body so free of trusting as I am; but then indeed I am a little importuning about getting my Money again.

Shred. By my good Will, I would trust every Body if I could afford it, but my Circumstances are as narrow as the Eye of a Needle; not but it pricks me to the Heart to deny any Gentleman.

Sev. Well, but Neighbour *Shred*, don't interrupt Mr. *Cheatly*, he was a going to tell us how we should all be satisfy'd.

Cheat. Why you must know Landlord ——— but see my Son.

Enter Sir William Cheatly.

Sir Will. So Mrs. *Twist*, your most oblig'd humble Servant.

Twist. Oh dear, Sir *William*, your Servant.

Sir Will. My dear Mr. *Kersey*, how do you?
 Ah, *Shred*! art thou there? (*To his Father*)
 Pray, Sir, peruse this Letter. *Cheat.*

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Cheat. (*Reads*) To *Charles Willdone, Esq;* in *Dublin.* (*Reads it to himself, Sir William looking over.*)

Twist. Neighbour *Kersey*, what a graceful young Fellow it is!

Ker. He has really a sort of a majestick Surlinefs that's very agreeable.

Sev. Oh, the young Fellow looks very much like a Gentleman.

Shred. 'Tis an odd sort of a Thing, that we Taylors, that make all the fine Gentlemen, should have no more Respect shown us! Now, when they say nine Taylors make a Man, they mean that I, and eight Journeymen, shape out such a pretty Fellow as that.

Cheat. Why this, Son, is the Secret that I was not willing to disclose, for I have known it this two Months; but this Letter to *Mr. Willdone*, I think, may be read to this good Company, for they are very uneasy about their Money, and have us'd me a little rudely; which, I think, neither of us have deserv'd from 'em.

Sir Will. What is it they would have?

Ker. Oh, dear *Sir William*, nothing at all; we only call'd to see whether you or your Father were ———; that is, we had a mind to know how Things went.

Twist. Yes, we were willing to know how Things went, and so we came.

Shred. Ad, I don't know how we shall come off about this Matter, we have cut out a good deal of Work for our selves.

Sev. Pray, *Mr. Cheatly*, let us hear the Letter if you please.

Ker. Aye, pray, Sir, let's hear the Letter.

Cheat.

Cheat. (Reads the Supercription) To Charles Welldone, Esq.

Dear Friend,

Yours came to my Hands, when I was at Supper with the Princess of Passau; she seeing a Letter deliver'd to me, would make me open it, and then you know I could do no less than read her the Contents; she colour'd very much at the naming Sir William Cheatly, and first ask'd me if he was marry'd? when I told her, I believ'd not, she was more compos'd, and declar'd to me, that she had made a Resolution never to marry, till she could meet with a Man of her own Name: for you must know, the Principality of Passau has been in the Hands of the Van Cheatlies, for above five Hundred Years; she has been courted by several German Princes, but refus'd 'em all; her Territories are large, she has a noble Income, with about four Hundred Thousand Pounds in ready Money, with many Jewels: She has order'd an Irish Gentleman here (who is her Secretary for Foreign Affairs) to ride Post with all Expedition towards Ireland, to propose her in Marriage to Sir William: I believe he brings some Presents, and if the Match is agreed on, that Gentleman is to marry 'em by Proxy: Should the Business go on, I beg you would recommend me to be Master of his Horse, which will be worth to me about two Thousand Pounds a Year. I am, dear Welldone,

Your very Humble Servant,

LOVELESS.

Shred.

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Shred. What great Fortune is this! I wish with all my Soul he was stitch'd to her.

Sev. Give me Leave to congratulate your Highness upon this glorious News.

Cheat. I have known of this Thing these two Months; but should not have disclosed it till the Match had been consummated, because there are a great many of the *Cheatlies* in *Ireland*, and by the Account we have from *Passau*, she would marry the first of the Family she could have met with; therefore I beg this Story may go no farther, till the Ambassador arrives.

Shred. As for my Part, I'll keep it as secret as the Hole I hide my Remnants in; no one shall cabbage one Tittle of the Matter from me.

Ker. It's probable your Highness will add considerably to your Equipage; I have just imported the best superfine *English* Cloths that ever appear'd in this Kingdom.

Twist. And for Laces, I defy the World to show better.

Sir Will. Father, I must get you to go over the Water to my Bankers upon the Key, and take Money of him to pay these People.

Ker. Pay us, and please your Highness! No, no, we want no Money; I wish your Highness had Occasion for ten Thousand Pounds worth of Goods, you should not want 'em, upon my Credit.

Twist. No, no; we want no Money.

Shred. Your High and Mightiness may command all I have, to my very Thimble.

Sev. If your Highness would pay these People, your Father need not give himself the Trouble of going over the Water, I have five Hundred

Hundred Pounds in the House, which you shall have this Moment, if you please.

Ker. Pray, Mr. *Seville*, don't affront us after this manner; I am proud of having the Prince in my Debt; and so your Highness most Faithful and most Obedient. [Going.]

Sir Will. Hark you, Mr. *Kersey*, I must speak with you in the Morning: I shall make about twenty or thirty Liveries for my Footmen, and some Cloaths for my Gentlemen. *Sbred*, do you come along with Mr. *Kersey*.

Sbred. Yes, an't please your Greatness, and so we humbly take our Leaves.

Sir Will. Father, wait of 'em down.

Ker. By no means, we are the humblest of your Highness's Slaves.

Sbred. Aye, the very humblest. [Exeunt.]

Sir Will. Mrs. *Twist*, have you any extraordinary fine rich Lace? I shall want about two thousand Yards.

Twist. Heavens bless your dear Highness, I have not above twelve Hundred by me; but I can have the rest of a Merchant in Town, or any thing else your Highness has Occasion for: Long Life to your dear Highnesses, and may your Princess be a Comfort to you; ah, your Highness will be an Honour to Germany.

Sir Will. Thank you good Woman; you'll be here in the Morning.

Twist. Aye, and every Morning, as long as your Highness stays in *Dublin*; if your Princelike-ship would not think it too bold of me, I would recommend my Daughter *Jenny* to go along with your Highness; the Girl is very pretty, and might make a Maid of Honour, or a Chamber-

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a Chambermaid to your Highness's Consort; I should be overjoy'd to have her in any Post under your Highness.

Sir Will. Well, *Mrs. Twist*, we will consider of it.

Twist. Ah, the dear good Man—Adieu to your serene Highness.

[*She makes a great many ridiculous Courtships, and Exit.*]

Sev. Now give me Leave to embrace my dear Prince.

Sir Will. Landlord, I shall always have you in my Thoughts, and desire you would think of something wherein I might serve you.

Cheat. I am sure, *Mr. Seville*, you can ask nothing of my Son which he will not grant you.

Sev. Ah, what Goodness! what Condescension is here! Might I hope your Highness would bestow that *Master of the Horse* upon me, which the Gentleman writes about.

Sir Will. Why, *Mr. Seville*, in the first Place, I do not think the Post good enough for you; and your not having Skill enough in Horses, and your not riding very well, may be some Detriment to me; but I was thinking of making you my Treasurer.

Sev. Why really that would hit my Humour much better, for I understand Merchants Accounts very well; and I reckon the Treasury Business is only Debtor and Creditor?

Cheat. Nothing else.

Sir Will. Father, be so kind as take a Sheet of Paper, and set down *Mr. Seville's* Name, as Grand Treasurer of the Territories of *Passau*, at 3000*l.* a Year.

Sev.

Sev. This is wonderful Goodness in your Highness ——— For fear you should be a little straitned for Money, till the Ambassador arrives, I beg your Highness will make Use of the five Hundred Pounds that is now lying by me.

Sir Will. By no means, Mr. *Seville*.

Sev. For the Honour of our Country, appear as grand as you can; and let those *Germans* see, that we of *Ireland* are no despicable People ——— Besides, if your Highness denies me this Favour, it will make me jealous that your Highness will not confide in your Treasurer, who ought always to have Money at Command for all his Royal Master's Necessities.

Cheat. Well, Son, to show what a Friendship you have for the Grand Treasurer, accept the Money.

Sir Will. Bless me, Sir! is there not two Thousand Pounds lying ready at the Bankers?

Cheat. Oh dear, what will that signify towards the compleating your Equipage? Why you cannot lay out less than seven Thousand Pounds, only to put you in your Coach and Six.

Sir Will. Why those other Bills for the three Thousand Pounds will be payable in ten Days!

Cheat. Why that's true, *Store* is no *Sore*.

Sev. No, none Sir, none at all; I'll fetch it this Moment. I am made a Man for ever! [*Exit.*]

Sir Will. I protest, Sir, I know not what to make of all this Story! Methinks I am in a Dream! but we get Money and fine Cloaths; what will be the End on't Heav'n knows! Do you think I shall be Prince of *Passau*?

Cheat. Nothing can hinder you of it; the Man who writes the Letter to *Welldone*, pretends

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to make a Merit of the Thing, in hopes to be preferr'd by you, when you arrive at your Principality. — But I have been transacting the Affair this three Months. How often have I told you, that I had a mighty Secret for you, and that you would soon shine out a great Prince?

Sir Will. You have often told me so indeed.

Cheat. As soon as the Pacquet comes in, I expect an Account of all Things being settled with the Princess; nay, my last Letters gave me Hopes that she would, to show the Respect she had for you, take a Journey hither, in order to carry you home in Splendor, that the Princes of Germany might not take any Umbrage at you, as if you clandestinely had obtain'd her; therefore she'll show to all the World, by this Journey, that it is her own Act and Deed.

Sir Will. Obliging Creature! and do they say she's handsome, Father?

Cheat. As an Angel, but the Beauties of her Mind are beyond Expression.

Sir Will. I dye away with Extasy at the Thoughts of her.

Enter Seville with some Bags.

Sev. And please your Highness, there's Two Hundred Moidores in that Purse, every one of them full Weight; and these two Bags contain two hundred Pounds in Silver.

Sir Will. Give it to my Father, Mr. Seville; set the Sum down, Sir, and when receiv'd.

Cheat. I shall.

[Goes out with the Money.]

Sev. Won't your Highness admit my Wife and Daughter into your Presence, to kiss your Hand?

Sir

Sir Will. Most willingly, Landlord: I am not puffed up with Pride, and will take Care my Princess shall find Employment for 'em both in our Court.

Sev. May we expect the Honour of your Highness's drinking Tea with us; the Kettle is on the Fire.

Sir Will. With all my Heart.

Sev. Most courteous Prince.

Enter Cheatly.

Cheat. Well, I have enter'd it as you desir'd, and put the Money into the Scritoire, and there is the Key; I must go to the Coach-maker's about your Body-Coach.— If my Lord's Steward comes, tell him, Mr. Savile, that I'll not give one Farthing more than 300 Pistoles for the six Coach-Horses.

Sir Will. Oh don't stand with him, Sir.

Sev. Most generous Prince! What a noble Soul he has!

Cheat. I beg your Highness's Pardon; one may buy Gold too dear. As soon as your Quality is known, we shall have Choice of all the Horses in the Country at a much cheaper Rate.

Sir Will. I shall be entirely rul'd by you, Sir.

Sev. Ah, what a dutiful Prince is there!

Cheat. Your Highness has forgot you must write to the Princess this Night.

Sir Will. I believe, Sir, it's Time enough yet. I am going to drink Tea with my Landlord.

Sev. Ah, what a condescending Prince is this?

Cheat. Nay, it will be Time enough when I come Home again. [Exit.]

Sir Will. Come, Landlord, I'll follow you.

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Sev. Follow me! Ah, what an humble Prince is this! Heaven forbid you should follow me, I, that am but your Vassal, your Slave, as I may say.

Sir Will. Well, since you'll have it so, I will comply with you. *[Exit.]*

Sev. Ah, what a courteous, complying, fine, handsom Prince it is! I and all my Family are made for ever by him—— Well, how long might I have follow'd Merchandizing before I had got together such an Income as my Treasurer's Post will bring me in. *[Exit.]*

SCENE *draws, and discovers a Tea-Table, Mrs. Seville, and her Daughter Jenny.*

Enter Sir William.
Seville following soon after, he runs up to his Wife.

Sev. Bend your Kneec, Wife, and kiss his Highness's Hand.

Sir Will. My Lips, if she pleases; *(she offers to kneel, he takes her up)* pray use no Ceremonies now, tis time enough when we arrive at our Principality.

Mrs. Sev. We cannot show too much Respect to your Highness.

Sev. Jenny, do your Obedience, Jenny.

Jen. I congratulate your Highness.

Sir Will. You know, Mrs. Jenny, I had always a Love for you; and I resolve to show it to all your Family.

Sev. There Wife, there's an affable Prince for you: Won't your Highness take a Sessions there?

Sir Will. Com^o, pray seat yourselves.

Sev. What, sit down before your Highness!

Sir Will. I tell you it shall be so.

Sev. Why, then, Wife, sit down; for I have read that the Princes of Germany are all arbitrary, and their Will is their Law; come, make haste Wife, for his Highness is to write to the Princess this Evening.

Mrs. Sev. We take it a little unkind of your Highness, to have kept this Thing so long a Secret.

Sev. I protest, Wife, it had not come out now, but Neighbour Kersey, and Shred, and Mrs. Twiss, came here a Dunning in a very rude Manner indeed; but one can expect no other from those sort of Cattle; but, my Dear, ha, ha, ha, had you seen how like Ninnyhammers and Noodles they look'd when the Plot was discover'd, they dropp'd their Insolency all on a sudden, and grew as humble as a Shoe-Boy; and the Prince, ah the worthy Prince! respected it no more than you and I should have done.

Jen. Does your Highness drink Sugar with your Tea? (*Filling out the Tea.*)

Mrs. Sev. Bring the Tea-Kettle thore. (*She ever sets a Cup.*) What an awkward Girl art thou! Wilt thou never learn to attend a Tea-Table?

Jen. Madam, it scalded my Fingers.

Mrs. Sev. Scalded your Fingers! a Fiddle on your Fingers.

Sev. Be patient, Wife.

Mrs. Sev. I protest, Mr. Seville, you have perfectly spoil'd this Girl; you're alw^{ys} taking her Part against me.

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Sev. Ha' done Wife, ha' done; have you no Breeding, no Respect to his Highness?

Sir Will. 'Tis enough, *Mrs. Seville*, I think *Miss Jenny* performs very well; I do assure you, I design she shall attend my Princess's Tea-Table always.

Sev. *Jenny*, get up *Jenny*, and make the Prince a handsome Courtesey, and thank his Highness.

Mrs. Sev. Why don't you look in his Highness's Face? Do People use to make Courtesies to People, without looking in their Faces?

Sev. Lord, Wife, what need you put the Girl out of Countenance? See how she blushes.

Mrs. Sev. Blushes! I'll hit her a Douse of the Chops if she offers to blush at any Thing I say: I hope your Highness will pardon me for documenting *Jenny* so much; but I must take Pains with her, or she will never be able to make a Figure at the Court of *Pussan*.

Enter Cheatly.

Cheat. Has your Highness receiv'd no Message from Court? (*Women offer to rise*) Pray sit still.

Sir Will. None as yet.

Cheat. Your Quality is no Secret now; the Council are sitting, and 'tis suppos'd they are debating whether they shall send two Privy Counsellors to congratulate you, or only summons you by a Messenger before 'em, and there to receive you with all the Marks of Honour due to your great Quality. We shall occasion some Hurry about your House, *Mr. Seville*, we shall give you a great deal of Trouble.

Sev. 'Tis an Honour done me.

Cheat.

Cheat. Your Highness forgets to write to the Princess.

Sir Will. I'll go about it this Moment. [*Exit.*]

Cheat. If these Privy Counsellors should come, I believe we must receive them in this Parlour.

Sev. By all Means, Sir. — Wife, disappear, and away with your Tea-Table. (*Jenny and Mother hurry off the Tea-Table and exeunt.*) Adso! I think there's a Coach at the Door.

[*He runs out.*]

Cheat. I can't help being surpriz'd at this Letter of *Welldone's*: I believe it to be some Trick to expose us; but I'll make it answer our Ends.

*I think the Plots I've laid can never fail;
But if they do, we can but go to Goal.*





A C T III.

Enter Welldone, and Trueman, and Trip, dress'd like a German in Jack-Boots.

Well. **S**O so, you represent the very Thing; and the Packet being just arriv'd, you are to go with all Speed to the new-made Prince: You have read the Contents of all these Letters; this is from Mr. *Loveliness*, and this from the Prince's herself—— You are her Secretary for foreign Affairs, sent Ambassador from her, to negotiate this Match—— this is her Picture, sent by her to the Prince her Husband, and this Ring the Wedding-Pledge—be as grand as your own Invention will let you be, and carry on the Intrigue with Prudence.

Trip. Sir, if I don't act the very Thing, may I never buckle Wig again.

True. Let me embrace thee, dear *Trip*; if we succeed so far as to make *Araminta* my own, thou shalt never wear Livery again.

Trip. Mr. *Trueman*, I will fill his Head so full of the Princess, that if *Araminta* was to down of her Knees to him, he should not grant her the Favour.

Well. Lookye, your Servants and Equipage are following you, and will wait at *Chester* till farther Orders; and when you came away the Princess

cess seem'd resolv'd to come and fetch the Prince herself, and talk'd of staying a Month in *Ireland*, having a great Respect for the People of this Country.

Trip. Aye, let me alone about that; I'll make her in Love with every Thing in it. [*Exit.*

Well. Well, good Luck attend you.— Come, *Trueman*, let's take one Bottle more with *Sir Bullet Airy*, and then to *Araminta's*.

True. No, no, let's pay the Reckoning and be gone.— I long to know how *Araminta* receives the News.— I am satisfy'd if this Fellow had but courted her, her Vanity is so strong, that she would have consulted nothing but his Equipage.

Well. Come, you must have a better Opinion of her.— I am satisfy'd she has more Honour than to enter into a Treaty of Marriage with you, and afterwards think of any other Man.

True. Nay, *Welldone*, I am too apt to hope the best; but can't help thinking of the worst.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Gentlemen, *Sir Bullet Airy* has commanded me to say, that a Man by himself is no Company.

Well. One of his sort of Gentlemen is not, I grant him; for most of your pretty Fellows are afraid of being alone, on account of the dreadful Pain of Thinking; but come, *Trueman*, we must finish our Bottle.

True. I shall sit upon the Thorns.

[*Welldone and Trueman Exit, the Drawer following.*

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Enter Kersey and Shred.

Ker. Hilt! you, Drawer.

Draw. Did you call, Gentlemen?

Shred. Bring us a Pint of your best *Murgouze*.
— Hark ye, Friend, you look like a pretty Fellow; I believe you are a Fine-drawer? Do you know that a Fine-drawer is very near a-kin to a Taylor?

Draw. I am sorry for it, Sir.

Shred. What an unfortunate Parcel of Dogs are we Taylors? This Fellow, that is liable to be kick'd down Stairs by every Man that can pay for a Quart of Wine, thinks it a Disgrace to be a-kin to a Taylor?

Draw. Sir, you mistake when you say we Drawers are to be kick'd down Stairs by every Body, for we show a great deal of Company into *Ground Rooms*, and there, you know, we can't be kick'd down Stairs—A Pint of *Murgouze* you say, Sir.

Ker. Yes. Is one Mr. Welldone in the House, you?

Draw. He's this Moment gone into that Room.

Ker. Bring the Wine, and tell him a couple of Tradesmen desire a Word with him.

Shred. Tradesmen! tell him a couple of Gentlemen want to speak with him; for I am a Gentleman Taylor; and all the World knows that a Draper is a better Man than I.

Draw. Coming, Sir, coming Sir; I shall Gentlemen; I shall. *(Bell rings.)* [Exit Drawer.]

Ker. If this Story of the Principality is but Truth, we shall be both made for ever.

Shred.

Sbred. And if it is not Truth, we shall be unmaled, for the Devil a Workman will be got to make us up; I may lie upon my Shopboard for ever, before any Body will set a Stitch in me.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. A Pint of excellent *Murgouze*, Gentlemen.

Sbred. Why, if it is, we are meer Gooses if we don't drink it.

Draw. Mr. *Welldone* will wait on you this Moment. Coming, Sir, coming, Sir. [*Exit.*

Ker. Faith *Sbred*, this is a Pint of very good Wine.

Sbred. Why let us appoint a Time to drink our Bellies full of it.

Enter Welldone and Drawer.

Well. Who is it would speak with me?

Draw. These Gentlemen, Sir.

Well. Oh! your Servant Mr. *Kersey*. Ha! honest *Sbred*, I am Yours.

Draw. (*The Bell ringing*) Coming Sir, coming Sir. [*Exit.*

Well. Have you any Business with me, either of you?

Ker. Why, Sir, I hope you'll pardon our Inquisitiveness; we come only just to be inform'd of a Matter on which depends our Fortunes pretty much, and is in your Power to set us right in.

Sbred. Aye, set us right, concerning a Writing.

Well. Upon my Word and Honour, if there is any thing in my Power to do you Service, you may command me.

Ker.

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Ker. Pray, Sir, have you receiv'd any Letters lately from *Germany*?

Well. (*Aside*) Ha, from *Germany*! This Project of ours, may have ill Consequences attending it.—I suppose you mean the Letter about the Princess of *Passau*.

Ker. Aye, Sir, the very same; Faith my Heart misgave me it was all Forgery; I was thinking the Money I had advanc'd Sir *William* as good as lost, till I heard the Letter read.

Sbred. But now let her take Care of her self, for I will make a Suit of Cloaths for the Prince, shall make him look like an *Emperor*.

Ker. I believe to Morrow, upon the Credit of that Letter, I shall advance him five hundred Pounds worth of Cloth.

Sbred. Which I design to cut out into all Shapes and Sizes.

Well. And would you do all this upon the bare Credit of that Letter?

Ker. Oh dear! aye, Sir, for we make our Bills accordingly.

Sbred. Aye; but what signifies a Bill, if he should not be able to pay us?

Well. Aye, what indeed! Upon my Word I cannot encourage you to proceed upon the bare Credit of it; for I believe there's nothing in that Letter.

Sbred. Nothing! Oh, there you must mistake, Sir; for I saw it was writ full on both Sides.

Well. I mean I have no Opinion of the Story, and therefore would have you not trust him on that Account.

Sbred. Nay, 'tis an unaccountable Story!

Well. I

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Well. I give you no Encouragement in the Matter, therefore if you trust him, at your own Peril be it. And so your Servant. [Exit.]

Ker. Why, Neighbour *Shred*, our Cake is all Dough.

Shred. I do believe so.

Ker. Come let us finish the Pint, and get a Couple of Bayliffs, and go and arrest him forthwith.

Shred. Aye, and make him go forth with the Bayliffs.

Ker. Here, House. I'll pay for this.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Did you call, Gentlemen?

Shred. No, we call'd Drawer.

Ker. There's your Reckoning.

Shred. Now your Reckoning's out, for you are deliver'd of us.

Draw. Very welcome. Very welcome.

Shred. Aye, and very well gone. Very well gone. [Exit.]

SCENE draws, and discovers at a Table *Sir Bullet* *Airy*, *Welldone* and *Trueman* *Whisper*.

Sir Bul. Skeleton take me, if *Whispering* in a Tavern is fair Play.

Well. It is well observ'd, *Sir Bullet*. Why, as you know the first Part of the Plot against this Upstart *Sir William*, I think we may very well let you into the rest of the Secret. In short, they have made a Handle of my Letter, and are taking up Goods upon Credit, as if the Story of the Princess of *Passau* was true; and that she were actually to marry this Knight of the Comical

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Comical Order: Kersey and Sbred are gone, I suppose; to arrest him for what he owes 'em, upon which the Plots must be unravel'd; and, if we don't go to rescue poor *Trip*, the *Sham* Ambassador, he may be secur'd for a Cheat, tho' I did not tell 'em that Part of the Story.

Sir Bul. Oh, prithee let the Plot run on a little farther, or waste me, there will not be enough of it to make a Comedy.

True. That's what I am perswading him to do.

Well. But don't you consider, that we are countenancing a Cheat; and whatever Debts he contracts, we, in Honour, are oblig'd to pay.

True. Why, have not I already promis'd you to answer the whole Charge?

Well. Without considering that his Extravagancy in one Week would ruin your whole Fortune.

Sir Bul. Why sure the Fellow does not pretend to have a Genius to Extravagancy? Methinks he does not look like a Gentleman; and that you know is a Man of Quality's best Qualification.

True. Look ye, *Welldone*, let's first go to *Araminta*, and give me an Opportunity of Triumphant over her Vanity a little; and then we'll go in a Body, and discover the Whole of our Project.

Well. So, you are railing at poor *Araminta*, for governing you a little Tyrannically, and you, in your Turn, would use her Scurvily, without considering that hers is but the Weakness of her Sex; whilst yours is the Strength of Ill-nature.

True.

True. I propose only to keep her Eyes from wandering; and make her fix 'em both on me.

Well. Don't you know that a Woman's Eyes, like the Sun, are made to shine on all.

Sir Bul. Split me into lean Men, if it is not true, *Well done*; some Women have such piercing Rays, that one might as well stare upon the Sun at Noon Day, as look one of them in the Face; tho' *Araminta* is a sort of an *Irish* Climate, some Sun-shine and some Cloudy Weather.

True. Oh, she has always your good Word, *Sir Bullet*.

Sir Bul. Consumption seize me, if she has, it is upon your Account; for I don't remember I ever saw her with her Summer Countenance; she always put her Winter Face upon me.

Well. Then you never bask'd in the Sun-shine of her Eyes.

Sir Bul. No, I never was scorch'd by her; I never receiv'd any Damage from any part about her but her Tongue, and tho' it goes very nimbly, I have felt the Weight on't, for her Words are heavy.

True. Poor *Araminta*, how I love her.

Sir Bullet. Faith, *Trueman*, were she poor, I fancy you would not love her with the Violence you do; prithee, for the future, call her rich *Araminta*, Poor quotha.

Well. Methinks, *Sir Bullet*, so fine a Gentle-as you are, should be talk'd on, for some Ladies in this Town that make Matches for all Men and Women, have not I think yet fix'd a Mistress upon you.

Sir Bul. No, nor me upon a Mistress. Ha, ha, ha; No, there lies my Prudence, *Well done*, I have always

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always acted with so much Caution concerning the Reputations of the Fair-Sex, that I have not been talk'd on for any of 'em; not but I have had my unlawful Intrigues with some Women of Quality, a pretty many Gentlemen's Wives, and a whole Shoal amongst the Merchants; and, *Welldone*, would you believe it? Meagre Face reduce me, if I am not now within a few Days of being marry'd, and no body suspects to whom; Ha, ha, ha, there lies the Jest.

True. Ha, ha, ha, a very good Jest only.

Sir Bul. Come, it can't be kept a Secret long, you are both my Friends, *Welldone*, read that Letter.

Well. (*Takes the Letter, reads.*) Ha, *Mary Homebred!*

Dear Sir Bullet,

I Intirely acquiesce with you in the Method of convincing my Mother of her Prudery, and her Reservedness; and do agree to be marry'd on Friday next; after which, I shall be pleased with your Project of then coming to ask Leave of my Mother to Court me. I can but think how the Matron will put her Chops into order about the matter; and at last with much Screwing, will come out with, if you please Sir Bullet: then enter upon a Talk about a Settlement, little thinking that I know my Fortune's in my own Hands; then when she's in the Height of her Care for her Daughter, we will both Laugh out together, and discover the Plot, which will show her, she's not so wise as she imagin'd, and that I was wise enough to know how to chuse for my self; which has given me an Opportunity of subscribing, Your most Obedient,

MARY HOMEBRED.

Sir

Sir Bul. Now is not that a pretty Intrigue, there's a Plot for you!

True. *Mary Homebred*, 'faith she writes as if she never had been bred at Home at all.

Sir Bul. Aye, so she does, she's an ingenious Girl, and looks so like a Fool before her Mother! — We have carry'd on the Intrigue these three Months, before the old Woman's Face; we give and receive each other's Letters under her very Nostrils, and the watchful Dragon, ha, ha, ha, never so much as suspects us.

Well, A pretty Plot truly, Sir Bullet; do you imagine, that a young Woman, that has Wit and Undutifulness enough to impose upon her Parent, may not one Time or other do the same by her Husband?

Sir Bul. Aye, very like so; but we People of Quality never mind that; for if Women will be wicked, they will be so without Wit, as well as with it; and split me into lean Men, if I must be of the Order of Matrimony, I had rather take the Ensigns of it from a Woman of Wit, than a Fool.

True. Pho; here we chat away our Time, and know not what *Araminta* is doing, nor how our sham Prince comes off.

Sir Bul. Come, one Flask of *Champaign* to our Mistresses, and then we'll to my Lady *Homebred's*.

True. Not one Drop more — Here, Drawer, to pay — A Bill, you.

Enter Drawer, gives the Bill to Sir Bullet.

Sir Bul. (Gives him Money) Take the Reckoning out of that.

True. By no Means, Sir Bullet.

Well.

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Well. Oh, fye, Sir *Bullet*, an equal Club.

Sir Bul. I hate a Tradesman's Dividend: Why should three People be troubled to pull out Money, when one of the Company is able to answer the whole? I'll take my Revenge of both of you in your Turns ——— Come, *Truman*, you're next the Door, *sans Ceremonie*; prithee, *Welldone*, follow him; I am one of those fat merry Fellows, that always go last out of a Tavern. *[They all go out.]*

Drawer. Very wellcome, Gentlemen.

[Exit Drawer.]

SCENE *draws to Lady Homebred's.*

Enter Araminta, Miss Molly, and Miss Nanny Homebred:

Ara. Well, the Devil's in't, I think; I never set my Heart upon a pretty Fellow in all my Life, but some Accident, or other, makes 'em vanish out of my Sight: I protest I believe I shall be condemn'd to this formal Fellow, *Truman* ——— Prince of *Passau*! There's something very romantick in the whole Story: What if we three should put on Vizard Masks, go to his Lodgings, and know the Affair from his own Mouth.

Miss Molly. O, dear Cousin, do.

Miss Nanny. 'Tis Pity we should lose the Fellow from amongst us; he has a Sort of Gallantry in him.

Ara. The Fellow fancies an Equipage very well; and is whimsical enough in his own Cloaths.

Miss

Miss *Molly*. And looks tolerably well in his black Velvet.

Miss *Nanny*. O, dear Cousin, how shall we get out? There's no stealing by the Parlour Door; my Mother has an Hawk's Eye.

Ara. O, here comes your Mother. *Nancy*, bid my Footman call a Hackney Coach to the Door, and leave the rest to me.

[Exit Miss *Nanny*.

Enter Lady Homebred.

Ara, Well, Aunt, I have consider'd on't at last; I think I must marry this same Fellow *Truman*.

Lady *Hom*. Indeed, Cousin, if you don't your Reputation will suffer a little; for since you have consented to have the Writings drawn, I don't see how you can come off with Honour: Besides, he's a sober Man; it will be a long Time before poor *Molly*, here, will meet with the Fellow of him.

Miss *Molly*. 'Tis Time enough, Mamma, for me to think of a Husband — (Aside) About next Friday will do my Business, to a Man I like better.

Ara. Come, Aunt; put on your Hood and Scarf, and go with me to buy my Wedding Cloaths.

Lady *Home*. I am not well; can't you let it alone 'till to Morrow Morning?

Ara. By that Time, may be, I may have chang'd my Mind: If you can't go with me, I'll take my Cousins with me.

Lady *Home*. O, dear *Araminta*, I never suffer my Daughters to go out of these Doors without me.

Ara.

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Ara. Come, put on your Hood and Scarf then; for you must go.

Lady Home. Well, if I must go, I'll go up and set my self a little in Order, and put on my Hood and Scarf, and wait on you. *[Exit.*

Ara. So, while she's adjusting her Dress, we'll steal out, and be back again by that Time she's ready to go.

Enter Miss Nanny with her Scarf.

Miss Nanny. The Coach is come, Cousin; but what have you done with my Mother?

Ara. Come along, and never trouble your Head about her; I'll bring you off I warrant you.

Miss Molly. As for my Part, I have but a few Days to be under her Tyranny ——— Nothing sure was so insipid as her Management of Children; Severity makes more Hypocrites than any Sort of Discipline; streight lacing the Body may make us good Shapes, but there's no streight lacing our Minds.

Love's Laws are known to all the Female Race.

And, tho' our Parents preach, will still take Place.

[Exeunt omnes.]

Enter Shred and Kersey, with two Bailiffs.

Ker. Look ye, we must be very prudent in this Matter; we will go in first; about a quarter of an Hour after, come to the Door, and ask for us; one of us will come out, and if we wink, walk off, if we don't ———

Shred. Walk on ——— that's all ——— but have a care of Murder.

1. Bail. Sir, you need not give us any Advice about our Trade; we an't afraid of a Prince; we

we have arrested your Kings and Princes too, before now.

2. *Bail.* Aye, and your Colonels and Captains, which are a much more terrible People to have to do with.

Ker. Look ye, there's half a Pistole; do your Work like Men of Conduct.

Shred. And there's half a Crown; every Man ought to give according to his Understanding.

Ker. Take no Bail for him, nor his Father, neither ——— Tho' if he should be a true Prince, we shall be in the wrong Box.

Shred. Aye, 'tis hitting ourselves a Box of the Ear ——— But see, here comes *Seville*; he looks as overjoy'd, as one that's weary with Laughing.

Enter Seville.

Ker. Oh, Mr. *Seville*, we have been with Mr. *Welldone*, and he can't answer for the Credit of the Letter from *Passau*; so we have brought the Bailiffs here, to arrest the *Sham Prince* and his Father.

Sev. Ha, ha, ha, arrest his Highness! a pretty Jest truly: What strange Errors may People run into by their Folly and Rashness! ——— Why, the Embassadors come, you Noodles you; do you think the Prince or Princess care a Fig for Mr. *Welldone*?

Shred. And is the Embassador come! Upon my Word, it was ill done of Mr. *Welldone*, to send us of a Fool's Errand.

Sev. Such Presents, such Letters, such Joys, never happen'd under any Roof but my own.

Ker. Say you so! Why then, Mr. *Shoulder-deb*, will you be so kind as to give me my Half Pistole?

1. *Bail.*

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1. Bail. Sir, in our Way of Business, we never return anything, but the *Writ* or the *Bail-Bond*; but what will do as well, I'll owe you an Arrest.

Shred. Aye, aye, so we must be at rest till then.

1. Bail. You say true, Sir; good Morrow, Gentlemen; come Bum, come along.

[*Exeunt Bailiffs.*]

Sev. What a Couple of ungrateful Varlets are you! if I may be allow'd to say so by a Couple of substantial Tradesmen — The Embassador no sooner deliver'd the Prince his Credentials, but he likewise deliver'd him a List of the Places vacant in his Dominions; and he, most excellent Prince, found the Master of his Wardrobe worth 500 a Year: Says he to his Father, set that down for poor *Shred*, my Taylor.

Shred. His good Nature brings Tears into my Eyes, as big as Cabbages — Did he remember poor *Shred*!

Sev. Then, when he came to the Surveyor-General of his Manufactories, worth 1800 a Year: Hark you, Treasurer, says he to me; for that's my Name, and thank his Highness, it was a Post he gave me before the Embassador arriv'd.

Shred. What may that be worth, Mr. *Seville*?

Sev. Why, the Sallary is but 300 a Year, but there are very good Perquisites — But about the Surveyor-General — Says the Prince to me, Do you think Mr. *Kersey* will leave this Kingdom for that Post? Says I, My Royal Master, I believe he would. Prirhee, my faithful

faithful Minister, says he, go and propose it to him; and when I came, oh Ingratitude! I found you contriving and combining with those vile Instruments of the Law, to do a Deed would shock all Nature.

Ker. With Shame and Confusion I own my Fault, but as it is only known to you, for Heaven's sake conceal it.

Sev. How can I believe you will be true to his Highness; when you can upon every little Surmise be so alarm'd as to contrive his Ruin.

Ker. I am now so convinc'd of his Goodness, that were he proclaim'd an Impostor through the City, and posted on the City Gates, I'd stand by him to the last Farthing.

Sbred. And that, I think, is a fair Thing.— Come Neighbour *Seville*, we are all Flesh and Blood, or Skin and Bone; be so kind as to measure our Corn by our Bushel.

Ker. You know Tradesmen are hungry Creatures; we are always willing to devour every Body to get our own.

Sev. Well, I am mollify'd, and will smother this first Offence.

Ker. And will you introduce us to the Ambassador?

Sev. With all my Heart; he is our Countryman and Secretary for Foreign Affairs: Oh, he gives a fine Account of *Germany*; he says, Gold and old Hock are as Plenty there, as Potatoes and Pickel'd Herrings are here; the Princess keeps a noble Court, she has sent to his Highness, to chuse out six Maids of Honour for her, and my *Jenny* is to be one.

Sbred.

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Shred. And do you think I could not get my Wife to be one.

Sev. No, I believe not; it is very seldom that your marry'd Women are made Maids of Honour. Then the Prince is to have Twenty Gentlemen, Sixty Footmen, and an Hundred Horses. She has sent him a Ship load of Gold to defray his Charges here; it is expected in every Minute: Nay, the Secretary says, she has Thoughts of coming over to fetch the Prince, and I am a going to look at a House on *Luzer's Hill*, to see if it will be large enough to hold them; we shall keep such a Court here, that will eclipse the Government prodigiously; but then we are to do it but for one Month. The Prince is to be marry'd by Proxy this Night, and 'tis to be done in a publick Manner; the Ambassador, the Prince, and his Father, are settling the Ceremonies, and there's to be a noble Entertainment.

Shred. If we Enter,—isn't meant for us, is it?

Sev. For all Comers and Goers.

Ker. What happy Days are come unto us.

Sev. Aye, we are all made Men.

Shred. Which is better than being Madmen, as my Neighbour and I were going to be.

Ker. Hang you, for putting me in Mind of my Ingratitude, I say.

Sev. We are to have a Ball, and the Secretary tells me, that all the great Officers are to Dance about the Bed, at the Ceremony; can you Dance, Neighbour *Kersey*?

Ker. Why, my Joy may make me Dance, but naturally I can't Dance one bit.

Shred.

Shred. I can do a little of the *Irish* Jigg; but whether that will serve for a *German* Ceremony or no, I cannot comprehend.

Sev. But why loiter we here? I will present you to the Ambassador; you must kiss both his Cheeks first, then his Mouth, and then his Hand; and when you come in Presence of the Prince, bend your Knee a little, then advance humbly towards him, and when he offers his Hand, kiss it.

Ker. Why, you're a perfect Master of the Ceremonies, an exact Courtier.

Sev. The Ambassador has instructed me in every Thing; I must act as High Chamberlain, till somebody has that Post given 'em.

But come, let's go.

*Recorded be this strange and wondrous Story,
That Irish Men have got Immortal Glory.
To distant Lands they march, and cross the Sea,
And make their Fortunes, all, in Germany.*





A C T IV.

Enter Cheatly.

Cheat. **W**AS ever any Thing so surprizing! I believ'd at first this was a Trick to counterplot mine. I am all Amazement; and find, that while I with Pains and Care was hammering out a Fortune for my Son, she, a Jilt to most People, has thrown an immense Sum into our Power, and made my Son a Prince at once.

Enter Sir William and Trip, still disguis'd as a German.

Trip. Most certainly, an't please your Highness, the greater Respect you will show your Princess; tho', as to a hot Supper, I do not approve of it, neither is it the Custom of Germany, but your cold Hams, your cold Chickens, and your cold Neats Tongues, are decent enough, provided there be great Piles of Sweet Meats; and pray, let there be abundance of excellent Wine, for, in *Passau*, every Body gets Drunk at a Wedding; and I would not, for Five Hundred Duccatoons, write the Princess
Word

Word, I had consummated the Marriage, and leave out that Part of the Ceremony.

Sir Will. Every Thing shall be in as good Order as so short a Time will admit of; I long till it is over, for till then, I cannot sign my self Prince of *Passau*.

Trip. By no Means—Well, you will be the happiest Man alive; for such a Woman! such a Beauty! such a Princess! never was heard of before—How tender was the Letter she wrote you.

Sir Will. I could for ever read it; here in my Bosom it shall repose. *[He takes it out, reads.]*

My dearest Prince,

FOR mine you must be, the Fates have so decreed; receive my Ambassador as I would you, with a Respect becoming him I Love; again I repeat, him I Love.

PASSAU.

Given at our Court in
Passau, Apr. 1, 1719.

My Ambassador is to say the rest.

Trip. Oh, 'tis impossible to say the rest; for to tell your Highness the Truth, the Women of *Germany* talk almost as much as the Women of *Ireland*; and you know, when they are in Love, they always talk as much again as they do at other Times; but I forgot to tell you, that she charg'd me, that all the Ladies of your Acquaintance should be by at the Ceremonial.

Sir Will. Father, we must send immediately to Lady *Homebred's*, to invite her Family, and *Araminta*.

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Cheat. I believe it would be proper Mrs. Seville should wait on 'em, tell the whole Story, and bring them hither.

Sir Will. By all Means, Sir ; tell her, I desire it of her.

Cheat. I will send her this Moment.

[*Exit Cheatly.*

Trip. An't please your Highness, how many Women may there be amongst these *Home-breds*?

Sir Will. Four.

Trip. That will be too little.

Sir Will. But then we shall have my Land-Lady and her Daughter ; these are all Women of Reputation.

Trip. As to Reputation, we are not strictly ty'd up to that ; but to the Quantity, there must be at least a Dozen.

Sir Will. I have always been bred with that Reservedness, that I can brag of but few Acquaintance among the Ladies.

Trip. What, can't your Highness pick out Six more ?

Sir Will. Indeed I cannot.

Trip. Why, then you must send to the Brothel-houses for them : Brothel-houses ! No, I think you call 'em Bawdy-houses in *Ireland*.

Sir Will. Oh, Heavens ! That would be such an Affront to the Women of Fashion, that they'd never bear it.

Trip. Hum—would not they so ! That's very strange now ; why in *Passau*, go to the Play or the Opera, and they promiscuously joyn together ; sometimes, you'll see a first Rowfull of very modest Women ; but then, Fifty to One, but

but the next Row are no better than they shou'd be : nay, I have known Women of nice Virtue there, visit Women of no Virtue at all; and Women that they know have been kept by Men that have had Wives of their own ; nay, they have visited the Wife and the Strumpet both in the same Afternoon.

Sir W. H. But that is an Enormity, which shall be redress'd when the Power is devolv'd on me. I shall bring 'em to the Customs of this Country, where Vice bears no Countenance.

Trip. Why, that is very strange now. With us, your Bastards and Sons of Whores have a great Respect shown them, and take Place according to the Quality of their reputed Fathers — But has your Highness taken Care to send for a dignify'd Priest?

Sir Will. Oh, we can have one at a Moment's Warning.

Trip. I must observe to your Highness, it must be no Heretick. — Have you no Popish Bishop nor Archbishop in Dublin? He would be a very proper Person.

Sir Will. Is the Princess much begotted to her Religion?

Trip. Pretty much, truly; that is, she's always Praying, or Fasting, or telling her Beads, or playing at Cards; but she persecutes none of her Subjects about Religion. If your Highness has a Mind to be an Atheist, you may have as free Liberty of Conscience there, as if you liv'd in the City of London.

Sir Will. I am for restraining the Power of the Popish Priests.

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Trip. No, your Highness will not, when you come there.

Sir Will. Why do you think so?

Trip. Because the Priests have a strong Argument against your doing it.

Sir Will. What is that Argument?

Trip. Poyson, an't please your Highness, 'tis a sort of a knock-down Argument, that never fails of carrying great Weight with it.

Sir Will. Pray, have I many Noblemen in my Dominions?

Trip. Yes, really, there is a pretty good Sort of Quality there; that is, they appear very Fine, and very Gallant; but they never pay their Debts, and will pawn their Honour for a Quid of Tobacco,

Sir Will. That I must redress too. Our Men of Quality here are known, not by fine Cloaths, nor Equipage, but by strict Virtue, Honour, and Integrity.

Trip. Aye, that won't do with us.

Sir Will. And, pray, what Figure do the private Gentlemen make?

Trip. Why, they are a very good sort of People, only they are always Drunk.

Sir Will. Here Sobriety is the distinguishing Quality of a Gentleman. Pray, are the Tradesmen substantial?

Trip. They are some of them so, so; but they are very Idle, very Prodigal, and very Vain, imitating the Gentlemen; and their Wives put on Quality Airs, wear Gold Watches, drink Tea out of Silver Tea-Pots; and visit one another, with as much Ceremony and Formality as if they kept *Assemblies*.

Sir

Sir Will. Our Tradesmen are sober, pains-taking, labourious Men; and their Wives, most of them, assist their Husbands in the Way of Trade, and are no Gadders abroad. That's what I shall take Care to restrain; for in Countries where 'tis us'd, we read of many Bankrupts.

Trip. Nay, our Merchants are like Nine-Pins; you may knock down a Dozen of 'em at a Tip and a Go.

Sir Will. Does Musick flourish with you? Have you fine Voices?

Trip. In our Cathedrals we have a good deal of Harmony, but then our Singing Men are so loose and debauch'd, that they are no Credit to the Church.

Sir Will. We are happy here; that have sober, discret Men to attend our Choir.

Trip. Just as People like it.

Enter Seville, Kersey, and Shred following.

Sev. I hope we don't intrude upon your Highness's Privacy?

Sir Will. No, my good Treasurer, you are always welcome.

Sev. Your Surveyor-General *Kersey*, and your Wardrobe-Keeper *Shred*, are come to thank your Highness for the Honour done 'em; and beg to be admitted to kiss your most serene Hand.

Sir Will. Most willingly. *(He puts out his Hand, Kersey and Shred ridiculously kiss it and then fall back at a great Distance.)*

Shred. What Luck's here; I think we have made a fine Hand on it, indeed.

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Sir Will. Kersey, to show how much I confide in your Integrity, I make you Surveyor-General of all my Manufacturies; for I am well assur'd you'll take Care that Trade may flourish.

Ker. I humbly thank your Highness: I'll study to approve my self a faithful Servant, and a good Subject.

Sir Will. I doubt it not.——As for you, *Mr. Sbred*, I hope the Wardrobe-keeper's Place will fit you,

Sbred. Yes, an't so please your Highness, if it does not *exactly fit*, I have my *Measure* about me, and will make it *fit as close* to me as a *strait-body'd Coat*.

Trip. *Mr. Treasurer Seville*, since these Gentlemen are our Brother-Officers, be so kind as to introduce me to 'em.

Sev. Surveyor-General *Kersey*, this is the Ambassador Extraordinary from the Princess of *Passau* to his Royal Highness, and Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

Ker. Most Reverend Sir, I congratulate your safe Arrival here, and am proud we are of the the same Household, and are to take a Journey to *Germany* together.

Sbred. 'Tis my turn to speak next; but how shall I get together Words enough to complement him.

Sev. *Mr. Wardrobe-Keeper Sbred*, advance, and do your Honours to this worthy Nobleman, *Excellentissimo Van Terence de Turloe*.

Sbred. I don't know whether I stand upon my Tail or Head; but, Most Profound and Respectful Minister, accept my mechanick Offerings of Humility, which are overflowing with Floods of Inclination towards you.

Trip.

Trip. Your Civility overwhelms me; and, good Mr. *Shred*, I am drown'd with your Favours, and my Cloaths are dripping wet with your Civilities.

Sir Will. Surveyor-General *Kersey*, a Word with you. I must make some extravagant fine Liveries for the Honour of *Passau*; the Description of this Ceremonial, and my first Appearance, after I am a Prince, will most certainly be printed in the *Gazette*; therefore let us make a most sumptuous Show; I must have Fifty Liveries out of Hand: Of what shall they be?

Ker. So please your Highness; I have some Shag that is little inferior to your Velvet.

Sir Will. *Shred*, go, and take Shag enough of our Surveyor-General for Fifty Liveries; and go to *Touchstone*, our Goldsmith, and get Silver Buttons for 'em all.

Shred. Your Highness's Commands shall be obey'd; I'll put 'em in Hand immediately, and fitch 'em up in a Twinkling. Will your Highness have me take Measure of the Footmen? Or are we to hire Footmen to fit the Liveries?

Sir Will. Make 'em for Fellows of Six Feet high, I'll take none under. Haste about them, and both of you be here again against the Ceremonial.

Trip. An't please your Highness, all the Officers must give strict Attendance.

Sev. They live but just by, and will be here.

Shred. In the Snip of the Sheers.

Sev. Will your Highness vouchsafe to give these Brother-Officers of mine a Sight of your adorable Angel's Picture?

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Ker. Shall we be so happy!

Shred. Aye, pray your Highness, let us see the Picture? It were happy for us he pick'd her up, I am sure.

(*Aside.*)

Sir Will. She is beautiful, indeed!

Ker. As an Angel!

Shred. What an Eye she has! 'tis as piercing as a Needle!

Trip. If you were to see the Original, what would you say then? Say then! why you could neither say nor do, for you would be dumb and stupid. I my self, that am pretty much used to her Countenance, am fain to wink when I first come into her Presence; but then she throws her Eyes into a languishing Deadness, and receives you with such an Affability, that you must love her in spite of her Eyes; but go, Brother-Officers, comply with the Prince's Orders, and attend at the Supper.

Shred. Aye, that will be so pure, that I would not go without it for a Yard of Cloth; for a good Supper is Meat, Drink, and Cloth.

Ker. And so we humbly take our Leaves.

Shred. Aye, and there lives not People on Earth so much your Worms as we.

[*Exeunt Shred and Kersey.*]

Trip. An't please your Highness, it will be a great Satisfaction to the Princess, to find you have made Choice of such wise, such able-Ministers, and Men who, in case of a Change of Ministry, have Trades to return to.

Sir Will. Why, is my Princess apt to change her Officers?

Trip. When she finds any Male-Administration, she's apt to set with some Rigour, and
beheads

beheads every Body that she finds cheating of her.

Sev. But I hope she allows of Perquisites?

Trip. We have great Disputes about that: She is of Opinion, that the Word *Perquisite* may comprehend a great deal of Roguery; for some People get all the Money they can from the Subject, and call it a *Perquisite*; now, cheating the Crown, in all Countries, has been reckon'd a sort of a *Perquisite*; but cheating the Subject is downright Roguery.

Sev. (*Aside*) I am sorry to hear this: I fear my Treasurer's Place will not be worth so much as I reckon'd for; but I must be satisfied.

Enter Cheatly.

Cheat. So, all Things are settled in the Order we design them; for the Table is spread as sumptuously as this City can afford, and the Desert of Sweet-meats is very grand, and the Wines are fine.

Trip. Oh! I am glad you have taken Care of that. Pray have you Choice of Wines?

Cheat. Burgundy, Champaign, Bourdeaux, Hack, Sherry, French, White-Wine, and Sack.

Trip. Aye, that will do pretty well; tho' if there had been five or six Sorts more, there would have been more Grandeur in it; but, for my Part, I only drink Burgundy; let's have a great deal of that, for I drink nothing else at my Meals, nor the Prince must drink nothing else to Night; and whilst we are a-Bed together, we take off a Flask; Hand to Fist, tho' a Sword must be plac'd between us, and I suffer'd only to put one Leg into the Bed, for more of me would be immodest.

Sev.

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Sev. Well, it will be a delightful Ceremony.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Some Ladies in Masks are in a Coach at the Door, and beg Admittance to the Prince of *Passau*.

Sir Will. Who can they be? Treasurer, wait on 'em in. *[Exit Seville.*

Cheat. They are some curious Creatures, whose Inquisitiveness wants to be inform'd.

Trip. Perhaps they are Harlots, come to offer their Service — If your Highness designs to keep any Women at *Passau*, it will be best for you to carry them from hence.

Sir Will. Oh, name it not! that would be Ingratitude indeed, to wrong the best of Princesses!

Trip. Why, aye, that's true; nay, I only spoke for the Grandeur of the Thing; there is a sort of Nobility in it.

Sir Will. Not here, Sir.

Trip. But different Countries, different Customs.

Enter Seville, ushering in Araminta, and the two Miss Homebreds.

Sev. You must bend your Knee, and kiss his Hand.

Ara. Oh, we'll not swerve from one Tittle of the Formality.

Miss Nanny. A Prince! in truth, he looks as he did when he was but *Sir William*.

Sir Will. I shall be glad to know, Ladies, to whom I am oblig'd for the Favour of this Visit.

Miss Molly. To us all Three, Sir.

Sir Will. I mean, Madam, I should be glad to know your Names, or Quality?

Ara.

Ara. Yes, we imagin'd you would be glad to know who we were; let it suffice we are Fortunes, and are of Quality.

Trip. (*Aside*) Your Highness had better take 'em with you; if you don't use 'em your self, they will be very pretty Presents for your Nobility.

Sir Will. What Service can I do for you, Ladies?

Ara. But little, Sir; you are already taken up, as we are inform'd, in the Service of a fair Lady.

Miss Molly. A Princess, Sir, who has bestow'd her whole Territories upon you.

Miss Nanny. And made you a Prince; therefore there's an Obligation on you to be intirely devoted to her Service.

Ara. But the World will be apt to say you marry her for her Money.

Trip. And pray, Ladies, is there any other Reason to be given for marrying any of your Sex?

Ara. Pray, what pert, antick Creature are you? You look like some outlandish Monster. Are you Mr. *De Heightchight*, the *Fire-Eater*?

Trip. Blood and Fire, Madam, I represent my Mistress the Princess.

Sev. Ladies, this is *Excellentissimo Van Terrence de Turloe*, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, sent Ambassador from the Princess of *Passau* to marry the Prince our Master by Proxy.

Ara. If he represents her Highness, I honour his Jack-Boots. Pray is he the Picture of her?

Sir Will. No, Madam, that's her Picture.

Ara.

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Ara. You'll pardon us, most noble Prince, for the Freedom we have taken with you; in short, one of the Company was most desperately in Love with you, and is a little nettled that the Princess should get you from her.

Sir Will. I am oblig'd to the Lady.

Trip. They must go with us, that's certain.

Ara. An agreeable Face! 'tis very like a Person I have seen, and I can't recollect who. She's very beautiful, if the Painter has not flatter'd her.

Miss Molly (*takes it.*) The Face is well enough, but the Eyes are much too big, and her Forehead too small.

Miss Nanny (*takes it.*) And, take it altogether, it is an old-fashion'd Face.

Trip. Ha, it is! I suppose yours is a new-fashion'd Face; that is, it was made since the other.

Miss Nanny. It is ne'er the worse for that.

Cheat. (*Aside*) What can these impertinent Women mean! Do they come to affront my Son? I'll send 'em away sooner than they think for. [*Exit.*]

Ara. Pray, Mr. Ambassador, is her Highness tall?

Trip. Madam, she's very majestick, and has all the good Qualities belonging to her Sex; she never goes out of her own Doors, but when she has real Business; she never talks ill of any Body that does not deserve it, and she never talks but when she should; she does not believe Quality consists in Sickliness, Peevishness, and Domineering over her Servants; she does not think her self the better Woman for having fine Cloaths; any Body's taking Place of her,
does

does not give her the Vapours; and of all the Admirers and Lovers which she has had, she never took a Pleasure in being so foolish as to use any of 'em ill.

Ara. (Aside.) That's a good Reproof for me. — Poor *Trueman*! Why, by your Description of her, she's an Angel of a Woman.

Trip. An Angel, Madam, she scorns your Words; she's a Goddess upon my Honour.

Miss Molly. Pray, Sir, what are the Diversions the Princess and your Women of Quality take? How do they spend their Time?

Trip. Why the Ladies of Quality rise about Eleven, drink Tea till Three, go to Dinner half an Hour after; find Fault with every thing at Table, because they have no Stomach; they sit at Dinner till Six, go to *Vesper's*, and from thence to the Opera, where they beat Time, and sing along with the Eunuchs; when the Show is done, they hurry Home to Ombre, where they sit till Day-light; they take in no Sustenance all this Time, but five or six Cups of Chocolate and a Dram of Ratafee.

Miss Nanny. Phoo! this Description's unnatural: Prithee, how does your private Gentlewomen pass their Time?

Trip. There are two Sorts of 'em; pray, which do you mean?

Miss Nanny. How do you mean by two Sorts?

Trip. Why, there is your Good-for-somethings, and your Good-for-nothings.

Ara. Oh, your Good-for-nothings won't bear describing; therefore to your Good-for-somethings.

Trip.

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Trip. Why, they rail at their Husbands, scold at their Servants, magnify their Virtue, and brag of their own Housewifery, govern their Children tyrannically, and backbite their Neighbours inhumanly.

Ara. I suppose you became the Princess's Favourite upon the Knack you have of Railing.

Miss Nanny. Methink I long to know what sort of Women your Good-for-nothings are?

Trip. Why, my dear Angel, with a burnt Crust upon your Face, I'll tell you; they are made up of Paint, Pride, and Laziness; they can't bear the Sight of an ill Woman, nor the Conversation of a handsome one; they're fond of all Mankind, and only hate their own Sex; they love a Jaunt in a Hackney, with the Glasses drawn up; and the best Countenance they have is a Vizard Mask.

Ara. Then there are Vizards at *Passau*!

Trip. Yes, yes, fair Lady; there is every thing at *Passau* that you have here; we want for nothing there but your fine, gay, sprightly *Irish* Women.

Miss Nanny. Do they sell well there, Sir?

Trip. Madam, they go off very well; I wish I had a good Cargoe of 'em, I would engage to make their Fortunes, and no Body should ever stare 'em out of Countenance for it.

Miss Molly. Perhaps you mean in a naughty Way.

Trip. It shall be in a Way, they won't be displeas'd with.

Ara. I fancy, Mr. Ambassador, you have a very mean Opinion of our Sex?

Trip. Madam, I have a great Veneration for your

your Sex; but 'tis a Law amongst us Men, that when a Woman hides her Face, we have a Right to lay naked all the rest of their Persons.

Enter Cheatly.

Cheat. May it please your Highness, *Mynbeer Vander Herring*, who acts here as Resident for the States of *Holland*, begs to have a Conference with you in order to shew some Proposals to you, concerning the *Quadruple Alliance*, and the Emperor's Scheme of making you King of *Sicily*.

Sir Will. Ladies, I hope you'll pardon me for not staying longer with you; I have a great Desire of cultivating a sincere Friendship with the States, and therefore would shew their Minister that Respect, as not to make him wait one Moment for me.

Trip. Will not your Highness invite the Ladies to the Ceremony? I believe they are good frisky Girls.

Sir Will. If the Ladies would discover who they are, I should be very willing to have their Company this Evening; but I dare not invite Strangers, because the Ladies I have already invited are Women of nice Virtue.

Ara. Why then we should be very good Company for them, for we are three arrant Strumpets.

Miss Molly. That ply about the Streets.

Miss Nanny. And have Lodgings on the *Blind-Key*.

Trip. Upon my Word, your Highness may invite 'em; by Candle-light they look very much like modest Women; there is not any one Creature upon Earth so like a modest Woman as a Harlot.

Sir

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Sir Will. Sir, you must pardon me; I have so much Respect for *Araminta* and Lady *Homebred's* Family, that I shall not affront 'em in so vile a Manner.

Ara. Ha, ha, ha, if these are your virtuous Women, I think we may make as good Figures as they.—Two of 'em are my Relations.

Miss Molly. And the other is my Relation.

Miss Nanny. We are generally together, very seldom asunder.

Trep. Look ye there, I told your Highness there was not that great Distinction as you would imagine.

Sir Will. Sir, I know what I can answer; I never mind what a Vizard says; so, Ladies, I thank you for your Visit, and hope you'll pardon me: Business must be done.

[*Exeunt Sir William Chearly and Seville.*]

Ara. We have satisfy'd our Curiosity, and so our Business is done — Come Girls, let's Home, and dress for this mighty Entertainment.

Trip. Well, Ladies, shan't I know your Lodgings? I must come and chaffer with you about your Journey to *Passau*.

Ara. No, Sir, since we can have nothing to say to the Prince, we shan't take up with one of his Domesticks.

Miss Molly. No, since we're refus'd by the Master, we scorn the Man.

Miss Nanny. We despise you, Fellow.

[*Exeunt Women.*]

Trip. Sure the Gipsies have found out who I am.

Intriguing Footmen always meet Reproach,

Either 'twin, or Outside of the Coach.

A C T



ACT V.

Enter Lady Homebred, and Mrs. Seville.

Mrs. Sev. I Ndeed but your Ladyship must ; there will be no Body there but your Ladyship's Family and mine, and his Highness's Officers.

Lady Home. I am not fit to see Company ; these wicked Girls have so rais'd the Vapours in me, that all the *Hart's-Horn* and *Sul-Volatile* I have in the House will not lay them again.

Mrs. Sev. Oh ! Madam, you must forgive them ; 'tis only an innocent Frolick.

Lady Home. A Frolick, and Innocent ! give me Leave, *Mrs. Seville*, that no Frolick can be Innocent.

Enter Araminta, Miss Molly, and Miss Nancy.

Ara. Oh, eye Aunt ! How long you have been a Dressing.

Lady Home. You Disobedient Minxes, I'll pummel you — How dare you stir out of my Doors, nay, out of my Sight ?

Ara. Nay, nay, hold, hold, my dear Virago Aunt, hold. *(Aside to the Girls.)* Lay lit all upon me.

Miss

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Miss Molly. Why, Madam, my Cousin put us into the Coach, and said you would be long a Dressing, and we should drive round *Stephen's Green* the whilst; and so she bid the Coachman go, and so we went.

Miss Nancy. And so, Madam, we cry'd out; and so, Madam, my Cousin laugh'd, and bid the Coachman drive faster; and so the Coachman he laugh'd, and drove faster; and so I told my Cousin that your Ladyship would swoop away, and your Ladyship would beat us; and so your Ladyship would turn us out of Doors.

Miss Molly. And so at last, by main Force, and threatning to cry out, we made her come back; but I hope your Ladyship will not let us be serv'd so no more.

Lady Home. Upon my Word, Cousin, I am very angry with you: I knew the poor Girls dare not be undutiful.—How could you do such a naughty Trick?

Ara. For no other Reason in the World, but to fright the silly Sluts.—Well, you have bred them Aunt, but it is meer Naturals. I really believe, if a Man was to speak to them, they'd fall in a Swoon.—But come, *Mrs. Seville* tells me, we are invited to sup at the *Princes of Passau's*, where we are to drink Posset, and throw the Stocking; we'll pull off our Hoods and Scarves, and dress for it.—Now, Aunt, are you putting on your Prudery Countenance; but positively you shall go.

Mrs. Sev. Aye, pray *Mrs. Araminta*, make her go; his Highness will break his Heart if you should not come; therefore pray, dear Madam, go.

Lady

Lady Home. Well, notwithstanding my Resolutions, I find I must be prevail'd upon.

Miss Molly. (*Aside*) So, so, then your Fears are over.

Miss Nancy. This will be a Night of Mirth.

Ara. Now you are a good towardly Aunt, and I love you for it.

Mrs. Sev. Pray dear Lady make Haste, for the Ceremony waits for you only.

Lady Home. Nay, since we must go, don't let's be rude: Make Haste and put your self in Order, Girls.

Ara. Oh, we'll be ready for you in a Moment. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Kersey and Shred.

Ker. Come, let us make Haste, or the Ceremony will wait for us.

Shred. What you say, Neighbour, shall always have weight with me.

Ker. My poor Wife is so overjoy'd at my good Fortune, that she can scarce contain her Joy within Bounds. But see, yonder comes Mr. *Welldone*—This will be News to him, because, you know, he would give no Credit to the Matter.

Shred. No matter for that Neighbour.

Enter Welldone, Trueman, and Sir Bullet Airy.

Ker. Your Servant, Mr. *Welldone*; we thank you for the Caution about the Letter, tho' it had like to have been the Ruin of us all; but that Storm is blown over, for you must know the Ambassador is arriv'd, the Marriage is to be perform'd this Evening by Proxy; *Shred* and I have been putting fifty fine Liveries to make up, our Fortunes are made for ever: I have order'd
printed

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printed Bills, to give Notice that all my Goods are to be sold, for the Prince has provided for us both very nobly.

Well. So, *Trueman*, now pray how are we to answer this Matter? — For ought we know all these poor Tradesmen will be ruin'd by this Plot of ours.

True. I grant you 'tis now high time to discover the whole Affair.

Sir Bullet. Waste me, there's no carrying this matter farther.

Well. I am sorry, Gentlemen, that I should be the Author of ill News; but so it must be. This Prince of yours is a vile Impostor of my making, as these Gentlemen can witness.

True. Upon my Honour it's true.

Sir Bullet. Flux me, if it is not Fact.

Ker. What a censorious Town is this! Oh dear, if you did but know the Prince, Gentlemen, as well as Mr. Wardrobe-keeper *Shred*, and I, you would never give Ear to these envious Reports; I believe, within this half Hour, I have heard twenty vile Stories of him; But, Lord, Sir! we have seen the Presents the Ambassador brought. — We have kiss'd her Picture, and are going to be merry over the Ceremony and the Supper.

Well. That Picture was drawn for a Sister of mine: The pretended Ambassador is no greater a Person than my Footman *Trip*.

Shred. Why then he has tripp'd up all our Heels, and I hope he'll be hang'd, for he is a footy Fellow; will you believe me, Master *Well-done*, I could have almost sworn 'twas he, and methoughts that I knew the very Button-holes
of

of his Coat to be Button-holes of my own stitching.

Well. He has one of my Coats on ; you made it your self ; I told you at the *Three-Tuns*, that if you trusted this Sham-Prince, at your own Peril be it.

Ker. It is very true, *Mr. Welldone.*

Sbred. Nay, *Mr. Welldone*, we can't say it was ill done of you ; but we are *undone*, that's certain.

Ker. We must give immediate Orders, that the Liveries may not be made up, if they are, I must break and run away.

True. *Mr. Kersey*, I think my self oblig'd in Honour to pay whatever Damages you have suffer'd upon Account of this Plot of ours.

Ker. *Mr. Trueman*, you are an honourable Gentleman ; I hope I shall lick my self whole as to this Day's Affair ; but to my Sorrow be it spoken, I was five hundred Pounds deep with him before.

Well. But how could you, that are a sober discreet Tradesman, be so impos'd on ?

Ker. Why really, Sir, Trading is very dead, and my Cloths lye so long in my Shop, that I am ashamed to see 'em, and so upon that Account, we are willing to trust any Body, for it looks as if we had a brisk Trade, and keeps up our Credit amongst our Neighbours : And when a Dunn presses me for Money, it is a good Answer, to tell him that Lord such a one, and Sir John Thing-em, and Mr. What d'ye call 'em, are prodigiously in my Debt, and so I get rid of him.

Sbred.

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Shred. And so we stitch up one another, and do but so so at the best.

True. Well, stop here, and do your selves what Justice you can upon this Fellow, for now I hope you're fatisfy'd he is an Impostor.

Sir Bull. Death's Head represent me, if he is not a finish'd Rascal, that can out of any Plot form something to his own Advantage.

Well. Indeed, now's your Time to secure him, and get what you can of him.

Shred. I believe we had better stay till after Supper, for it is so pure that it makes my Mouth water.

Ker. No, no, Neighbour, don't let us fill our Stomachs that Way.

Shred. Nay, I stomach the Matter so much, that my Mouth waters after him, I will run and fetch Mr. *Shoulder-Dab*, and the mean while do you watch, and secure the Door.

Well. Perhaps he will have some Trick or other to get from you.

True. But don't part with him without good Security.

Ker. 'Tis a damn'd Baulk upon us; I have been with'd Joy by all my Neighbours, and now shall become their Laughing-stock——ah! the Devil take his Court'fy, Surveyor-General.

Shred. Nay, Neighbour, he has in a particular Manner made a General of you; but come let us unrip him.

Ker. Gentlemen, your most humble Servant, for aught I know——if I can get fairly off this Matter, you may have done me more Service in the Way of Trade, than ever yet was done;

it will caution me to know very well whom I trust.

Shred. Aye, trust me so it will.

[*Exeunt Kersey and Shred.*]

True. Come, now for *Araminta*.

Sir Bull. You shall see how prettily I will impose upon the old Woman, and court her Daughter before her Face.

Well. There will be some Diversion in that truly. Ha ! is not that *Araminta's* Footman ?

Enter Araminta's Footman, crossing the Stage.

True. It is—— *John*, is your Lady at Home ?

Foot. No, Sir, she is gone to sup with the Prince of *Passau*.

True. Death, Hell, and Furies ! we have by our pretended Plot drawn her into the Mouth of a real one ; he has got her into his Clutches, and perhaps will force her to a Marriage ; for he cannot be so stupid as to imagine, that the Princess of *Passau* is so ridiculous as to throw herself away on him.

Well. Nay, if he has foil'd us at our own Weapons, I shall think he deserves the Character of a pretty Fellow.

True. If he succeeds with *Araminta*, how miserable shall I be ?

Foot. My Lady *Homebred*, and her Daughters, are gone with her.

Sir Bull. Perhaps the Rascal has a Design upon my Mistress. Come, let us go in a Body, and seize upon our Household Goods.

Well. Nay, we are engag'd to undeceive every Body in this Affair. Did the Ladies go out of Curiosity, or were they invited ?

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Foot. Mrs. Seville came with a formal Invitation from the Prince. Would you have me attend you, Sir?

True. With all my Heart, *John*, perhaps we shall have Occasion for you. Come, *Welldone*, you must lead the Way, for you are to unravel the Plot.

Sir Bull. Aye, the Catastrophe lies at your Door now, and split me into lean Men, if I don't think it will be a comical one.

Well. Well, Gentlemen, it shall end like a Comedy, I warrant you: If *Araminta* is not marry'd already, we will force her to a Wedding before the *Farce* ends.

Sir Bull. Which will end the *Farce* indeed.

True. And make me the happiest Man on Earth.

Well. For a Month or two, till you recover your Reason, and then you will have Time enough to reflect on your Conduct.

True. Look ye, *Welldone*, if ever I repent, or wish my self unmarried, may I become your Laughing-Stock.

Well. Which you will most certainly be very soon.

Sir Bull. Come, prithee let him get her first. Walk off——

True. I go on the Wings of Love.

Well. I, on the Feet of Friendship. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Shred and Kersey, Shoulder-Dab, and his Bum-Bailiff.

Ker. Look ye, you are to go in with us as a Couple of our Friends that we have brought to see the Ceremony; which we will let them go thro' with before we disturb 'em, then tap the Sham Prince on the Shoulder. *Shred.*

Shred. And lay his Father by the Heels.

Should. It shall be done as you desire ; I will carry him off alive or dead ; either, I suppose, will satisfy you.

Shred. Yes, I fancy he will as well satisfy us when he is dead, as now he is alive.

Ker. I beg there may be no Blood-shed. I had rather lose my Money.

Should. Sir, we shan't murder him, till he brings Things to an Extremity ; and then you know the Law must be *executed*.

Shred. And if you kill him, we may be *executed* too ; and faith I had much rather see the Law hang'd than *myself*.

Should. Sir, I am not to be taught my Business.

Shred. No, really, I believe you have it by-heart.

Ker. Well, come on, good Luck attend us.

Shred. Aye, or we shall be broke in Ten Days.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Seville with a White Staff, leading in Lady Homebred, Araminta, Miss Molly, and Miss Nancy ; Mrs. Seville and her Daughter following.

To them, Trip and Mr. Cheatly.

Sev. That's the Ambassador, *Excellentissimo Van Terence de Turloe.*

L. Home. I really don't love to be seen by Strangers. But, pray, is he a *German* born?

Trip. No, fair Lady, I am of this Country, and therefore pick'd out by her Highness, to have the Honour done me of being sent Ambassador to his Royal Highness : It was her Charge to me, that all the Ladies of his Acquaintance

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quaintance should be invited to the Ceremonial; for I suppose, Ladies, you have been inform'd that I am this Night to wed the Prince by Proxy.

Ara. It is the News of the Town, Sir.

Trip. Then that News shall be confirm'd in a few Minutes. (*To Cheatly*) Sir, are all the Prince's Officers in waiting, now attending?

Cheat. They are expected every Moment.

Sev. I have sent, most worthy Sir, to hasten 'em.

Trip. (*Aside*) I want to have it over, for I am very hungry, and I have cast my Eye upon a Ham and Chickens, which I design to enjoy in a plentiful Manner.

Enter Kersey and Shred, with two Bailiffs in Disguise.

Cheat. (*Aside*) Ha! What can those Bailiffs mean in Disguise! I fear some Affront is design'd against my Son; but I have one Stratagem yet left, to get him off.

Enter Sir William.

Sir Will. Ladies, the Honour you have done me, is almost as great as that the Princess has conferr'd upon me.

Trip. Ladies, this is his Serene Highness, William Prince of Passau, Cousin-German in Law to the Emperor; Nephew to the King of Poland; Brother-in-Law to the Elector of Bavaria, and Arch-Contriver of the Royal Empire: A Post hereditary to the *Van Cheatleys* ever since the Reign of *Leopold VI*, that powerful and most invincible happy Emperor of the *Romans*.

Sir

Sir Will. I might, indeed, brag of my ancient Family; but I have wai'd it all, and liv'd till now as a *private* Gentleman.

Shred. (*Aside*) And yet has liv'd upon the *Publick* all this while. Neighbour *Kersey*, I can swear that to be Mr. *Welldone's* *Mun Trip*.

Ker. Why then let us make short Work on't, and let the Bailiff do his Office.

Shred. Look ye, 'tis my Belief, we had better stay till after Supper; for I never saw such an Entertainment before, and if we blow them up, there will be nobody to set down to the Victuals.

Trip. (*To Seville*) You must tell the Ladies, they must kiss the Prince's Hand, and salute me as representing her Highness.

Sev. Ladies, one by one, kiss the Prince's Hand, and salute the Ambassador as representing her Highness.

Lady Home. Molly, Nanny, don't kiss the Ambassador, only turn the Tip of your Ears towards him.

Miss Molly. Yes, Forsooth.

Miss Nanny. No, Forsooth.

Ara. Your Highness may remember Things were upon another Foot between you and I; then you su'd for the Honour which now belongs to you, and I return with Pleasure.

[*The Ladies kiss his Hand.*

As Araminta kisses it, enter Welldone, True-
man, and Sir Bullet.

True. Death! I shall run mad! Was ever any Thing so mean, to kiss his Hand!

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Well. We are to beg your Highness's Pardon for our Intrusion, but the Noise of your Ceremonial drew us hither.

Ker. (*Aside to Welldone*) We have our Bailiffs ready, they are in the Room here.

Well. (*Aside*) Let them not execute, 'till we have expos'd the Cheat.

Sir Will. Gentlemen, you do me Honour; and 'tis for my Grandeur, to have so many Witnessess by, upon so solemn an Occasion.

Cheat. (*Aside*) I like not *Welldone's* whispering *Kersey*, my Heart misgives me; they have some Mine laid to blow us up; I must watch him.

Lady Home. Children, stand close to me; if I get well out of this publick Company, I'll make a Vow never to stir out again —
Bless me! how the Men stare at my Daughters! Come on this Side of me.

True. (*To Araminta*) I am surpriz'd to meet you here, Madam.

Ara. Now might I tell you the same Thing, but positively I hate repeating your Words; and so pray don't talk to me, there's People enough in the Room to force your Discourse to.

Well. Fie, *Araminta*, how can you use the Man ill, who is every Moment in Agonies for your Welfare? Perhaps, you know not the Hands you are fallen into; we are come to rescue you. The sham Prince is a notorious Cheat, and his Embassador there my Footman. You'll see him arrested very soon, by those Fellows, who are Bailiffs in Disguise. The Story is too long to tell you, but, in all Probability, the Design

Design of drawing you hither, was, we suppose, to force you to a Marriage.

Ara. This is amazing Villany!

Cheat. (*Aside*) Say you so, Sir; and have you banter'd us with a Plot of your own? I'll try to counterplot you. [*Exit Cheat.*]

Trip. Lord Chamberlain *Seville*, tell the Gentlemen who I am.

Sev. This is his Excellency *Terence Van Turloe*, Embassador from the Princess of *Passau* to his Serene Highness.

[*Sir Bullet and Trueman salute him and Welldone.*]

Trip. (*To Welldone*) Sir, I believe I have seen you somewhere; was you never in *Germany*?

Well. (*Aside to Trip*) Come, Sir, your Reign is very short; you must appear as my Footman again, for Reasons which I shall tell you.

Trip. (*Aside*) For Heaven's Sake, Sir, don't come to a Conclusion yet; let me sup, and get drunk as an Embassador, and then I don't care if I do wake as a Footman.

Sir Bullet. The Fellow looks so very majestick, that waste me if I can scarce keep my Countenance. Come, *Welldone*, put the Fellow out of his Pain, and send him to his original Nothing.

Sir Will. (*to Trip*) Come, Sir, if you please, we will begin the Ceremony; the Priest waits in the next Room.

Well. And there he may wait 'till Doomsday, for we are to inform you, that you are no Prince, and your Embassador there is only my Footman in Disguise; you are impos'd on

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yourself, since which, you have most horribly impos'd on others.

Lady Home. How! no Prince! oh dear, I wish my Daughters and I were at Home again.

Sir Bul. I desire, dear *Lady Homebred*, that I may take you into my Protection.

Lady Home. Your Servant, Sir.

Miss Nancy. How! is he no Prince!— Now I look at him again, methinks he has not one bit the Ayre of a Prince.

Miss Molly. Methinks, I'm sorry he's not one, 'twill put my Mother into such Agonies, that she'll hurry Home, and we shall have no Dancing.

Ker. (To Shoulderdab) When Mr. Welldone winks serve the Writ.

Shoul. I will do it.

Mrs. Sev. What can this mean, Husband? I fear we are all ruin'd and undone!

Sev. Nay, if he's no Prince, he has made a Devil of me.

True. Your Highness seems a little Dumb-founder'd.

Sir Will. (Aside) I know not what Answer to make 'em. Where can my Father be gone! I fear we are all very near the Goal. *(Aloud)* *Treasurer Seville*, where's my Father? Gentlemen, I believe it is not usual for People to come and insult a Man in his own Lodgings; perhaps you may pay dear for this Usage.

Trip. (Aside) Ah, that he had but Spirit enough now, to stand in the Story 'till Supper was over, how deliciously should I live.

A a. Your Highness looks discompos'd and disorder'd, perhaps you are willing we should withdraw.
Lady

Lady Home. Oh, by all Means, let's be gone;
Confin.

Sir Will. No, I beg Ladies you would stay
and see me vindicate myself from the Asper-
sions charg'd upon me.

Sir Bul. Split me into lean Men, if he does
not carry it on with an agreeable Ayre of Im-
pudence.

Ker. (To Shred) Come, I long to be at him.

Shred. Nay, he can't get from us, and so we
may come at him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Is this Sir William Cheatly's Lodgings.

Sir Will. It was here, Friend.

Mes. I am sent by the Council, Sir, who
now are sitting, to inform you, they have re-
ceiv'd Letters from the Ministry of England;
wherein you are stil'd, William Prince of Pas-
sau: I am sent to summons you to Council,
where they will discover the Contents of their
Letters, which very much concern you —
Sir, my Orders were, to bring you away with
speed.

Sir Will. Now, Gentlemen, it will soon be
known who I am; and those that have put
Tricks upon me, will meet with but scurvy
Usage: I know not what Time the Council
may keep me, but I beg, Ladies, you won't
stir from hence till you hear from me —
Come along, Sir. *[Exit with the Messenger.]*

Well. This is amazing.

True. I am all Confusion.

Ara. This, *Trueman*, must be some jealous
Fancy of yours; he must be the Man he appears
to be.

Sir Bul. Skeleton take me, if I give my Judgment of him, 'till he returns from the Council.

Ker. (To Shred) We are unlucky Dogs, Neighbour, that's certain——Hark ye, Mr. *Shoulderdab*, sneak off, I would not have you seen for a thousand Pounds——We have strangely baulk'd these Bailiffs.

Shred. 'Tis plain they have bely'd the Prince; what if you and I should sneak up to the Castle, and hear something more than we know already.

Ker. I'll follow you.

[*Shred and Kersey Exit.*]

Lady Home. This is a very strange Turn.

Trip. Is your Honour pleas'd to determine, whether I shall act longer as an Embassador, or must I strip, and put on my Livery.

Well. Death and Hell! we are certainly impos'd on, there's no such Person as the Princess of *Passau*.

True. You See, *Araminta*, what Troubles we bring ourselves into to serve you, and yet you prove cruel and despise me.

Ara. Pshaw, is this a Place to talk your hideous Love in; if you have anything to say to me, Sir, you must attend my Levee.

Well. Come, *Araminta*, make an End of this silly Affair; the Priest waits in the next Room, let him give you a Cast of his Office.

Lady Home. Upon my Word, Cousin, the Gentleman advises right.

Miss Molly. (*Aside to Sir Bullet*) I hope we shan't be disappointed; and since there's every thing

thing ready provided, we ought to make sure of one Wedding.

Sir Bul. (*Aside*) A pretty Plot 'faith, I'll follow you.

(*Miss Molly steals out, Sir Bullet follows her.*)

Lady Home. Come, Cousin, resolve what you'll do, for I must be gone; it's late, and I hate these publick Entertainments.

Enter Shred and Kersey.

Ker. Oh dear, Gentlemen and Ladies, we are all ruin'd and undone; there's no Council sitting, nor no Prince to be found at the Castle.

Shred. No, I fear he was prim'd and loaded, and is gone off.

Sev. What, are we to be alarm'd every half Hour in this Manner!

Shred. We are like your Bank Stock, we are either rising or falling.

Well. I was well assur'd 'twas all a Trick.

Enter a Sailor.

Sail. Mr. Seville, I was order'd to deliver you this Letter from a Gentleman, who this Moment took Boat at Aston's Key, in order to go on board the Yatch for England; I saw her under Sail, and by this Time she's out of Sight.

Sev. I begin to smell a Rat, (*reads the Superscription*)

To our Trusty and Well-beloved Treasurer and Lord-Chamberlain, Seville.

(*Opens the Letter, reads.*)

Sovereign

SOVERAIGN Powers often! do Things out of the Way, which appear whimsical to their Subjects; but I charge you all upon your Allegiance, not to censure my sudden Departure, as an Act of Folly, Indiscretion, or Trick; For I had receiv'd certain Information, that the Government would seize me; some People having told them I was the **PRETENDER**: Had I been catch'd, I should have been Beheaded immediately. I shall stay a few Days at St. James's, to concert Measures, and I think you will hear no more from me, till I am settled in the Kingdom of Sicily, which I now tell you I am declar'd King of. Yours.

WILLIAM.

P. S. My Father is with me; Excuse me to the Ladies and Gentlemen, and eat your Supper, and be Merry.

Trip. Aye, I like that Postscript mightily.

Well. Well, nothing but Madness could make this Fellow so ridiculous.

Sev. Well, go thy Ways, thou art a Pretender I am sure; be it known unto all Men that I am bubb'd out of a Thousand Pounds.

Ker. I, Five Hundred.

Shred. And I, Five and Fifty.

Sev. But come, Ladies and Gentlemen, Sorrow is dry; since you have been some Ways prejudicial to us in your Conduct, you must stay and eat the Supper, and comfort us in our Afflictions.

True. With all our Hearts, and there we will consult how to heal up all our Sores.

Well.

Well. Aye, *Trueman*, you are bound in Honour to assist 'em.

Lady Home. Oh dear! Where's Miss *Molly*?

Enter Sir Bullet and Miss Molly.

Sir Bull. Here, an't please your Ladyship.

Lady Home. Bless me, how came you out of my Sight.

Sir Bull. Meagre catch me, if we han't been committing a comical Joke; I am sure your Ladyship will Laugh, ha, ha, ha! You must know, the Priest in the next Room, impatient for marrying some Body, catch'd hold of Miss *Molly* and I: 'faith, I cannot tell it for Laughing, ha, ha, ha! Do you, my Dear.

Miss Molly. Why, an't please your Ladyship, he marry'd us.

Lady Home. How! Marry'd you!

Sir Bull. And waste me, if I had gone with your Ladyship, he would have done the same Thing by you, ha, ha, ha; for he is a very comical Dog.

Lady Home. Perhaps, *Sir Bullet*, that might be more proper.

Sir Bull. For you, but not for me; stop my Digestion.

Lady Home. This is a *Trick* upon us.

Mrs. Sev. Then, you keep us in Countenance, for we have all been *trick'd*.

Well. Come, *Araninta*, since Writings are drawn, and every Thing agreed on, let *Trueman* see how this comical Priest will serve you.

Ara. Come, Aunt, to keep you in Humour, and Cousin *Molly* in Countenance, I don't care if I do consent.

True.

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True. Thus, on my Knees, let me receive—

Ara. On your Head, you mean; prithee, none of your Fustian to me; if we are to play the Fool, let it be in private; keep your soft Things to say to me then.—— Joy to Sir Buller, and his Lady, and to my dear Aunt, who for all her prudent Management, could not keep her Documents.

Sir Bull. We have indeed over-reach'd her Ladyship; but Consumption seize me, if I don't prove a Man of Honour.

Well. *Trueman* and I will be bound for his good Behaviour; but come, let us be Witness to the Wedding.

Sev. And then let it be a Night of Joy, for Neighbour *Kersey* and *Shred*, we ought to re-joyce, that this Sham-Prince did not ruin us quite; we were strangely stupify'd by him and his Father.

Ker. We have been very much impos'd on, and shall be the Laughing-Stocks of the Town for one Month, till a new Wonder arises.

Shred. He took Measure of our Understanding, and I think he has fitted us.

Well. Come, Lady *Homebred*, every one seems to hear their Losses with Philosophy, but you.

Lady Home. I have Philosophy enough to know, that a Thing that's done can't be undone; but the loose hoity-toity Part of the World, will ridicule my Conduct.

Ara. And so they would have done, if this Thing had not happen'd; why *Nancy* will serve you the same Trick very soon.

Well. Rather than she should do a disobedient Thing, I would ask my Lady's Consent.

Ara.

Ara. Say you so ! Why, then 'tis a Match.

Miss Nancy. I have long had a Kindness for Mr. Welldone, but dare not give him any Encouragement, lest my Mother should beat me.

Lady Anne. Well, for all my Care, I find they will do what they please ; and now I will discover a Secret to 'em, their Fortunes are at their own Commands, and they may do what they please with 'em.

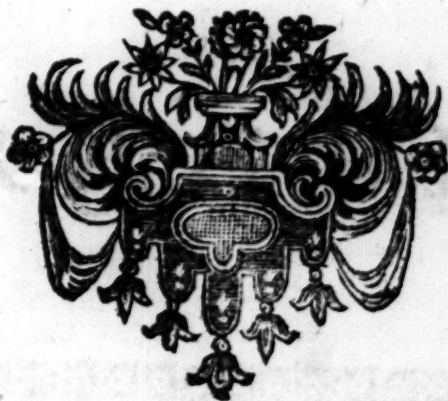
Miss Molly. Which Thing we have known, ever since we wore Bibs and Aprons, which was the Reason I did what I pleas'd with mine.

Well. We all have been Pretenders here to Night, But he that most was so, got the most by't.

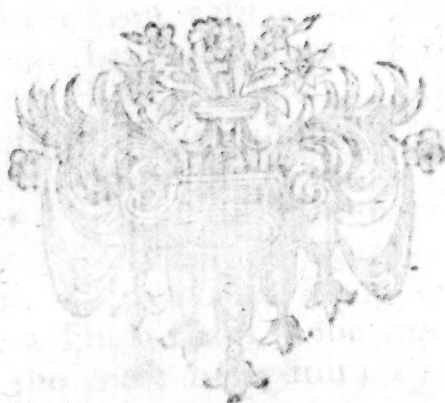
The World's a Stage, where Fools and Knaves must

(Act,

Knaves will Impose, and Fools believe each Fact.



Are you to? Why, then, as a black-
 -mill, I have long had a kind of
 -mill, for I have not given him any thing
 -I think, but my mother should hear me,
 -I think, Well, for all my love, I think
 -they will do what they please; and now I will
 -discover a secret to you, their father and
 -their own Comrades, and they may do what
 -they please with me.
 -This is the Which Thing we have known
 -ever since we were children, which was
 -the reason I did what I please with mine.
 -Well, we will see how Providence directs us.
 -For in that way we got the most of us.
 -The whole is a thing, which I think and know
 -is a great deal of it, and I think it is a
 -great deal of it, and I think it is a



12

Rotherick O' Connor,
King of Connaught :

OR, THE
Distress'd Princess.

A
TRAGEDY.





Robert O'Connor,
King of Connaught:
OR THE



Distressed Princess.

A

TRAGEDY.





PROLOGUE

BY

Colonel ALLEN.

Design'd to have been spoke, but came too
late.

Your Clemency has rais'd our Author's Heart,
On Buskins now he struts, assumes a Part,
Far differing from his former grov'ling Way,
In Tragick Strains he undertakes to Day,
For all his Confidence, I let him know,
A Tragedy was more than he could do.
I told him, what he enterpriz'd was hard,
Presumptions in a *Greek* or *Irish* Bard,
A *Sophocles* was only fit to tell,
How *Oedipus* and injur'd *Ajax* fell;
Th' Exploits of mighty Men and fighting Kings,
Were Sounds too big for humble trembling Strings.
What need you, for a Tale, so high to go,
Said I, have you not *Robinson Crusoe*?

There

The PROLOGUE.

There Incidents in full Perfection flow,
(Such a Dramatick, is the fam'd *De Foe*.)
Can't you his trusty *Friday* imitate?
He's an accomplish'd Minister of State.
Then, for a Hero, without Sense or Fear,
There's *William Atkins* fits you to a Hair;
For he, the silly Rogue, repents at last,
Marries the Blouze, after six Children past;
And then an Episode of Salvages,
Who Sing, and Dance, and Love, all under Trees;
Diverting *Cannibals*, Men-eating Men,
Who fight to Eat, and eat to Fight again;
Five plump black Girls, truss'd, ready to be roasted,
Were *Whip*-- unty'd, and presently were toasted,
Brave lucky Jades, Things then were finely carry'd,
Half dead with Fear of Spitting, they were Marry'd.
These friendly Hints I gave, but 'twou'd not do,
Full of himself, he would his own pursue;
Resolves to show a Monarch of your own,
Who holds, alone from *Jupiter*, his Throne;
His Rule of Life does from his Passions draw,
Not aw'd by Priests, nor terrify'd by Law;
A Popish Priest he ventures to expose,
Who sticks at nothing to distress his Foes,
Thanks, *Revolution*, we have none of those;
For such outrageous Plagues we're not in Pain,
They're to be found in *Muscovy* or *Spain*.

PROLOGUE,

Spoke by Mr. Giffard.

Written by Mr. Shadwell.

From distant Climes, each scribbling Author
(brings
A Race of Heroes, and a Race of Kings ;
And in soft Numbers humbly does implore,
To act his Murders on this boarded Floor ;
His Rebels, Virgins, Heroes, all must Dye,
To grace some Conqueror in his Tragedy.
Be he a *Roman*, *Greek*, or *Persian* born,
Thus foreign Stories do our Stage adorn.
Our Author tries by different Ways to please,
And shews you Kings that never cross'd the Seas.
He brings to View, Five Hundred Years ago,
Heroes nurs'd up in Slaughter, Blood, and Woe :
And Kings that Rul'd by Arbitrary Sway
Their slavish Subjects, born but to Obey,
When *Brebon*-Laws cou'd reach the Subject's Life,
And none, but great Ones, dare support the Strife.
Then Nature show'd 'em in their strongest Passions,
When each King govern'd by his Inclinations.
When Church and Clergy were the Monarch's
(Tools,
And who oppos'd their King were reckon'd Fools :
Learn then, from those unhappy Days of Yore,
To scorn and hate an Arbitrary Power.
To Praise and Love those Laws that make you Free :
And are the Bulworks of your Liberty.
Adore the Prince who rules by milder Sway,
And, like good Subjects, lawfully Obey :
All *Tragedies* this Moral shou'd observe,
The best of Kings does surely best deserve.

EPI.



EPILOGUE,

Spoke by Mr. GRIFFITH.

Written by Mr. Shadwell.

SO, thank my Stars, the *Buskin* Tale is past,
And all the Dead are come to Life at last.
Just now I heard the Kings and Princesses say, }
They hop'd to Live, to Die another Day, }
Provided you resolve to like the Play.
Our Poet swears, by all that's Great and Good,
He'll no more dip his Hands in human Blood.
This is his first Essay in Tragick Strains,
He knows not how it came within his Brains;
It is a vile Ill-natur'd Thing, to keep
Such Things in Plays, as make the Ladies Weep.
For when a Female puts on sower Faces,
She loses Fifty of her Airs and Graces.
But give her something that will make her Smile,
Oh! how she conquers? how she does beguile?
Now, 'tis observ'd, our Friends two Story high }
Do always Laugh, when other People Cry, }
And murdering Scenes to them are Comedy.
The middle Region, seldom mind the Plot, }
But with a Vizard Chat, of *You know what,* }
And are not better'd by the Play one Jot.

The EPILOGUE.

But you great Judges of the Pit, who come,
In Order to be sent with Pleasure Home.
Are like the Waterman, that looks Two Ways,
You first observe the Ladies, then our Plays.
With them you please your Eye, with us your

(Ear,

And could we always keep those Fair Ones here,
Whole Shoals of pretty Fellows would appear.

To you, bright Nymphs, who in that Circle sit,
And with a Look can govern all the Pit :

Bid 'em be to our Author's Writings kind;

Bid 'em be to his Faults a little Blind :

Do but say something in the Man's Behalf,

And faith, when next he writes, he'll make
(you Laugh.



EPI-



EPILOGUE,

By HERCULES DAVIS, Esq;

*Design'd to have been spoke by Mr. Griffith,
if all the Persons in the Play had been kill'd.*

WHAT! Are they all destroy'd? Pray look
around,
Can none, to speak the Epilogue, be found?
Not one, by *Jove*! Hey day——Then I must try
How far extends my Stock of Poetry.
So then, let's think —— No! I shall want no
Time;

For such a Scene as this will reach to Rhime.

And thus I do proceed:

The Poet has, to please you, done his best;
But to keep One alive, had been a Jest;
For, if he had done that, both He and I
Conceiv'd you'd call the Play a *Comedy*.

That is not all the Thing that brings me here;
But that poor *Charles* is lying in Despair,
And will be soon as dead as any there. }

Unless

The EPILOGUE.

Unless the Fair, who in the Circle sit,
Command some Mercy from th' adoring Pit.
For well we know, to You they Homage pay,
And none but You, their biting Tongues can sway:
Love, is a Thing, will hardest Hearts subdue;
Which makes us thus apply our selves to You:
To You, bright Charmers of the blooming Age,
Who ev'ry Creature round you, can engage
To You, who in your riper Years can move,
And thaw an Icy *Stoick* into Love.
To You we humbly sue, and thus complain,
Be You our Friends, the Pit, we'er sure to gain:
They are just what you make 'em, still we find,
They never can be, when you smile, Unkind.

Going off, he returns and says:

Provided you will be here on *Monday Night*,
they will come all alive again; for the Be-
nefit of the Author.





Dramatis Personæ.

R otherick O'Conner King of Connaught.	}	Mr. Rogers.
Dermond Mac-Morough King of Leinster.		
Strongbow, Earl of Chepstow.		Mr. Layfield.
Cothurnus, Son to Dermond.		Mr. Eirington.
Auliffe O'Kinaude, a Faithful Friend of Dermond's.	}	Mr. Watson.
Maurice Regan, Dermond's Friend and Favourite.		
Catholicus, Archbishop of Tuam.		Mr. Vandarbank.
Mortagh, Fosterer to Eva.		Mr. Dogherty.
First Guard.		Mr. Dogherty.
Second Guard.		Mr. Watson.
Third Guard.		Mr. Ralph Elrington.

W O M E N.

Eva, Daughter to Dermond.	Mrs. Gifford.
Aurelia, Daughter to Rotherick.	Mrs. Morcau.



Rotherick O'Conner,
 KING of
 CONNAUGHT.



ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Maurice Regan.

Regan.

THus far my Royal Master's Orders are
 Obey'd, all his Subjects groaning under
Rotherick's Tyranny are Yearning for
 Their Lawful Prince, and wish, with
 longing Hearts,
 To prostrate themselves, and fall before him :
 I have nothing more to do in State Affairs,
 But will unbend my Mind, and give it up

220 Rotherick O'Connor,

To Love. But see, the Object of my Heart's
Desire appears, full of her native and
Her heavenly Charms.

Enter Eva dress'd like a Shepherdess.

Eva. Welcome, my Father's faithful Friend
and mine.

I have perus'd the Letters that you sent,
And, with a Heart o'erwhelm'd with Joy, am glad
To find great *Henry*, that Godlike Man,
So good as to espouse our Monarch's Cause.

Reg. Your Vertue would engage the Gods to be
The King of *Leinster's* Friends : Your Prayers
are heard.

Eva. In your most tedious Absence, I have been
A constant Guest to this poor homely Cottage;
And, with my Tears and Prayers, spun out my
Time.

Rotherick, the Cruel King of *Connau-ht*,
Hated by Gods and Men, offer'd Rewards
To those who found me out and brought me to
him ;

But, by repeated Miracles, good Heaven
Sav'd me from his Tyranny ; my Fosterer,
The faithful Man, oft with his aged Hands
Has drove the Savage *Kerns* from off his Land,
And guarded me with waking watchful Eyes,
Many a long cold and blustering Winter's Night.

Reg. The poor Man's faithful Care shall be
rewarded.

Oh! my Charming *Eva*, what Thoughts had I!
Who not only lov'd you as my Princess,
But as my Angel, and the Saint to whom I pray'd.
When your Cruel Father, (only so to me)
Lay'd his Commands upon me, to attend
Him to great *Henry's* Court, the gaudy Sight
Could

Could not divert me from the Thoughts of you:
Amidst the Gold and sparkling Diamonds,
The well burnish'd Helmer, prauncing Steeds,
Glittering Equipage, and fawning Courtiers;
Nay, amongst a Multitude of *English*,
Welsh, and *Norman* Beauties, I cou'd pass along
And neither lend an Ear nor cast an Eye;
Indulging all my Senses and my Thoughts
On you, the Object of my Soul's Desire.

Eva. Sure then there is a Sympathy in Love;
For when I've try'd to drive you from my
Thoughts,

And listen'd to the Shepherd's awkward Tale,
My Attention stole from him by Degrees,
And ne'er wou'd leave, till center'd all on you:
But tell me, pray now, what these Strangers are
My Father has engag'd to fight his Foes?

Reg. A Warlike Race of Men they *Britons* call,
Mix'd with some *English* Archers, most expert,
Who gain upon your Father's Enemies,
Like stormy Floods upon a level Sand:
They, like a Torrent, came, and drove down all,
And *Wexford* soon surrender'd to their Mercy.
Your Father, to Reward their Warlike Care,
At once gave *Fitzstephens*, and *Fitzgerald*,
Two of their Chiefs, as by Agreement made,
That City, and two Cantreds adjoyning.
And to oblige the Noble Earl of *Chepstow*,
Your Royal Father, as King of *Leinster*,
Has bestow'd on *Henry* of Mount *Maurice*,
Two Cantreds, situate between those Towns
Of *Waterford* and *Wexford*, near the Sea.
The Earl, with all his gallant Followers,
Are with Impatience soon expected here.

223 Rotherick O'Connor,

Eva. But when they have conquer'd all our
 Enemies,
 Perhaps they'll then attack my Father's Friends,
 And so, in Time, make Slaves of all this Island.

Reg. The Men are gallant Men, and make
 some Show
 Of Virtue, and compassionate, good Nature.
 Their Country seems more civil'd than ours;
 With Arts and Sciences they polish all
 The rude, the wild ungovernable Crew.
 No petty Princes there, dare take up Arms,
 Or, by a lawless Force, pretend to Right:
 One mighty Monarch Governs thro' the Land;
 He takes Advice, indeed, of all those Men,
 Who are, by long Experience, made most wise:
 His constant Study is his People's Care,
 They are his Servants, Children, and his Friends.

Eva. Regan, your Zeal for Strangers knows
 no Bounds;
 You have forgot you were in *Ireland* born,
 Where pure Religion, by *St. Patrick* taught,
 Is still kept up with a becoming Zeal:
 Here we are govern'd by Nature's Dictates,
 Not by dissembling Art; which teaches Men
 To act quite opposite to what they think:
 Wisdom makes Hypocrites, Nature makes none.
 Perhaps with artful Engines made for War,
 These Strangers may strike Terror thro' the Field,
 And so affright my Father's Rebel Subjects,
 Who, conscious of the Injuries they have done,
 No doubt, in dread of him, will fly before them:
 But when the *Hibernian* Spirit's rous'd,
 These Strangers will not be such mighty Men.

Reg. Your Pardon, fairest Princess. I ne'er meant,
 By praising of these Strangers, to take off

Any

Any Glory from the Heroes of my Country ;
I know at once, we act what Men dare do,
And always justify what we think Right ;
But our mistaken Zeal is led away,
Without our wisely weighing of the Cause ;
Or why shou'd the Tyrant *Rotherick* thus pursue,
And drive your Father from his Native Throne ;
Force him to sue to Strangers for their Air,
To hire them, with his Lands, to shed the Blood
Of those he once did call his Faithful Subjects.

Eva. *Rotherick* is revengeful and ambitious,
Tho' he pretends my Father was the Aggressor,
And much I fear they have been both to blame.
What Murders does a Tyrant's Will invent !
How insolently do they Lord it o'er
The greatest Part of the Creation !
And yet a Fever shakes them, and they dye,
And crumble into Dust and Ashes, like
The poorest and the meanest of their Subjects.

Reg. These are too melancholy Reflections
For us, whose Business shou'd be Love.
My long and faithful Services to your Father,
Will embolden me to ask you of him.
Before your Exile you have oft confess'd,
A loving and a tender Passion for me.

Eva. And you, as oft, have triumph'd o'er
my Weakness,
And with such strange alluring Ways, so won
My tender, weak, ungarded Heart,
It heaves, and throbs, and trembles at your Name,
And makes my Mind subservient to it's Laws,
And will not let me think of ought but you.

Reg. Ye Gods ! How exquisitely blest am I !
I envy no Monarch, fear no Rival,
Nor would I quit my Interest in your Love,

224 Rotherick, O'Connor,

To be the greatest King I ever saw :
That's the *British* King in all his Glory.

Enter Mortagh, her Fosterer.

Mor. Oh! doleful News! I doubt you are
betray'd,

My Cabin is beset with fifty Horse ;
They say King *Dermond* did command them here,
To fetch away his Royal Daughter *Eva* ;
But too much I fear they come from *Rotherick*.

Re. Oh! curst Fate! the Tyrant has betray'd us;
Death is not half so terrible as he.

Eva. I despise your Fears; neither he, nor Death,
Can once be dreadful to a noble Soul.
Remember, *Regan*, you're an *Irish* Man,
And, whether Life, or Death, behave as such.
This Dagger is the Guardian of my Virtue,
When that's attackt, my Life's not worth my Care.
To dye in such a Cause, is nobly Brave,
And Death is Freedom, — Life is for a Slave.

Enter Auliffe O'Kinaude speaking as he enters.

Kin. Guard well the Doors, I'll search the
Cabin through.

Re. You'll not search far before you find
your Prize ;

But you must call more Help, before you gain her,
This Sword will make you buy your Conquest dear.

Mor. The Princess than't be your's till we are
Dead.

Kin. The Princess! Oh! ye Gods! then is
she here?

Reg. Pleasing Surprise! my dearest best of
Friends,

Most noble Princess, *Auliffe O'Kinaude*,
Your Father's faithful Friend and Counsellor.

Eva. I

King of Connaught, &c. 225

Eva. I hope you left my Royal Father Well.

Kin. In a good State of Health, and full of Friends,

Strongbow, Earl of *Chepstow*, with two Hundred Knights,

And a numerous Band of gallant Soldiers,
Were met near *Waterford*, by *Leinster's King*;

The *English* furiously attack'd that City,

Enter'd the Breach, ransack'd the Place, and slew

All those they found in Arms, except *Raginald*,

And one *Ophelim*, Prince of *Decies*, whom

They have imprison'd. This Packet, fairest

Princess, was from your Royal Father sent.

I have obey'd his Orders hitherto,

But now, oh Joy, must wait for your Commands.

Eva. (Reads.) It is our Will and Pleasure, under
the Care of our faithful Counsellor *Auliffe O'Kinaude*,
that you streight repair to our Royal Court at *Fur-*
ness, where you will not only meet your loving Fa-
ther, but the Earl of *Chepstow*, to whom I have be-
treach'd you.

(She speaks.) I've read enough to drown my
Peace of Mind for ever.

Reg. How strangely is her Countenance perplex'd!

Something in that Letter much displeases her,

I fear to guess what Horror it contains.

Kin. And, if your Royal Highness so thinks fit,

The sooner we set out upon our Journey

The safer it will be; a hundred Horse,

From the Mountains, this Morning we espy'd;

And the Country People have inform'd us,

Two hundred more are scouring of the Roads;

The Tyrant, *Rotherick*, now begins to fear

The *English* Power, which he once despis'd,

Is drawing all his Forces to the Field;

226 Rotherick O' Connor,

And does design, as he has given out,
To give your Father and the *English* Battle.

Eva. Death, Horror and Destruction seize
us all!

I curse the Hour since first these Strangers came,
They will enslave us soon, at least those Fools,
Who are in love with the simple Thing call'd
Life.

I'm ready for your Journey when you please,
Those Monarchs still are Tyrants to me,
Who would command my Will, and force me to
A Deed, which shocks and stabs my very Nature.
Obey our Parents! 'tis a harsh Command,
My Faith's already given; well, what then,
How will these Contradictions both agree?
Death ends the Argument, and sets me free.

Mor. Will not my fairest Charge give leave
for me

To attend you to your Royal Father?
Then, when you're safely lodg'd under his Roof,
I may contentedly come home and die.

Eva. My Father will, I hope, take care of you;
Heav'n is my Witness, honest *Mortagh*,
With what Reluctancy I leave this Cabin;
When I go from hence, I go from Happiness,
To be wretched, great, and miserable.

Mor. Say not so, my Royal Mistress, Heav'n
Has in store for you a Thousand Blessings,
Which Day by Day, it will pour down upon you.

Reg. I hope the Letter from your Father, does
Not contain aught that can disturb your Breast?

Eva. It does contain enough to shock us both,
Upon the Road, perhaps, I'll tell you more.

Reg. Too well I guess the Trouble it must
give us.

Eva.

King of Connaught, &c. 227

Eva. Come, Sir, lead on to Death, or to my Father.

Kin. If the Enemy attack us, it is Death,
For none of us will live, and part with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *draws, and discovers Rotherick, Catholicus, and Guards.*

Rothe. What have we no Intelligence to Day?
No Strangers, nor no *Leinster* Men brought in?

Catho. Several Parties of your Horse and Foot,
Whose Orders were to cross the *Shannon*,
Are hourly expected back, my *Leige*.

Rothe. 'Tis well; but if they bring not Prisoners with them,

Those who command those Men, shall surely die.

I *Rotherick O' Connor*, King of *Connaught*,
Will make the Nation tremble at my Rule,
And force each native Slave to drive away
These Vagabonds, these Strangers from our Land.
Well, my good *Catholicus*, have you perus'd
The Copy of that Grant, sent to be sign'd
By that most mighty Lord of all our Church,
Infallible and never-erring *Pope*

Adrian the Fourth; and since that confirm'd
By *Alexander's* Bull, to give my Land
Away to *Henry* the *English* King?

Now, by *St. Patrick*! who was a greater Man
Than ever fill'd your juggling Papal Chair,
I swear Revenge on all the *Romish* Tribe!

Would'st thou have done so, had'st thou been a
Pope?

No! I know thou durst not! Who gives the Priest
The Power he pretends to have on Earth?

228 Rotherick O' Connor,

Is it not your King? And pray now, who am I?
Your Spiritualities of *Tuam*

Are not worth much, without my Subjects Gold :
You talk of Heaven, but you covet Earth.

Catbo. Far be it from my Thoughts, to disobey
My Royal Master's Will ; we know our Church,
Our Lives, and all we have center in you.

And we of *Ireland* have never own'd
The Pope's Supremacy or Power here :
For, from *St. Patrick* to this present Time,
Our Church has always strenuously opposed him.

Rotbe. Or there should be no Churches through
my Realm.

What Use have I for Priests? except their Talk
Can keep the wild, unruly Mob in awe,
And give a Sanction to my Kingly Actions.

Catbo. I and my Clergy are at your Devotion.

Rotbe. Or they would live but slavish, wretched
Catholicus, full well I know thy Worth ; (Lives.

And what I think a mighty Virtue in thee,
You never contradict, in ought, my Will ;

Thy Zeal has never been impertinent,
Nor push'd it self between me and my Pleasures:

Thy Knowledge is too great, to think that Kings
Are ty'd to Rules, like other Mortal Men.

Oh, how I would crush a Fellow that should cry
His Liberty, or talk of Self-Defence ;

Property, or scan the Actions of his Prince !
Thou should'st excommunicate the saucy Slave ;

And, doubting that thy Curse would not take
Place,

This Javelin should push his Soul to Hell.

(*A Noise without.*

Catholicus, go learn from whence that Noise.

(*Catholicus goes to the Door, and returns.*

Catbo.

King of Connaught, &c. 229

Catbo. My Liege, the Guards are leading
Dermond's Son to Death, according to your late
Commands.

Rothe. Call back the Wretch, I'll see him e'er
he dies.

(Catholicus goes out and returns with Cothurnus.)

Catbo. Bring him near the King.

Rothe. Bring him nearer yet.

Cothur. Barbarous Tyrant, when my Thoughts
were fix'd

On future pleasing Joys, and Things above,
Why would'st thou make me think of Hell and
Thee?

Rothe. So, you're prepar'd to die, your Mind is
And you forgive your greatest Enemies. *(calm,*

Cothur. Mankind I forgive, but thou'rt a Devil.

Rothe. Am I so? that Devil shall torment thee
then.

Catbo. For shame, you talk not like a dying
Nor know not the Respect to Majesty. *(Man,*

Cothur. Call'st thou that Pageant Wretch a
He is a Rebel, with a Tyrant's Power; *(King?)*
And has usurp'd my Father's lawful Right.

His Life has been one Scene of Wickedness,
Rapine, Lewdness, Murder, Parricide;

And thou his fawning, pious, cringing Priest,
With your exalted Hands, and turn'd-up Eyes,
Can first confess, and then absolve him for it.

Catbo. So, please your Majesty, 'tis time he dies.

Rothe. Let him talk, his Glass will soon be run.

Catbo. He rails against the Church, no Priest of
Shall give the Wretch a Christian Burial. *(mine*

Cothur. I shall go to Bliss without any Passport,
Thou Wolf, crouded into a sheepish Cloathing.

Catbo.

230 Rotherick O' Connor,

Catho. The People, are with impatience waiting
For the Execution ; so please my Liege
The Guards may now conduct the Heretick there.

Rotho. Hold ! let me talk and reason with the
Youth,

Thy Father, it is true, was King of *Leinster*,
And, had he govern'd well, might still have
reign'd ;

But you forgot he ravish'd *O Rourke's* Wife,
Who was the Daughter of the King of *Meath* ;
Know you, that he plunder'd all the Country
round,

And forc'd *O Neal*, *O Carroll*, and *Mac Lou blin*,
To give him Hostages, which he destroy'd ;
Whilst *O Borne*, and *Daniel*, Prince of *Ossory*,
Amaz'd at all his horrid Villanies !

As all good Men should do, deserted him ;
At which the abandon'd Wretch to *England* flies,
And humbly sues to Vagabonds and Strangers,
Bringing the Lawless Rout to murder us,
And for their Reward, gives them whole Cities :
Notwithstanding which, he sues to me for Peace ;
And I, as good *Catholicus* can tell,

Took his Homage but on these Conditions ;
That he shou'd dismiss the *English* Strangers,
You, his Son, was sent to me as an Hostage,
And had he but perform'd, you should have had
My Daughter *Avelina* for your Bride ;
But he, you know, has broke through all his
Oaths,

And let the *British* Stranger, you call *Strongbow*,
With his Rebel-Rout, invade and plunder *Meath*.
I did upbraid him for his Breach of Oaths,
And threaten'd, if he kept not well the Peace,
That you, his Favourite Son, shou'd lose your
Head ;

His

King of Connaught, &c. 231

His surly Answer was, He would proceed
To conquer *Connaught*, which the Villain claim'd
As if it once had been his ancient Right,
For which base Act of his, you suffer Death.

Enter Avelina.

Ave. Oh, dread Sir! recall your horrid Sentence,
And let not that brave Youth be punish'd so:
By your Commands, I gave him up my Heart,
And you declar'd I was to be his Wife.

Roth. Go too; my Mind is alter'd, that's
enough for you.

Take back your foolish Bauble of a Heart,
And carry it with you to a Nunnery.

Ave. To Death most willingly, I can't sur-
vive him.

Roth. Ha! what say'st thou! Death! die, and
if you dare.

I'll make you live, and live in Torture too,
That rebel against your King — your Father.

Catho. It is a crying, roaring, heavy Sin.
Perhaps a Nunnery and Penitence,
With store of Fasting, may wash off the Crime.

Cothur. *Rotherick*, forbear to use your Daugh-
ter ill,
Pour all your haughty Vengeance down on me;
It is a double Death to see her Tears.

Roth. Oh! have I found a Way to torture you,
And bring your haughty Soul within its Bounds?
I have a Pleasure yet to come; your Death
Had been a petty Vengeance to my Mind;
But you are deep in Love, and with my Daugh-
Now, by the Gods — (ter:
She strait shall suffer Death before your Face,
And whilst her trickling Blood is reeking hot,
I'll open all your Veins to mix amongst it.

Ave.

232 Rotherick O' Connor,

Ave. Thou best of Fathers, dearest, best of Kings,

That Sentence is the Thing I wish'd for most;
My tender Heart can never bear to see
His mangled Carcass thrown about the Streets;
But whilst I am dying, I may fix my Eyes
With eager Wishes, give a parting Sigh,
And hope to mingle with his Righteous Soul,
Above the unbounded Regions of the Air.

Catho. She's raving, Sir, and has not mention'd yet,
One Word of Paradise, or Purgatory;
I dare pronounce, he's taught her how to rail
Against the Mother-Church, and pious Church-
'Twere fit we purge her of her Sins before (men;
She suffers Death, mean while, if he were dead,
She might be brought to own her horrid Sin,
Be penitent, and so be made a Saint.

Rothe. Well, it shall be so, haste and see him.
And *Aurelia* too shall see him die; (die:
Cothurnus, 'tis your Father's Sins have drawn
This heavy Death upon your youthful Soul,
He sold his Country to a foreign Yoke:
Be satisfy'd in this, I'll seek him out,
And soon his grov'ling Corps shall overtake thee.

Ave. In Pity to my tender Youth, forbear
To blast his Soul, whilst mine is blooming.

Cothur. How tender does she plead, and would prevail
With any thing that's human, but a Tyrant!
Farewell, my softest, fairest *Avelina*;
Death I can bear, but not the Sight of you.

Catho. Make Way there, and let the Prisoner pass.

Cothur.

King of Connaught, &c. 233

Cothur. Farewell, proud Priest, we two shall meet no more ;

I shall mount up, whilst you must sink below.

Enter a Soldier.

I Guard. My *Liege*, a Messenger from *Leinster's King*,

is with a Trumpet come, and brought this Letter.

(The King opens the Letter.)

Catho. The King is taken up with State Affairs,
You have your Orders, lead the Prisoner off.

Ave. Oh, cruel Man! 'tis from my Father's Mouth

You must receive the Orders for his Death.

Rothe. Cothurnus, for a Day or two your Life's Prolong'd, your Father writes me Word, he'll *Donagh Abbot of Furnes* to this Place, (send

To treat with me about the safest Way
Of driving back these *Welsh* and *English* Men ;

Perhaps it is a Stratagem of his

To gain some Time, or, may be, to surprize
Some Fortrefs, or some Castle in the Frontiers ;

Be it so, we can revenge it soon enough :

Catholicus, my Daughter is your Care ;

If *Dermond* sends us Peace, she may love on,

If not, 'tis fit she bid the World Adieu :

Guards, lead back *Cothurnus* to his Prison.

Cothur. I thank you not, since Death's my Lot ;
Happen when it will, it shall be welcome.

[Exit.]

Catho. Perhaps, my *Leige*, he is prepar'd to die.

Rothe. If so, *Catholicus*, where's my Revenge ?

To take him from a State of Noise and Strife,

And give him Happiness beyond my own ;

To from an Enemy become a Friend.

A Mo.

234 Rotherick O' Connor,

*A Monarch's made to rule each petty Slave,
To bid him Live, or send him to his Grave.
Mercy, is for a vile, mechanick Soul,
No human Passion should a King controul:
'Tis Justice is the Rule that guides his Way,
And all is just, and good, that Monarchs say.*

[Exeunt.]



ACT I
And give him happiness beyond my own;
From an Enemy become a Friend.



ACT II.

*Enter Dermond King of Leinster, Strongbow
Earl of Chepstow.*

Strong. MY Informations are good, I'm sure,
and you

Have Dealings under-hand with *Rotherick*.

Der. Will you not hear me speak, I'll tell
Cotburnus is my darling only Son, (the Fact:
The Day was fix'd for him to suffer Death;
I thought my Letter might prolong his Life,
Till we were able to o'erthrow the Tyrant.

Strong. Why was not I consulted all this while?
Come, 'tis un-air, it is deceitful, base;
And I, nor mine, have not deserv'd this Usage:
Did I from *England* come, with gallant Troops,
To serve a Prince who would betray us all?
Now, by *St. George*, and his bright Sword, I swear,
It were a Deed that would be justify'd,
To give you up a Victim to your Foes,
And leave your Land a Heap of Desolation.
But why this mighty Care to save your Son?
Is it consistent with the Agreement made?
How can you fulfil your sacred Contract?
Tis like you have forgot, that when you die

Your

236 Rotherick O' Connor,

Your Kingdom must descend to me, and that
Your Daughter *Eva* was to be my Wife?

You put me off from Day to Day; perhaps

You do repent you of the Bargain made?

I do not die for Love of her, nor all

The paultry Beauties of your barren Land.

Der. Believe the Word and Honour of a King:

Each Fittle I'll most sacredly perform;

My Daughter *Eva* is expected soon;

The Moment that she comes, the Priest shall tie

The holy Knot; and so unite your Hearts.

Strong. Till when 'tis fit a Guard be set on you;

My Soldiers murmur, and my Friends give out,

Your Cut-throat Subjects have contriv'd a Plot

To murder all of us at dead of Night.

Der. Oh horrible! *Rotherick* has surely sent

Some Traytor to disperse the Seeds of Discord

Between your Troops and mine.

Strong. It cannot be ———

You only are to blame, and gave us cause

To be uneasy, and mistrust you all:

Deceitfulness is very deeply rooted

In each Corner of this wretched Isle;

Instead of Friendship, Charity and Love,

You plunder, burn, and sacrifice each other,

And strive, and fight, and gape for Revenge.

Der. A horrid War long time has plagu'd

this Isle,

And Right and Wrong are to Confusion brought;

Their lawless Passions thirsting after Blood,

Have ev'n depopulated all the Land.

Nobility is no where to be found,

The base Plebeian lords it over all.

Strong.

King of Connaught, &c. 237

Strong. Such is the horrid Fate of Civil War,
Shame and Destruction always fall on those,
Who by their Factions are the Cause of Strife.

*Enter Auliffe O Kinaude, wounded, leaning
on his Sword.*

Der. What means this dreadful Sight! my
Heart misgives me!

Kinaude! What makes you bleed! Where's my
Daughter?

Kin. Death is not so terrible, as what
(If I have Life) I have to tell you:
As we were guarding onwards to this Place,
By your dread Commands, her Royal Highness,
A Party of two Hundred Horse attack'd
Us in the Rear; some Miles we did retreat,
Tho' a Pace not much faster than our Foes;
My Royal Mistress bid us face about,
And force the Enemy with Soldiers Hearts;
Much asham'd to see her Courage more than curs,
Our Souls push'd forward to the War:
At first we gain'd some Ground, and kill'd our
Share,

But being over-power'd, they cut us down
On the Field of Battle; all were left for dead,
Except the Princess, whom they carry'd off.
Regan was wounded in our first Attack,
But when I search'd the Field, I found him not:
My woful Story makes my Wounds gush out,
I'm Faint, I can no more. *(Dies.)*

Strong. *Dermond*, thy Crimes have been of
horrid Hue:

Or Heav'n sure, would never punish so.

Der. Since it is Heav'n's Will, I'll try to bear it,
To lose my faithful Friend and Counsellor.

Death

238 Rotherick O' Connor,

Death with his Iron Claws has done the Deed,
And no doubt, has robb'd me too of *R. gan.*
But then my Daughter, that goes through my
Heart,

And pierces to my very Soul, Revenge;
Revenge is all my Cry, and all my Thoughts.

Strong. Now, whilst you're warm, let's execute the Deed,

And march with all our Forces to this Tyrant;
Rescue the Princess from his hellish Arms,
Or sacrifice our Lives in the Attempt!

Robert Fitzstephens, Henry of Mount Maurice,
And *Fitzgerald*, wait impatiently for Orders
On the *Shanon's* Brink; give 'em but the Word,
And *Connaught* soon shall find it self o'erwhelm'd
With Blood and Slaughter: Be honest to your
Friends,

Entirely rely on them, be firm,
And stedfastly adhere to what we say;
No Danger can alarm our noble Breasts,
It is true Courage leads us calmly on!
We're Heroes if we conquer, if we die,
We'll die like Men!

Der. Thy gen'rous, noble Soul
Raises and animates my drooping Spirits!
Be witness all that's Sacred, here I swear
Just and inviolably to perform
Each Circumstance of what I promis'd you;
And at my Death, you reign sole King of *I cinster.*
Could we but relieve my darling Daughter,
The Joy and Transport it would give my Soul,
Would make me quite forget all other Grief!
But oh, I fear the cruel Tyrant's Will
May lead him on to Butcher all my Race,
My only Daughter, and my only Son!

Strong.

King of Connaught, &c. 239

Strong. These are but Words, lead on to Blows,
Leave Words to Women, if you'd crush your
Foes.

Draw to the Head, with Zeal, the pointed Arrow,
Raise the Javelin, bring forth the keenest Sword,
And all the destroying Instruments of War!
Let Shrieks and Groans, the Musick of the Field,
In one continu'd Clamour fill the Skies;
And cover o'er the Ground so high with Blood,
That Shoals of gasping, dying Enemies,
May float and swim about upon the Surface!

Der. Thou Great, thou Godlike, more than
Man, thou *Britain*!
When once my Soul knows Fear, or shrinks
from thee,

May I become the abject Wretch on Earth!
Oh, could my Sword but pierce the Tyrant's Heart,
The Dog, the Villain, Monster, *Rotherick*!
Oh! how I'd feed, and please my just Revenge,
And eagerly push on the Fiend to Hell!

Strong. Lead on! Let Fortune bring him to
And leave the rest to us. (our View,
We'll crown our Heads with one eternal Fame,
And blast his Laurels with perpetual Shame.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Prison.*

Enter Avelina.

Ave. This dark, this dismal dead of Night,
so fills
My soft, my tender Mind with Fear and Horror,
I start and tremble at each Gush of Wind.
Catholicus, at last, is gone to sleep;
May he sleep for ever! dreadful Goaler,
Most cruel Persecutor of my Love!

Oh,

Oh, my *Cothurnus* ! how my tender Heart
 Does beat, and throb, and bleed in your Behalf!
 Guard me you Saints, since Virtue is your Care,
 Reward my Love and Constancy ! Give me,
 Oh give me to the Arms of that dear Youth,
 Who when he dies, will join your pious Choir,
 And add a Lustre to your heavenly Glories !
 Why name I Death ? I fear 'tis ominous ;
 My Nerves begin to tremble, and my Legs
 Refuse to move ; come, lead me to the Prison.
 Assist my Soul, shake off this Female Weakness ;
 Give me a Hero's Heart, a Hero's Hand,
 And all the barbarous Cruelty of War.
 Let me rush on, and beat down all his Guards,
 Fly to his Arms, then be again a Woman.

[Exit.

Enter Cothurnus, with his Sword drawn.

Cothur. Take this Sword, and fight for Love
 and Liberty !

Those were his Words. The Slave was surely
 By *Aurelia* ; this Scroll of Paper (sent
 Is the Penning of her lovely Fingers. (*Reads.*

" Force through, I'll meet you at the Prison-Gate,
 " The silent Time of Night, 'twixt Twelve and
 Then be it so ! The Guards are all asleep, (One.
 But my Retreat will never be secure,

Without I murder all that are my Watch !

Rotherick is a Tyrant ; how can that

Justify the Murder of these Wretches,

Tir'd out with Labour, and with Duty ?

They are innocent, and sleeping calmly,
 Scarcely dream of Wounds and Horror, Blood
 and me !

There's Self-Defence, 'tis all I have to plead ;

Oh, no ! my *Avelina's* waiting for me.

You

King of Connaught, &c. 241

Ye Guardian Angels, who o'er Men preside,
Take Care and waft the righteous Souls of those,
Whom my poor Hands are forc'd to push from Life :
Conduct them to that Place of Harmony,
Where Bliss and Happiness fill up the Space
Of great Hereafter and Eternity.
The Time draws nigh, then harden'd be my Heart,
That I may act the fatal murdering Part.

[Exit.
(A Noise without, clashing of Swords and crying out.)

I Guard. Treason, Murder, Cothurnus is broke
Has forc'd the Doors, and will escape. (loose,
(Grouns are heard.)
Hard-hearted, cruel Monster, — Oh ! —

SCENE the Fields.

Enter Avelina.

Ave. O, my weak Heart — the Noise points
towards me,
And methoughts I heard them name Cothurnus.
Murder ! What will this horrid Night bring
(forth ?

Enter Cothurnus, his Sword bloody.

Cothur. Who comes there ?

Ave. 'Tis I, 'tis Avelina.

Cothur. That's well. I've waded through a
Sea of Blood :

Pray Heaven, that we pay not for it all.
Come to my Arms, my Love.

Ave. With Joy I would partake of all your
(Fate ;
Can drag the Load of Life, or go to Death.

M

I Guard.

(Guard without, crys.

1 Guard. Treason, Murder; *Cothurnus* is escap'd.

Ave. Oh Heavens! we're betray'd, whither shall we fly?

Cothur. To Death, my Dear, 'tis all we've for it now.

That Fellow narrowly escap'd my Sword;

He knows I did design to take his Life;

'Tis therefore fair in him to push at mine. (*Without.*

1 Guard. This Way, I track him by his bloody Feet.

Cothur. Go hence, my Dear, 'tis not fit that you should see me butcher'd by this Band of Soldiers.

Ave. 'Tis Death to part: Oh, no! I'll stay and Before I'll run, and leave you here alone. (*dye*

I wish that you would go away with me,

A League from hence; I have a faithful Maid,

Whose Mother will protect me for some Time;

Perhaps we'll meet an Opportunity

Of joyning Forces, from your Father's Camp.

Cothur. To save your Life I'd venture any Thing.

Ave. For Heaven's sake avoid this Place, let's fly.

Cothur. For your sake I will prolong my Destiny. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Catholicus and Guards.

Cath. Slaves, Villains, Cowards; fly and overtake 'em.

1 Guard. The Day begins to break, I saw a Glimpse

Of Two in haste, who that Way bent their Course.

Cath. Fly then; who kills them both, shall dye a Saint. [*Exeunt Guards.*

I'll follow after, as my Legs will let me.

By

By this, his Majesty's alarm'd; I dye
If they are not secur'd, a woeful Night
T'will be for me; I'm almost out of Breath.

[Exit.

Enter in haste, Cothurnus and Avelina.

Cotbur. It is vain to fly, the Camp's alarm'd,
And yonder Light foretels the coming Day.

Ave. The Morn comes on apace, and I grow faint,

Cotburnus, since you must dye, take me with you;
Or say, you'll let me run upon your Sword;
How sweet were Death, if you would give the
Blow?

Cotbur. Forbear, you know not how you wound
my Soul.

Be happy still, and never think of me.

Your Father may have Bowels, and forgive
So sweet, so soft, so kind a Thing as you:
I know my Doom, and I can die but once.

Enter Guards.

1 Guard. We'll save the Princess, but the
Villain dies.

Cotbur. Take back the Villain, I'll sell my
Life full dear.

1 Guard. Fall on, a horrid Death is his Deserts.

Ave. You Slaves, through me you come to
touch his Life.

1 Guard. So be it then; we're bid to kill you
both.

Cotbur. Hold your murd'ring Hands, and save
her precious Life.

1 Guard. We'll spare her Life, if you give up
your Sword.

If you're so cruel to deny her that;
Her Death will lie directly at your Door.

M 2

Guards,

244 Rotherick O'Connor,

Cotbur. Promise me, upon a Soldier's solemn Word,

You safely will conduct her to her Father ;
And I will leave my Body to your Mercy.

Ave. Trust not their Cruelty ; with Sword in Hand

You'll make your Terms, and may spin out your Doom.

i Guard. Believe her not, you can't escape us now.

Enter Catholicus.

Cath. Give me a Javelin, I'll kill the Body,
And after put up Prayers to save his Soul.

Cotbur. Keep off, thou Load of Sin, my Sword is sharp.

I hate the World, and would not ease 'em of you.

Ave. Barbarous *Catholicus*, no Bowels left,
No Drops of human Nature round thy Soul,
To save two tender Lovers from the Grave :
Thus on my Knees, with watry Eyes, I sue.

Cotbur. *Avelina*, rise, disdain to sue for Peace,
From one who is your mortal Foe and mine.
You Coward Guards, come on, I live too long.

Ave. Cruel *Cotburnus*, could you say too long,
When *Avelina* was so near your Side.

Enter Rotherick and Guards.

Roth. Where's my Rebel Daughter ? where's my Foe,

Who has so bravely broke the Prison Doors ;
And whilst my Soldiers slept, with bloody Hands,
Has calmly made his Way through Death and Wounds.

I am a Tyrant, cruel and revengeful,
Because I love my Country, and oppose
The Man who gives up all his Land to Strangers.
Guards,

King of Connaught, &c. 245

Guards, hew him, cut him, mangle him to Pieces:
Hold, stay, his Father once I own'd a King;
And he, his Son, might have some Princely
Of Majesty and Kingly Power about him. (Sparks
Rash Youth, I will forgive your late Offence;
Put up your Sword: Oh, were your Father honest;
How I could hug and take you to my Bosom?

Come hither, *Avelina*; Is it true
That you have such a Passion for this Youth?

Ave. At first, in just Obedience to your Will,
I strove with all my Might to like and love him;
Since which, each Day my Love is grown much
stronger.

Roth. Why, then it is a Folly in your Father,
To oppose a Love that is so strongly fixt:
Come here, brave Youth, and take her from my
Hands.

(*Rotherick takes Cothurnus and Avelina's Hands*)
Guards, seize them both; I'll make them know
my Power:

Go, let him lose his Head immediately.
No Words, *Catholicus*; go see it done.

Cath. I fly to execute my Master's Will.

Cothur. Farewel, thou Monster, Devil, Vil-
lain, Tyrant. [*Exeunt all but Rotherick.*]

Enter Eva and Regan, his Arm in a Scarf,
and Guards.

Roth. Who have we here?

Guard. My Liege, *Demmond's* Daughter is ta-
ken Prisoner.

Of all the gallant Troops that did attend her,
This is the only one that was left alive.

Roth. You've done your Duty, and shall be
rewarded.

'Tis plain I am a Favourite of the Gods,

246 Rotherick O'Connor,

The only Thing on Earth I wish'd to have,
Was all vile *Dermond's* Race within my Power.
By Heaven she's Beautiful! her Eyes strike Fire,
And sets my Soul in a continued Flame.

Lady, you are not half so much my Prisoner
As I am yours; my Troops have conquer'd you,
That I may fall a Victim at your Feet.

Cothurnus's Life, is now within his Sister's Power,
He shall not die, 'till she gives Orders for't.

What gloomy Thing art thou, with down-cast
Look?

Reg. Let it suffice, I'm *Dermond's* faithful
Friend,

An Enemy to thee and all thy Race.

Roth. Most courteous Slave! civil and obliging,
Assure your self I shall reward you for't.

Some Days I'll study how I shall torment you:
'Till when, you Guards, let him be loaded well
With heavy Irons, till his haughty Soul
Is humbled so, that he speaks well of me.

Eva. Know proud Tyrant, you and my Father
have

A long Account, and you must pay for all.

Roth. Would I could meet him once, that we
might ballance.

I'd cut and mangle all his foreign Slaves,
And justly give him what he most deserves:

A cruel, ignominious, shameful Death.

By Heavens! I'd strip him of his Kingly Robes,
And, like a Felon, hang him on a Tree.

Eva. Go meet him in the Field, as if you
A noble, brave, courageous Enemy; (were
Push forward, through the thickest of the Ranks,
And die, if possible, upon the Ground
Your noble Heroes call the Bed of Honour;

And

King of Connaught, &c. 247

And so avert these Judgments, that must fall
Upon the vilest, basest, worst of Tyrants.

Roth. So!

Reg. No such Blessings e'er can fall upon thee;
Thou art Nature's violent Convulsion,
Made, by Heaven's Command, to show the World
What Ways it has of punishing Mankind,
When Wickedness doth call a Vengeance down.

Roth. Guards, lead that Wretch unto the
Verge of Life.

Show Death, but give him Sustenance enough
To make him breath in spite of all his Threats:

Catholicus, that Female is your Care.

Preach off her Pride, and learn her to obey,

And relish well my arbitrary Sway.

Women, like Coin, can never current be,

Without they're stamp'd with Glorious Majesty.

[*Exeunt.*]





ACT III.

Enter Eva and Avelina.

Eva. **C**ould I have wish'd a better Fate than this,

To meet so kind a Partner in my Sorrow,
A Friend, a Prisoner, and a Sister too.

Ave. Heaven began to pity our Distress,
And to our broken Hearts, o'erwhelm'd with Grief,
Hurried down this Gleam of Joy upon us;
But oh! my Tyrant Father is revengeful;
And whilst that we are laying Schemes for Life,
Perhaps has sign'd the Warrant for their Deaths,
Whose Lives can only make us wish to live.

Eva. My faithful Lover must be lost for ever;
My Father's Palace would be Woe to me.
So far is yours a different Case to mine,
In losing of my Brother: What you lose,
By Time, and other Thoughts, may be forgot.
When I'm torn from my *Regan*, I must join
My Hands with one, who is a Stranger born.
To lose the Thing we love, is Grief enough;
But Horror to my Soul! What Grief is that!
To wed the Creature whom my Country hates.

Ave.

Ave. It is, indeed, a dismal Heap of Woe:
But Prayers and Tears, perhaps, may set us free,
And crown us both with Love and Happiness.

Eva. Hope is the sickly Folly of the Mind,
Flatters, stupifies, and lulls our Thoughts to Sleep,
And when the Danger comes, makes Cowards of us.
The noble Soul disdains to wish and hope;
But ruminates upon the worst Events;
Draws up fierce Resolution to its Aid,
And dares defy what worldly Woes can bring.

Ave. Your brave heroic Soul enlivens mine,
And Fear and Trembling, Handmaids to our Sex,
Are Strangers to me now, I've thrown them off;
And since I must dye once, I care not when.

Eva. Wipe off those Tears, and let our Goaler
see,

How much we do despise his haughty Threats:
Laugh and ridicule his Wrecks and Tortures,
Till Gall and vile Revenge choak up his Throat.

Ave. Catholicus, the vilest Wretch alive,
Blows up my Father's Anger to that Pitch,
That in his Passion, Right and Wrong are drown'd.
See where the holy pious Outside comes,
Which is a Covering to the worst of Men.

Enter Catholicus.

Catho. (Aside) It is not safe to let them be
together,

When Malice takes Possession of a Female,
It strongly works, and brings forth dire Effects,
Ill wheedle out the Secrets of their Hearts,
And then, as bound, betray them to the King.
(To them) Peace wait on you both: If you are
not at Pray'rs,

Ifain would hold some short Discourses with you.
Have you, *Avelina*, weigh'd the good Advice

250 Rotherick O' Connor,

I cordially, and like a Friend, this Morn
Repeated to you? Are you sensible
How much you have offended Heaven, and
The King your Father, in the Love of one,
That is to the Church and him an Enemy?

Eva. Know, proud Prelate, when your Lives
are opposite
To what you preach and pray, no one gives Ear
To what you utter: Example leads the Way,
And makes your Profelites zealous and sincere:
But we abhor the Wretch, who in his Heart
Has base Revenge, with Goodness at his Lips;
Hypocrisy and Cant is rooted in you.

Catbo. From you my Meekness can bear more
than this:

I think I am in Duty bound to hear
All the Scurrility you have to say:
When you have said your worst, I can revenge
Myself upon your Brother, and your Friend.

Ave. Have you no Bowels of Compassion then,
No tender Spark about your flinty Heart?

Catbo. Yes, perhaps I have, if I was right attackt;
But do you think that Flesh and Blood can bear
To hear you talk, and rail, and be your Friend?
I own, the Zeal I have to serve your Father,
Has often push'd me on to do such Deeds,
As I have wept, and pray'd, and fasted for;
And executed Penances, that would
Have made your tender Eyes shed Tears of Blood.

Ave. You once, I know, did say, you were a
Friend

To poor *Cotburnus*, and his mournful Cause;
But you of late have push'd him on to Death,
And shew'd a horrid aggravating Spirit.

Catbo.

King of Connanght, &c. 251

Catbo. I grant you, when he charg'd me with
a Crime,

My tender, righteous, pious Soul abhorr'd,
My Saint-like-thip would sink into a Man,
And think too much of Earth, and so resent.

Eva. Is that the Rule of Faith which guides
a *Prelate*?

You for yourself can human Nature plead,
And won't you then allow it to a Soul
With Grief oppress'd, upon the Verge of Life,
Condemn'd to die, for what they think unjust?
Then Nature makes her Sallies, and resents
Beyond the common Course of base Revenge.

Catbo. I grant you, Life is sweet, and worth
our Care;

To those who tremble at the Sight of Death,
It is a good and comfortable Cordial:
But we the Clergy have our Wills resign'd,
And hate so much the Vanities of Life,
That we are wishing, panting after Death,
In Hopes to shake off soon this mortal Body.

Ave. Father, methinks in you it is a Sin to die,
When here on Earth you may do so much Good:
A God-like, meritorious Act would be,
To soften so my Father's wrathful Mind,
That poor *Cotburnus*, and my *Eva's* Friend,
Might yet have Hopes of Life in Spite of Chains:
Oh! how they'd b'ess, and praise, and thank
you for't.

Eva. Why are the Clergy, by our holy Church,
So set apart from other Men, but that
Their Study should be Acts of Charity,
Their Lives a Course of one continued Good.
To make the Laiety in Love with Joys,
Above their sordid human Apprehensions;

That

252 Rotherick O' Connor,

That when they shall shake off this mortal Clay,
They may arrive among those solid Joys,
Which all that own our Faith are panting after.

Catbo. 'Tis now you've found the Way to touch
my Heart;

I weep, and, let me tell you, 'tis a Sign
Of tender Love, when e'er a *Prelate* weeps:
But see, the King appears.

Enter Rotherick.

Rotho. I'm come, *Catholicus*, to see how well
You use these Fair-ones ——— Take heed I've
no Complaint.

Catbo. I'm naturally compassionate, my *Liege*;
And much more so to Beauty in Distress.

Rotho. Your Ministers of State, who execute
Their Royal Masters Will, should be like them:
And I, thou know'st, have tender Thoughts a-
bout me,

And punish but where Injuries are great;
Revenge is then my best Prerogative.
Say, *Avelina*, have you taught the Princess
To have a better Notion of me now,
Than when we last unhappily did meet?

Ave. The Princess, Sir, is sweet, is kind, and
good,

And sensible of all the Power you have:
At first, Captivity she could not brook,
Which made her vent some Words that you
thought harsh:

But well I know ———

Eva. (Aside) Take Heed, my Fair-one, least
you say too much.

Ave. (Aside) His Temper now seems calm, and
we, perhaps,
May gain some Respite for your Brother's Life:
And

And if you cannot join in all I say,
Let him suppose your Silence gives Consent;
Least he should reassume again the Tyrant.

Roth. There is a certain Haughtiness sits round
Her killing, dreadful, sparkling, pleasing Eye:
A sort of Majesty, which does foretell,
That all, who look, and gaze, must be her Slaves;
May I believe my Daughter, fairest *Eva*,
When she declares, that your Resentment is
So soften'd, as to think your *Rotherick*,
Your abject Slave, is not so much a Tyrant
As you, in your Anger, have proclaim'd him?

Ave. (*Aside*) Now, dearest *Eva*, put on all
the Woman,
And you and I shall gain his Heart for ever.

Eva. *Rotherick*, you know, it has been my Fate
Ev'n from my Infancy, to've been taught
That you were cruel, lawless, and revengeful:
The terrible, and most unhappy War,
Which has continu'd for so many Years,
Between my Father and yourself, perhaps,
Has been a Motive to your Enemies,
To paint you so as you have not deserv'd.
But as my Mind's possess'd, you can't remove
The Prepossession, but by adding so
As may convince me you are good and just.
The King of *Leinster* may have been a Foe,
So base, and so ungenerous, as you
Have had a Cause, which would provoke a Saint;
And made your Blood and Slaughter just and right;
But say, my Father he has been to blame;
Why must the Innocence of my Brother
Be made a Sacrifice to your Revenge?
I would fain believe, that your Humanity
(Should you calmly think) would save his Life;
That

That would be a King-like, God-like Action:

Rothe. How her Words inchant me! I grow
inamour'd,

Am shaking off that haughty, manly Spirit,

That should attend the Heart of Majesty:

Ave. *Cothurnus*, once 'twas thought, had gain'd
your Heart.

We know King *Dermot*, by his Breach of Treaties,

Has plainly shown he does disown his Son,

Or sure the Care of him might have restrain'd

His Troops from farther Acts of hostile War:

Be you to him a Father, Sir, and show, by

Your Mildness, the King of *Leinster's* Cruelty.

Eva. And give the World a Handle to believe

That you have acted on a Principle of Good,

A View of Happiness to all Mankind.

Then you are truly Heaven's Vicegerent here,

When your Subjects are your Care, each neigh-

b'ring King

Your Friend, and ev'ry Action of your Life

A publick Blessing, and a publick Good.

Rothe. *Catholicus*, with Speed go free *Cothurnus*.

Catbo. I shall, my Liege: That's from his Chains

you mean;

Not give him Liberty to go Abroad.

Rothe. Prelate! How dare you thus explain

my Will,

And handle it as if it were a Text?

Giving it your vile Interpretation.

Fly, dull Priest, with Speed, free him, fetch him here.

If you expostulate, put on his Chains:

Prepare to die, and wait my Orders for't.

Catbo. I fly, my Leige, (*Aside*) Curse on their

Female Tongues.

The Storm, at last, is like to fall on me. [*Exit.*

Eva. You

King of Connaught, &c. 255

Eva. You now appear what Majesty shou'd be,
Great and Noble, yet kind and merciful.
Whilst this Divinity is hovering round you,
It emboldens me to be asking still.

Rotbe. The more you ask, the more you still
will please me.

Eva. There was a faithful Servant taken with me,
Who shares *Cothurnus* Fate, and lyes in Chains:
If it so please your Majesty, I beg
Regan may be releas'd, and share your Favour.

Rotbe. Fly, *Avelia*! Overtake the Priest:
Tell him, 'tis my Will that he brings *Regan* too;
So, I think, my Royal Princess call'd him.

Ave. With hasty Wings of Love and Joy I go.
[Exit.]

Rotbe. You see, fair Angel, I am not that Thing
Your Father and his Ministers have painted me;
I love my Country, and scorn that Prince
Whom small Revenge, for Injuries receiv'd,
Can draw to act a Deed which all good Men
Abhor: The selling of his Country
To the vilest Vagabonds and Strangers.
Forgive me, Charmer, when my Zeal displays
The horrid traiterous Folly of your Father.

Eva. I can't defend my poor unhappy Sire
For that Act of his, for which I've oft shed Tears:
I have a Soul, that would not sell
The barren Part of all my Land, to be
Reveng'd of Millions of my Enemies:
Bring in Strangers to cut the Throats of those
Who are my Friends, my Children, and my Subjects:
Oh! you Saints! you Martyrs! and you holy Tribe!
Who watch our Acts, and set down our Sins:
Blot off this horrid Fault from out your Books,
And give my Father a repenting Heart.

Rotbe.

256 Rotherick O' Connor,

Roth. Thus, in my Arms, let me for ever hold thee!

Thou excellent, thou best, thou more than Woman!

Oh! How the Touch of her inflames my Soul! Boils up my Blood, and sets my Heart a trembling.

Eva. Hold, Sir, let me go, you now grow troublesome.

Roth. To my self I'm sure, perhaps I'm so to you.

(*Aside*) She pants, she heaves her Breast, aye, now's the Time;

The critical, the happy Moment's come:

We're all alone, and I must now enjoy her.

May all her Sex's Frailties possess her,

And all my Sex's Strength and Charms attend me.

Eva. For Heaven's Sake let go my Hand, What mean you?

Oh! How I tremble! Wou'd I were gone from hence:

My sinking Spirits bode no Good to me.

Roth. Know, *Eva*, I admire and adore you, And must enjoy, or dye in the Attempt.

Eva. Ha! What says the Monster! Am I left alone

With such a Wretch as would attempt my Honour?

Roth. Take care of what you say; you've rais'd Me to a pitch of Love, and Madness--Madness may So get the better of my Love, that you

May curse the Day on which you did refuse me.

Eva. Refuse thee what! Thou horrid Monster! Oh Saints! Into what wretched Hands I'm fall'n!

Roth. Come, be not coy, I want no Stratagem To heighten up my Love, I'm all Extasy;

There-

King of Connaught, &c. 257

Therefore struggle not, but give up thy self
To an amorous Monarch, who adores thee.

Eva. Unhappy Virgin! Where will my Sorrow end?

Let go my Hands, thou base, detested Villain!
Help! Help! Is no one near to give me Help.

Roth. Forbear, my Dear, do not exalt your Voice;
There's none that hear you dare approach my
Presence;

I am the Mighty Lord o'er all my Slaves:
When I command, no one must disobey.
Be not foolish then, push not on thy Ruin,
But live the Favourite Mistress of a King,
Who would do any thing to gain thy Love.

Ev. The Powers above assist and witness for me,
That I detest, abhor, and hate thee so,
That all the Punishment thou canst inflict,
(And such a Tyrant does not want Invention)
Would be Charms and Extasy, compar'd to thee:
And I can love, and hug, and worship Hell,
E'er I could design to have one Thought of thee.
So thus I quit thee, and will seek out Death.

[*She struggles and gets from him.*]

Roth. And when thou'rt dying, then I will
enjoy thee:

As you're expiring, make you wish to live.

Eva. Thou Fiend of Hell! Thou Tyrant! I
believe thee.

I tremble not for what thy Tongue can utter.
Go vent thy Malice on my fordid Clay;
My innocent and righteous Soul flies up
Above, beyond the Reach of thee and Hell.

Roth. Curse on my Folly! How I loiter here
About the silly trifling Thing, a Woman!
I will rush on and take thee to my Arms,

In

258 Rotherick O' Connor,

In spite of all the World, Hell, and Seas.

[He runs towards her, she pulls out a Dagger and wounds him; he struggles with her, and gets the Dagger from her.

Eva. Villain! have at thy Heart, thou hast it there.

Roth. Thanks to my Arm, no doubt you meant it well:

Thou stumblest at the petty Sin of Love;

But yet, with lifted Eyes, can murder Kings:

A meek, and innocent, and harmless Maid!

Curse on thy haughty Insolence and Pride!

To humble thee, I'll send and contradict

The Orders that I gave *Catholicus*:

Will study cruel, new invented Deaths;

To give *Cothurnus*, and the Slave, his Friend.

Eva. No good Angel sure could guard thee

(from the Blow

My zealous pious Hand design'd to give thee;

It would have been a meritorious Deed;

Lasting Honours would have crown'd my Memory.

I won't repine at what the Fates decree:

Perhaps a Thunderbolt, a Flash of Light'ning,

Or a trembling Earth, are kept in Store for thee.

Roth. Rail on, provoke me till I hate thee so

That I may take a Pleasure in your Death:

If I can't raise your Blood, I'll let it out.

[Catches hold of her, and points the Dagger at her.

Eva. Strike home, my panting Heart is wait-

ing for thee:

Do not miss the Blow, I'll point thee to it.

Roth. Thus I'd revenge my self on all thy Race.

Take thy Death's Wound. Ye Gods, I cannot do it!

Yet she must die, but I'll enjoy her first

See, I

King of Connaught, &c. 259

See, yonder is a Couch, I'll drag her thither.

[She struggles with him.]

Eva. Kill me, hack me, tear me, and destroy me!
But do not seek to wrong my Innocence.

What! Have you no Remorse? No Thoughts of
Heaven?

Roth. Thou art the Heaven which I now think of.
Come on, or I will tear thee Limb from Limb.
Ah! I faint. My Blood gushes out apace,
Perhaps the Wound you gave will be my Death;
But I will be reveng'd. Guards! Treason! Murder!

Enter Guards.

Fly you, call my Surgeons and Physicians.
Seize me that Trait'ers, force her to yon Chamber,
And lead me to her, where, if Life is left,
I will, in spite of all her Cries and Tears,
Rush into her Arms, surfeit in Delight,
And die away with Extasy. But oh,
I faint; a Dizziness o'erwhelms my Eyes;
Make haste and lay me gently on my Couch.

[They carry him off.]

Eva. Help! Murder! Oh ye Saints and An-
gels, try
To save my Innocence, or let me Die!

[They hurry her off opposite to him.]

ACT



ACT IV.

SCENE. A Prison.

Cothurnus and Regan in Chains.

Coth. **I** Grant you our Religion teaches us
To bear the Ills of Life without repining.

Reg. To part with Ills we have, we hurry on,
Perhaps, to worse: Cowards may wish to die,
Because they fear to live; but noble Souls
Can with undaunted Courage meet the Shocks
Of Life, and still appear Philosophers.

Cath. There is in Life no Blessing worth our Care,
But to be free from Slavery and Chains.
But see the vile *Catholicus* appears.

Enter Catholicus.

That ominous, ill croaking Raven, bodes no Good
To you nor me, except he brings us Death.

Reg. Bring what he will, let us resolve to show
That we can meet it, tho' we do not seek it.

Cath. *Cothurnus*, did you know what Pains I took
To bring the News, the happy joyful News,
You'd say I was indeed your best of Friends:
The King, my Royal Master, sent me here
To free you from these horrid dismal Chains,

And

King of Connaught, &c. 261

And fly with speed to bring you to his Presence,
And by his cheerful Look I do foresee,
With Life and Happiness he'll crown your Days.
Away with Speed.

Cothur. Not till you've releas'd my Friend.

Catho. My Orders reach not him, I'm sorry for't.

Coth. Put on my Chains again, I will not leave him.

Reg. Forbear, my Prince, to use Expostulations;
Comply with the Command from *Rotherick* sent:
The Pow'rs above have work'd a Miracle,
And soften'd so his flinty, harden'd Heart,
That he may have repented of his Crimes.
Your Father, shou'd he hear you were destroy'd,
Disconsolate 'twou'd sink him down to Death;
Your Kingdom and your Name would then be lost,
And all your Subjects ruin'd and destroy'd;
For one weak generous Act, to serve your Friend,
You would bring all this Misery upon you:
Therefore with Speed be gone. Ne'er think of me.

Coth. Regan, I'll go, but with a heavy Heart.
My Father's faithful Friend, and mine, Farewel.

Reg. Farewel, my Royal Prince, farewell for ever.
Shou'd the Gods so pour a Blessing on you,
As to bring you to your Father once again,
Tell him *Regan* liv'd and dy'd his faithful Slave.

As they are going out enter Avelina.

Ave. Oh! my *Cothurnus*, let me hold thee fast!
And once again embrace thee in these Arms.

Catholicus, it is my Father's Will,
That with *Cothurnus Regan* be releas'd.
With Floods of Joy, your Sister, and my self,
Have felt his mild, his kind, his tender Usage.
Lead, *Catholicus*, lead us to my Father,

Where

Where we shall meet the solid Joy we wish,
And neither fear nor hope to change our Fate.

Cotkur. Oh! let *Rotherick* give you to my Arms,
And sign a solemn everlasting Peace;
Then prostrate at his Feet I'll throw me down,
And think him worthy of a Sov'reign Crown;
Forget he was a Tyrant; I, his Slave,
Will call him Father, and his Blessing crave.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE draws to *Rotherick's Tent.*

Enter Rotherick, Surgeons and Guards.

Roth. Aye, as you say, the Blood might make
me faint,

But now you have bound it up, I'm well again.

[*Exeunt Surgeons.*]

Guards call forth that tyrannick cruel Beauty;
For Love and for Revenge my Soul is thirsting.

Enter Guards with Eva.

See how the haughty Goddess stalks along,
And with her Eyes shoots Darts of Scorn upon me.
Go, Guards, be gone, and leave us to our selves;
I'll conquer her proud Heart, or die a Slave.

[*Exeunt Guards.*]

Eva. Then all my Pray'rs could not prevail I find,
Heav'n has, for some horrid Sins of mine,
Continued you alive, to be my Torment.

Roth. To be your loving Lord, my sweetest *Eva*.
One Way, tho' Death ensue, I will enjoy thee;
Chuse then the soft, the kind, the tender Heart,
O'erflowing with the amorous Fire of Love,
Rather than the stern, the cruel Countenance,
Crowded full of Anger, Horror, and Revenge.

Eva.

Eva. Suppose I tell you I've consider'd on't,
And find my Resolution wavering;
And when you talk of Love, can listen to it,
And often steal a wistful Look, a Sigh;
Perhaps in Time it may grow up a Passion.

Roth. Encourage it, no doubt it will be Love,
And I my self will raise the Passion for you.

Eva. Stand off! I now begin again to hate you.

Roth. The quick Inconstancy of your wavering
Sex,

Love, or Hate, my Flame so fast consumes me,
I can wait no longer, but will push my Doom.
And thus! and thus! I seize upon my Prey.

[*Takes her in his Arms, she shrieks; as he is going out, he meets Catholicus, Regan, Cothurnus, Avelina, and Guards: Seeing them he quits his Hold. She runs to Cothurnus.*]

Catho. My Liege, according to your Orders, I
Have brought the Prisoners hither. What more
Commands?

Roth. Curse on thy Officiousness, go send them
back,
And bid my Guards drag thee away to Death.

Eva. Save me, *Cothurnus*, save me *Avelina*,
Give me Death, but guard me from the Ravisher.

Cothur. The Ravisher! —
Are these the Joys our flattering Hopes foretold?
Is this the Parent that I was to meet?
Is this the great the awful Godlike Monarch?
Is this the tender Parent of his People?
Is this —

[*Rotherick takes a Javelin from one of the Guards and stabs Cothurnus.*]

Roth. Go thou to Death, I long design'd it for
thee.

Cothur.

264 Rotherick O' Connor,

Cothur. Tyrant I thank thee, thou hast done the Deed,

And I must leave my Sister to your Mercy :
For my charming *Avelina's* Sake,
I cou'd suffer more, much more ; but Oh ! [*Dies.*
Ave. He's gone ! he's cold ! he's dead ! Oh
cruel King !

I must make haste, I shall not overtake him.
[*Stabs herself with a Dagger.*
So, I aim'd full well, my Heart has felt it.

Reg. What a bloody Scene of Death and Horror is here !

Roth. Thou disobedient Wretch, who bid thee die ?

Ave. Your rash and bloody Hand first gave the Blow,

For when you pierc'd and stabb'd *Cothurnus* Flesh,
You push'd the Javelin quite through my Soul ;
Who cou'd desist to live, when that brave Youth
was gone ?

Repent you, Sir, of all your horrid Crimes ;
By Prayer and Fasting, try to make your Peace
With that most just avenging Deity,
Whom you have so dreadfully offended,
Hard-hearted Father ! poor unhappy *Eva* ! [*Dies.*

Roth. Silly foolish Girl, no doubt she meant it well :

But I can shed no Tears.— *Eva*, you see
What bloody Havock your Disdain has made here ;
Sure you are sorry for your Obstinacy,
And cannot long persist against my Will.

Eva. I did expect your Daughter's dying Words
Would rouse up something of the Man within
you ;

Shew a relenting Heart, and Thoughts of Heav'n,
Shed

King of Connaught, &c. 265

Shed Tears of Blood, and put on just Resolves,
Confess thy Sins, and make some Expiation.

Enter Guards.

I Guard. Arm, arm, my Liege! *Dermond* and
his Strangers
Have seiz'd and kill'd the Out-Guards to our
Camp,
And now with mighty Force are marching
down,
Burning and destroying all before them.

Rotho. Let them come on, the Hand that
kill'd the Son,
If Fate looks on, perhaps, shall kill the Fa-
ther;
So shall I quench my Thirst in just Revenge.

Enter Catholicus.

Catho. To Horse, my Liege! they'll seize you
in your Tent!
They've made the Camp a horrid Field of
Blood,
And I am told your Foot are giving Way!

Rotho. Ha! what say'st thou——
Dare they be Cowards, and belong to me?
Eva, you see we've Business on our Hands,
And therefore must put off our dear En-
joyment:

Prelate, I've a long Account to make with you
Another Time; go, take her to your Care,
And let the Guards go see that Fellow die:
If once you shou'd suspect the Enemy
Of gaining Ground, or rushing to the Tent,
Take this Dagger here, push it through her
Heart,

N

And

266 Rotherick O' Connor,

And fend her to *Cotburnus* and my Daughter.
Now, my keen Sword, do thou but stand my
Friend,

My Arm shall lead thee to such Blood and
Slaughter;

That, wert thou thirsting like the barren Sands,
Thou shouldst have Floods to drink and quench
thy Thirst. [Exit.

(Noise without of Drums and Trumpets.

Eva. As thou deserv'st, so Heav'n help thy
Cause.

Catbo. You heard my Royal Master's Orders,
I do suppose you are prepar'd to die. (Sir,

Reg. Catholicus; at present I am not, for
Methinks I wish to help my Royal Master,
And be reveng'd for my *Cotburnus*' Death.

Catbo. If you are ruminating on Revenge,
And so should die, you may go to Purgatory.

Enter Guards,

1 Guard. The King in a most gallant Manner
push'd

The Enemy with all his Might and Strength,
At first he bravely forc'd them to retreat,
And would have gain'd a certain Victory,
But that his Horse was by an Arrow shot;
Which so confus'd the Troops, they all gave
'Tis fear'd our Foes will gain the Camp: (Way.
'Tis highly fit that you remove from hence,
Or you, too soon, will fall into their Hands.

[Exit.

Catbo. (*Aside*) Should I now destroy *Regan*
and the Princess,

And be taken afterwards by *Dermond*,
My Life will be a Sacrifice for all; I
These *English* are well disciplin'd to War,

Henry

Henry the Second is a gallant Prince,
The Church does flourish much within his Realm,
And what is our Delight, Churchmen bear
some Sway;

The Pope has sure enough bestow'd on him *Ire-*
I begin to think he had *(land.*

A most Religious Right to give away;
I ought to pay Obedience to the Chair.

(To them) *Regan*, you know your Life is in my
Power,

And fairest *Eva* has not long to live,
Without that I compassionate her Cause.

Say, should I set you free, would you protect
Me from the Insolence of *Dermond's* Troops,

Recommend me to the Earl of *Chepstow*,
And should there be a Peace, include me in it?

Reg. We'll grant whatever Terms you can
demand.

Eva. How meritorious will your Actions be
To all good Men, especially my Father,

If you give up his Daughter and his Friend,
When you had *Rotherick's* Order to destroy:

No pious Saint that e'er was canoniz'd,
Could plead so good a Right to Heav'n as you.

Catbo. It does appear to me you love the Pope,
And all that love the Pope should be protected.

Within the Tent there are some Weapons lodg'd.
(He goes to the Door and brings a Sword,

Regan, take your Life, and swear by this bright
Sword,

To fight the Papal and your Country's Cause,
And let us both protect the fairest *Eva*.

Reg. Thus, on my Knees, let me return you
Thanks!

When next I draw this Sword, Life go with it!

268 Rotherick O' Connor,

Eva. Catholicus, you have so gain'd my Heart,
That here I make a solemn, sacred Vow,
When solid, settled Peace shall bless this Land,
In Memory of you I'll build a Church,
And near adjoyning to it a Monastery;
A Day for ever shall be set apart,
To sing the glorious Actions of thy Life,
That After-Ages may adore and wonder.

Reg. Catholicus, 'twere fit we fall out;
Your Presence may prevail, and win the Day,
The Awe is much the Soldiers bear you:
And when they hear so good, so great a Man
Exclaim against vile *Rotherick's* Tyranny,
It may, perhaps, take off the Edge of War.

Eva. And make them all submit to *Dermond's* Power;
And so you'll be the blessed Means of Peace,
And hinder Christian Blood from being shed.

Catho. When we, who love the Pope, would
do a Thing,
We want not Arguments to justify us;
And when we stubborn it, and sullen grow,
It is but crying *Conscience* to the Crowd,
And they will follow us in Multitudes.

Enter Guards.

I *Guard.* My Royal Master has done more
than Man!
He rally'd thrice his Troops, each Time repuls'd:
Despairing of Success, he's march'd away
With all his Horse, to try to gain a Pass,
By which he'll streighten much the Enemy:
Our Foot, surrounded by their Foes, are now
Capitulating for their Lives; 'tis time
That you surrender to the Conqueror,
For fear the raging Soldiers use you ill.

Reg.

King of Connaught, &c. 269

Reg. Know you aught about the King of *Linster*?

I Guard. 'Twas rumour'd in our Camp that
he was kill'd,

And by the Hand of *Rotherick* himself.

Eva. Revengeful Tyrant! Most unhappy *Eva*!

Catholicus. 'tis now I wish to die.

I Guard. Madam, that News as yet is not
confirm'd,

And might be politickly given out
To animate our Troops, and make them fight.

Catho. It may be so; suspend your Grief a
while,

And take not up this Sorrow so at Interest;
Should it be true, your Will must be resign'd.

Reg. Any Tidings of the Earl of *Chestow*?

I Guard. That's he, I suppose, they *Strong-*
bow call.

Reg. The same.

I Guard. He and his gallant Archers push'd
our Troops;

The Strangers fought like Devils, not like Men;
They gave no Quarter, nor they ask'd for none,
But up and down the Field they strow'd the
Of all King *Rotherick's* gallant Soldiers. (Limbs

Catho. Learn where the Enemies Head-Quar-
ters are,

And straitway bring us Notice who commands,
That we may send to him, and make our Terms.

[*Exeunt Guards.*]

Reg. Give your self no Pain, the Princess is
Your Friend,

And she will gain you Terms as for her self;
If Royal *Dermond* is alive, no doubt you'll find
He is your Friend, and will support the *Roman*
Church:

270 Rotherick O' Connor,

If Heav'n has thought fit to plague the Land
So much, as to translate him from this Life,
The Earl of *Chepstow* is a gallant Man,
Fill'd with Humanity, a noble Soul
Bred up by Honour, and a Soldier's Heart
Commands his Body; full of Life and Fire,
He pushes on to gain immortal Glory;
He is a Man——

Eva. He is so! But know, *Regan*, he's no more!
You have a mind to lavish in his Praise,
And say those Things that *Irishmen* deserve:
But I shall curse the Day he landed here,
And you your self, e're long, will wish him dead.

Reg. I think him more compassionate and just
Than to oppose our long long settled Love;
At present he accepts your Father's Offer,
Supposing that your Heart is undispos'd.

Eva. Oh, *Regan*! flatter not your self and me,
With Hopes, or Joys, or Peace, or Length of
Days,

Mine has been a long continu'd Scene of Woe.

Catbo. This Discovery may do me Service,
And at the King of *Leinster's* Court make Peace
For all the Clerks within my Diocess;
Nothing delights a Statesman like a Secret.

Reg. Catholicus, 'twere time we sally'd out,
Our Lives have long subsisted by your Mercy,
And thus your gen'rous Goodness we'll reward:
I will protect you with this Sword and Arm,
And through King *Dermond's* Camp I will pro-
claim

Catholicus a Friend to him and *England*.

Catbo. *Regan*, your Zeal to me, and to the
Roman Church,

Will

King of Connaught, &c. 271

Will one Day make your Lustre shine forth
bright,
And from a Man you will become a Saint.

Eva. *In horrid Life no Pleasure I can find,
T a Wretch like me none ever was design'd;
A Glympe of Happiness I oft am shown,
Then to my Misery again I'm thrown;
Am hurl'd about, the Tennis-Ball of Fate;
To be most Wretched, is to be most Great.*

Exeunt.



N 4

ACT



ACT V.

Enter Eva, Regan, and Catholicus.

Reg. **I** T is with Joy I tell my dearest *Eva*,
King *Dermond* lives! And with immortal Fame,

This glorious Day has crown'd him with a
Laurel,

Flourishing and green points out the Heroe,
And After-Ages will repeat his Name.

Enter Strongbow, Dermond, and Guards.

Der. With wearied Arms I have pursu'd my
Foes,

And look'd for *Rotherick* in the thickest Crowd!
That most inhuman Murderer of my Son!

Come to my Arms, my dearest, dearest Daughter!
The Comfort and the Blessing of my Life!

With Tears I've heard your mournful Tragedy:
Catholicus, I thank you for her Life.

Regan, my faithful Counsellor and Friend,
With open Arms and Joy I do receive you!

The noble Earl of *Chestow* next deserves
My lowly humble Thanks and loudest Praise;

To reward his Courage I'm too poor;

To shew my Gratitude, I'll give him all

I hold

King of Connaught, &c. 273

I hold most dear, my sweetest, darling Daughter!
Eva, come here, and let me join your Hands,
Where I'm sure with Joy you'll join your Heart;
Take her, my faithful Friend and Ally,
And with her take my Crown, and take my
Kingdom!

Strong. Dermot, your Crown and Scepter I
despise;

But your Daughter is a Jewel I adore.

Eva. My Lord, my Father sure will give me
Leave

To think on what I'm going to do.

'Twere fit I spend some Time in Church Affairs,
And give my Thanks for Blessings I have re-
ceiv'd;

To make my Peace with good Catholics,
And to perform the solemn Vows I made
Through all my Sorrow and Adversity.

Der. 'Twere fit a decent Time were given you
To make you worthy of so great a Prize.

Strong. Her shining Beauty captivates my Heart,
And 'tis with eager Love I wish her mine!

Der. Regan, how willingly I would reward you,
My Heart alone can tell! I doat upon you,
And would give you all a Monarch has to give.

Reg. My faithful Services 'tis time to plead;
No, curse my Fate! I pleaded them too late!
You were profuse and lavish of the Store,
And gave away to *Strongbow* all you had;
And for your fav'rite Friends left nought but
Words!

Der. What says my *Regan*! I have nothing
left!

Then is my sacred Friendship reckon'd Nothing!
My regal Power, nor all my Titles,

274 Rotherick O'Connor,

My Grants of Rebel Lands, nor all my Places
 Reckon'd Nothing ! To hear the Man say this,
 Who may command them all, 'tis wond'rous
 strange !

Eva. Your Majesty must pardon *Regan's* Talk;
Rotherick's Tyranny has turn'd our Senses ;
 The barbarous Murder of my Brother,
 His unheard of Cruelties to us all,
 And most inhuman Usage of his Daughter,
 Might pierce the soundest Brain, and cause Di-
 straction !

(*Aside*) *Regan*, for Shame, command your Tem-
 per better ;
 Your warm Discourses may bring ruin on us,
 But cannot change our Doom ; rely on me.

Strong. *Dermond*, the Number of Prisoners taken
 Are numerous, and should proud *Rotherick* rally,
 And bring his Forces to another Charge,
 We shall repent us that we let them live ;
 'Tis my Advice they all be put to Death.

Eva. (*Aside*) Cruel, barbarous, inhuman
 Monster !

(*To him*) And would you have them all to suf-
 fer Death ?

In cool Blood must they be butcher'd thus ?

Strong. The Discipline of War has so decreed ;
 This may seem cruel to the tender *Eva* ;
 But Soldiers are inur'd to War and Blood ;
 We only shew Compassion to our selves,
 And to prolong our Lives, take theirs away.

Catbo. (*Aside*) I, as a Prisoner, must suffer
 Death !

Heaven forbid ! I am not fit to die. (*To them.*
 If *Dermond* gives a Prisoner leave to speak,
 The Resolution of the Earl of *Chepstow*

May

May be a present Plea for your Security;
But may prove fatal to your future Peace;
The Country are enrag'd, and would throw off
The Yoke, the heavy Yoke of *Rathberick's* Sway,
And are inclin'd as we the Clergy know,
To chuse the King of *Leinster* for their Prince,
And one and all would cry, Long live King *Der-*
mond,

But should you put to Death their Fathers, Sons,
Their Brothers, and their Kinsfolks, it must not
It will enrage and bring Destruction on, (be;
Whilst calmer Means may win them all to Peace.

Der. Catholicus, you've spoke my Sentiments;
But if the Earl of *Chepstan* will agree
To call a Council, I'll propose it there;
And what is Reason must be all our Guides.

Strong, My own Opinion is to me strong Reason;
Notwithstanding which, I will give Ear to you.

Der. Mean Time, 'twere fit our Daughter take
some Rest,

The Nuptials we'll defer a Day or two;
And follow now the Business of the State,
Settle that, and then let us give Way to Joy.
Regan, attend my Daughter to my Tent,
And let soft Slumbers calm her heavy Mind.

Strong. A Day or two, to one in Love's an Age;
Dermond, I cannot brook so long Delay.

Der. Be it to Morrow then: Will that suffice?

Strong. Suppose it were to Night, what hinders it?

Eva. What may hinder it an Age? My Con-
Know you not that it is necessary? (sent;

Strong. I know, fair Prince's, that you should
be consulted.

But I am rough, plain-speech'd, and made for
War; No

276 Rotherick O' Connor,

No fawning, cringing, bowing, ogling Lover,
That can Swear, and Lie, and call you Goddess;
I am Honest, and your Father knows full well
When all his Friends and Subjects did forsake

(him,
I joynd him with a warlike Troop of Men;
Who, swift as Lightning, sent his Foes to Death,
And through the thickest Battle I rush'd on,
To save your Father when oppress'd by Numbers;
When sprawling on the Ground his Horse lay
dead,

I rais'd him on my Steed, and fought on Foot;
Nay, to animate my Troops, I sacrific'd
My only Son, a Youth who run away
With Cowardice oppress'd; I shov'd my Men
What Punishment a Fault like that deserv'd,
For with my Sword I cut him through the Waste:
I could say more than this—

Der. Indeed you could—
And I for ever must acknowledge you
My Friend, my great Supporter, and my Father.

Strong. What say you, fairest Lady, will this do?
Can you think I've Worth enough to merit you?

Eva. I am a poor, forlorn, and abject Crea-
Unworthy far of your heroick Soul; (ture,
My heavy Heart, oppress'd with Woe,
Can give no Entrance to a Lover yet:

Perhaps, when I've consulted all your Charms,
And study'd o'er your great and wondrous Acts,
Then may be the proper Season we should Woo;
Till when, I beg to call the Time my own.

Reg. 'Twere fit I lead the Princess to your
Tent.

Der. Her Eyes look heavy, lead her to Repose.

Eva.

King of Connaught, &c. 277

Evil Lead me to my Grave, there lies my
true Repose and rest. [*Exit with Evil and Reginald*]
Strong *Dermont*; methought her Air was in-
solent, *Evil* how you may see one about him
With Scorn she look'd as if she did despise me;
Take heed she plays not false, my Passion's strong;
If she is so ungrateful to her Father,
As to deny to give her self away
To one who is so much her Father's Friend.
Now by my Soul I did not think of this!
Curse on her female Pride; why, who am I?
No doating Fool that sues and whines for Love?
I call her to my Arms, as an Agreement made,
We have sign'd and seal'd, and you gave her to
All Articles by Generals made are sacred, (me)
And were the pretty Girl a kin to me,
She should not dare to put it off one Moment.
Dermont, go follow her, and let her know
How dangerous 'tis to disoblige me:
Should I draw off my Forces from your Camp,
Rotherick has Men enough to crush you all!
Go tell her this, and tell her I'm engag'd!
Say 'tis Love, or what you else can think on.

Der. Far be it from me, or my Daughter either,
To disoblige so kind, so good a Friend;
It shan't be long before she does consent.

[*Exit.*]

Catho. (*Aside*) 'Twere fit I pay Obeisance to
this Earl;
I find he has a Soul, and will command.
(*To him*) Most noble General, perhaps I could
Declare the Cause of all the Princess's Coolness,
And tell you such a Secret would surprize you.
Strong. Whoever does a generous Deed to me,
Shall find his friendly Actions well rewarded:

Prelate,

278 Rotherick O' Connor,

Prelate, speak out, and tell me what you know
About this Female Toy that has intrag'd me.

Catho. My noble Earl, she is a Toy indeed!
And such a one as you may well despise.

And give a most convincing Reason for't?

She has engag'd and gave her Heart away
To that ill-looking Man you *Regan* call.

Strong. Ha! what say'st thou! gave her Heart
away to him!

And give to him what she deny'd to me!

My Tide of Passion swells and rages high,

Such an Affront no mortal Man can bear!

Knows she my Birth, knows she my glorious

Acts?

And will she, does she, dares she thus despise me!

Catho. I overheard them both confess their

Passions;

They Love express'd in a Romantick Manner,

They sigh'd; and said they'd die for one another.

Strong. They did so! And by Heav'n so they

shall:

I'm thirsting for Revenge, I'll drink the Draught,

And *Dermond* shall not live, or *Regan* dies!

Catho. I beg, my Lord, you would not let

them know,

You got the mighty Secret out of me.

Strong. Of whom are you afraid, if I protect

you?

Catho. My Lord, you know they say I am

their Prisoner.

Strong. Go too; I know that what they say

is false,

I as the Victor, do command the Field,

The Tents, the Spoils, the Prisoners, all are

mine,

And

And when I design to speak the Word, you're
Besides, I would not prosecute the Church. (free:
My War is not to People of your Cloth;
I do expect you all should pray for me, if you will
And, in Return, I will protect your Lives,
Your Fortunes, Livings, and your sacred Houses:
I come not to destroy, but give you Liberty,
And bring this barbarous Nation to such Laws
As will draw Peace and Plenty to your Country.

Catbo. The Blessing of the *Roman* Church pro-
tect you for't;
I'll send to the Cathedral, and we'll sing
Te Deum for your glorious Victory:
The Clergy in their Pulpits shall declare
That you have all the Right you would have,
We'll found it on what Principle you please.

Strong. The Right of Conquest is the Right I
own.

Catbo. Then they shall preach up that, and in
such Terms,
That, were you beaten, they should say you
conquer'd;
'Tis good to have the *Roman* Churchmen on your
Side,

We can preach up Peace, or raise Rebellion.
Observe, that Prince sits easiest on his Throne,
Who strives to make the Clergy all his own.

Strong. Prelate, 'tis true, your Maxims are
most wise,

And when my raging Breast sinks down to calm,
I will make them all my constant Practice;
Till then, 'twere fit I do exert my Power
About this foolish Girl that gives me Pain,
That is, she raises Scorn, and galls Ambition.

Catbo.

280 Rotherick O' Connor,

Catho. Before you go about to use Revenge,
'Twere well you shoud o'erhear the Lovers Talk,
Which will convince you what I say is true;
When, if you were at once to charge them with
They would deny, and lay the Fault on me. (it,

Strong. You reason well, I'll follow your
Advice;

And should this *Regan* once declare his Love,
'Twere fit he dies, or my Resentment sinks.

My strong ambitious Passion flies above,
It scorns within a middle Sphere to move;
It now shall be a true recorded Story,
I'll have no Rival in my Love or Glory.

Exeunt.

Enter Regan and Eva.

Eva. It is impossible to stem the Tide,
Or think, or hope to take a Flight from hence.

Reg. I have a faithful Friend who would conceal us.

Eva. They'd search the Country round, and
bring us here;
And you for serving me might suffer Death;
For *Strongbow* then would come to know your
Love.

Reg. And do you think I would keep it
Secret?
No, were he posted at his Army's Head,
Ed tell him I deserv'd you more than he.

Eva. This Violence might prove fatal to our
Love,
But mine's a Chain of Wee, which I must bear.

Reg. And yet I would consult your Peace of
Mind,
Nay, give you up, and die to make you Happy.

Enter

King of Connaught, &c. 281

Enter Dermond.

Der. Eva, from the Earl of *Chesham* I am
To tell you, he demands you as his Wife; (sent,
You know what Obligations I have to him,
How my future Peace depends upon him,
Comply with me, and give to him your Heart?

Eva. Cruel Father! Cou'd you sell my Happiness?

Sacrifice your Daughter to the Thing on Earth,
The vilest Thing she most could scorn and hate!
It must not, may not be! I can't comply
To mingle Souls with one who is a Stranger!
Command me, Sir, to Death, I'll go with Joy,
But cannot live to wed the Man I hate!

Der. Will not my Happiness, my Subjects Peace,
My Kingdom's Welfare, and your Country's
Good

Weight nothing with your harden'd Heart?

Go, my dear Eva,
Thou disobedient Girl, no more my Child!
I thought to have blest'd thee, prais'd thee,
lov'd thee!

But instead of this, I now must curse thee!

Eg. The Gods forbid my Royal Master should
do so.

On me 'tis all your Curses you must pour,

On me you must call Heaven's Vengeance

down!

I am the Cause of all your Tears and Woe.

The Princess, in her young and tender Years,

Gave leave for me to talk to her of Love;

And I, presuming on my Services,

Doubted not of your Consent, when Time should

have made you his or die in the Attempt.

I often did resolve to tell you this;

But

282 Rotherick O' Connor,

But you were still involv'd in heavy Troubles,
And not prepar'd to hear an am'rous Story.

Der. Perdition seize us all ! then you are wed.
Thou Fiend, thou Villain ! I can hear no more.
[Exit.

Eva. Regan, go call him back, and undeceive
him.

Reg. Undeceive him ! How is it possible ?
Then are you not by solemn Contract mine ?

Eva. The Contract is, I'm not to wed another,
But am not, therefore, strictly ty'd to you :
I'll end my Days in a religious House,
And then my Father's Blessing will remain ;
And I, protected from the Earl of *Chepstow*,
May silently sit down, and die in Peace.

Reg. Then is your Love so wavering — so
inconstant,

That you can leave me, give me up with Ease ?

Eva. Regan, when we part, I dread the Agonies ;
I fear my Love outweighs my Resolution.

Reg. Come to my Arms, and then I'm sure
it will.

Enter Catholicus, speaking to Strongbow.

Catbo. You see their Intimacy ; wait awhile,
That by their Words you may discover more.

Strong. Curse on their circling Joys, I'll kill
them both.

Catbo. No Blood-shed, good my Lord, keep
back, I pray. [Strongbow goes back.

Peace attend you both, you happy, happy Pair !
I pleaded with the Earl of *Chepstow* for you,
Knowing that your Love has long been growing ;
But he, impatient as the Wind, resolves
To make you his, or die in the Attempt.

Reg.

King of Connaught, &c. 283

Reg. Then let him die: Thinks he I'll quit my Right?

Is there an Inequality in Birth?
Or does his wondrous Merit darken mine,
That makes him thus pretend to lord it o'er us?
My Royal Master, willing to recover
Rebellious Subjects to their due Allegiance,
Hired this noisy Lord, and all his Knights,
To serve him in the War, and they assume
A Power, a Command, as if they conquer'd,
And we, and all the Country were their Slaves.

Enter Strongbow, and Guards.

Strong. Curse on his Tongue, I'll hear no more,
Guards, seize him.

Calbo. Mercy on us! I fear we are betray'd.

*The Guards go to seize Regan, he draws
and opposes them.*

Reg. Stand off, ye Wretches, send your gallant Earl,
To meet the greatest Foe he has on Earth.

2 Guard. Deliver up your Sword, or you must die.

Reg. Thy Life shall answer; I will keep my Sword.

2 Guard. Why then have at thy Heart——
Thou hast it there.

Eva. Help, Traitors! Treason! they will murder *Regan*.

Regan. *Eva*, it is done; and now you are releas'd

From all the Vows and Contracts you have made.

Strong. You, Sir! How came you to exceed my Orders?

2 Guard. He oppos'd —— I did it in my own Defence.

Reg.

284 Rotherick O' Connor,

Reg. You did your Duty, and I thank you for't:
Eva, be happy, think of me no more. [*Dis.*

Eva. Talk not of Happiness to me, I go
Where both of us shall never fear, nor meet
with Trouble.

*She offers to stab herself; Strongbow
takes the Dagger from her.*

Strong. Heavens forbid! my Princess, you must
Live.

Enter 3d Guard.

3 Guard. The King of *Leinster* sent me with
all Speed,

To let you know that *Rotherick* is join'd
With fresh Supplies, and has engag'd the Van:
He begs you'd march the Archers and the Horse.

Strong. Give Orders for their March, I'll head
them soon. [*Exit Guard.*

Dry up those watry Eyes, my dearest Princess,
I fight your Father's Cause, to set you free,
Whilst I remain a Slave, a Woman's Slave.

Catholicus, to your Care I do commit
This best, this sweetest Treasure of my Soul.

Catho. Hard by, adjoining, is a Monastery;
The Lady Abbess of it is my Sister:

I'll leave her to her Care, whilst I go pray
The Saints to guard you through the Battle.

Strong. Your Prayers and Care shall be rewarded:
Bear off the Body, give it Funeral Rites.

Catho. I'll take Care to lodge it in the Monastery.

Strong. Do so: If I had Time, I'd shed a Tear,
In Hopes to please my Princess — Fare you well.

The Guards take off the Body. [*Exit.*

Eva. Lead me to this pious Sanctuary,
And let my Soul shake off all worldly Cares,
Except the hearing of my Father's Safety.

Catho.

King of Connaught, &c. 285

Catbo. We'll go, where you shall meet no more Misfortunes. *[Exeunt.]*

[Noise of Warlike Instruments.]

Enter Rotherick with his Sword drawn.

Rotb. Curse on my Coward Troops, they all give Way;

These hellish Strangers drive down all before 'em;
Could I meet *Dermond*, or this Earl of *Chepstow*,
At the full Value I would sell my Life,
And, dying, drag their Souls to follow me.

Enter Catholicus and Eva.

Catbo. The Troops bear this Way, there's no Safety here.

Rotb. (*Espsies them*) Ha! my darling *Eva*!
thou'rt a Prize indeed!

Two Battles would I lose, to gain this Foe—
My good *Catholicus*! Come here, my Friend.

Catbo. With Tears of Joy, my *Liege*.

Rotb. Villain, thou ly'st. *(Kills him.)*

And with those Words I'll send thy Soul to Hell.

Catbo. Quite thro' you've pierc'd my Heart,
and I must die:

There's all my worldly Glory thrown away;
I've lost a Card'nal's Cap, so fare you well. *(Dies.)*

Rotb. So perish all those Ministers of State,
Who are unfaithful to their Sovereigns.

Now, my dearest *Eva*, thou'rt all my own,
My Love and my Revenge I'll quench on thee:

[He hawls her.]

Nay, struggle not, for 'tis in vain, I'm resolv'd.

Eva. Help, Murder, Tyrant, Ravisher, help,
help!

Enter Dermond.

The Gods have sent my Father to my Aid —
Protect

286 Rotherick O' Connor,

Protect me, Sir, and take me from the Tyrant
Rotherick, the hellish *Rotherick* is here!

Der. Monster, turn thy cursed Face, and meet
thy Doom:

I have been seeking thee thro' all the Field;
I will repeat thy Crimes, and punish thee.

Roth. I know them all, I'll make thee use
few Words,

My Sword shall speak for me, and I'll revenge:
[*They fight, Dermond falls.*]

It was in just that Part I kill'd your Son.

Eva. Help, help! he has kill'd my Father,
Dermond's kill'd!

Roth. Cease your Clamour, you fly to be pur-
su'd:

You see the Fates have now decreed you mine:
How often must I win you as my Prize?

Der. *Rotherick*, perhaps the Earl of *Chepstow*
Will revenge my Death, spare my Daughter's
Virtue:

Farewel, thou most unhappy Child, Death comes.

[*Dis.*]
Eva. Oh! my Father! Can you hear those
dying Words,

And not relent, and suffer me to die?

Ro. he. You was the Cause of all this Devastation,
You, with your haughty Pride, refus'd my Love,
And so your Brother and your Father dy'd:
And now, I think, I've conquer'd all your Race,
And, without Interruption, shall enjoy you.

Enter Strongbow and Guards.

Eva. The Earl of *Chepstow* comes to set me free,
And he is now the only Friend I've left:
Turn this Way, Sir, and see a wretched Maid,
See here, the cruel Tyrant *Rotherick*:

Behold

King of Connaught, &c. 287

Behold the bloody Executioner
Of my Brother, Father, and Catholicus.

Strong. My charming Princess, I'll revenge
your Cause;
I've sav'd your Country, and would gain your Love.
Yield, Tyrant, quickly, to my Mercy yield;
I've vanquish'd all thy Troops; throw up thy
Sword.

Roth. If thou art valiant, as thou'st given out,
Come here, and meet me with a single Arm:
I know thy Troops can overpower me,
And such their Number is, that I must fall:
But if you're Noble, let us meet in Death,
And let me sell my Life and Kingdom well.

Strong. Guards, secure the Princess, and if I
should die,
Proclaim her Queen of *Leinster*, and obey her:
It is with Joy, my Fairest, I proceed
To vindicate your Right, and so revenge
The Death of all those Souls this Wretch has
murder'd.

As he's a King, this Honour he shall have,
The Earl of *Chepstow* push'd him to his Grave.

[*Rotherick and Strongbow fight.*]

Eva. My Heart grows pitiful, and I must pray
The Saints to favour *Strongbow's* Cause and mine.

Strong. Well have you fought, but Death at
last's your Fate,
None ever conquer'd yet the Earl of *Chepstow*.

Roth. Thou hast o'erpower'd me, and I must die:
Grant me but one Request, I'll die in Peace:
Fetch hither to my Hand that foolish Girl,
That I may squeeze and crush her in my Arms
To Death, I hate her, and I hate myself,
And you, and all the World ——— Where am I
going? (*Dies.*)

Eva.

Eva. Lead me from this loathsome hateful Body;
For though I know he's dead, I tremble still:
You are the Protector of my Honour,
In what, or how am I to reward you?

Strong. Much more than this I'd do to gain
my *Eva*:

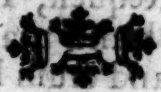
Comply with my Request, and crown my Love;
Be a Parent to your sinking People,
Obey your Father, own yourself my Wife,
And let us to this Isle give lasting Peace.

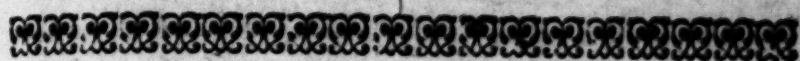
Eva. My Heart is swell'd, and so oppress'd with
Grief,

'Tis Pain and Anguish when I utter Words:
I beg you would command my Father's Army,
Rule and govern well his Kingdom, curb his Foes,
And give his poor and wretched Subjects Ease:
Whilst I, in one continu'd Life of Prayer,
Send up my pious Thoughts to Heaven for you.

Strong. Her Grief may walt away — (*Aside*).
'Tis Time to mind the Business of the Field;
Take up the Bodies, whilst I lead the Princess
To the pious Abbess of yon Monastery:

Where she in Silence may her Losses mourn,
And shed a Tear on each deserving Urn:
Till Time wear off the gloomy Face of Woe,
And brings to Mind I kill'd her greatest Foe:
With Love, ye Gods, possess the charming Fair,
That she may raise her Lover from Despair.





T H E

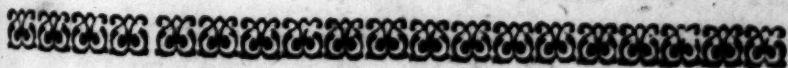
Plotting Lovers :

O R, T H E

Dismal Squire.

A

F A R C E



O

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY

THE

Plotting Towers:

OF THE

Digital Spire

A

F A R C E

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY

O



THE P R E F A C E.

THIS Farce is a Translation
from MOLIERE's Monsieur
de Pourceaugnac ; that is, his Play
of three Acts, is reduced to one Act
in this : All the Incidents and Hu-
mours are taken in, and yet 'tis
scarce full enough for a Farce on
our Stage.

Dra-

Dramatis Persona.

Tradewell, a Merchant,	Mr. Hallam.
Lovewell, a Gentleman in	} Mr. Giffard.
Love with Celia,	
Squire Trelooby, a Cornish	} Mr. Griffith.
Gentleman,	
Two Physicians,	} Mr. Dumasutt,
Apothecary,	Mr. Watson, Jun.
Witwoud, Servant to Lovewell,	Mr. Vanderbank.
Countryman,	Mr. Dogberty.
Two Soldiers,	
Constable,	Mr. Watson, Sen.
Watch,	

W O M E N.

Celia, Daughter to Tradewell,	Miss Wolfe.
Sentry, her Maid,	Mrs. Martin.
2 Women, pretended Wives	Mr. Watson,
to Trelooby,	Mr. Dogberty.
Countrywoman,	Miss Waters.

S C E N E *Dublin.*

Time One Hour.

T H E



THE
Plotting Lovers.

Enter Lovewell, Celia, and Sentry.

FOR Heaven's sake take care, *Lovewell*, we are not surpriz'd: I tremble for fear we should be seen together, and then all would be ruin'd, after I have been so severely forbid. *Sentry*, have an Eye to the Street-Door.

Sen. Depend upon me — and spare not to speak your Minds.

Cel. Well, *Lovewell*, have you thought of any thing to favour our Design? — And do you believe we shall be able to set aside this hideous March my Father's Head's so bent upon?

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Love. My dear *Celia*, I have hir'd a Company of Players, with whom I design to overturn this ridiculous Amour.

Sen. Undone, undone — here's your Father !

Cel. You that Way, and I this ——— quick ! quick !

Sen. No, no ! stay, stay ! I was mistaken, 'tis the Footman.

Cel. What a Fool you are, to frighten a Body so !

Love. We have laid all our Plots ——— yours be the Design of 'em ; but don't enquire into Particulars, for, as in Comedies, 'tis good to defer the Pleasure of a Surprize, and not to anticipate what will be afterwards seen ; so it is enough to let you know, that your ingenious Maid here, and my dextrous Man *Witwou'd* have their Parts ready.

Sen. I can but laugh to think how the poor Gentleman your Father wraps himself up with the Conceit of his Son-in-Law that is to be, Squire *Trelooby*, the *Cornish* Attorney ; he landed at *Cork* about ten Days since, and comes up to *Dublin* in the *Kilkenny* Coach. The very Name of *Trelooby* has given me the Spleen, and I hate him mortally ——— Madam *Trelooby* ——— fah ! what a Name is that ? 'tis not to be borne.

Enter Witwou'd.

Love. Well, *Witwou'd*, what News ?

Wit. Sir, the Squire's come, just come ! I saw him at the Inn ——— I have him by Heart ; as for his Figure, I shall not inlarge much upon that, because he's a little Man ; you'll see him in *puris Naturatibus* ; his Dress is well fancy'd, but for his Wit, I must tell you, there's no coming near him, his Scull is so thick ; I know by his
Phiz,

Phiz, he'll believe all we shall tell him: I'll watch at the Door for him, for he must come this Way. [Exit.

Love. Excellent *Witwou'd*! My dear *Celia*, I forgot to inform you, that in order to carry on the Plot the better, you must feign your self well pleas'd with your Father's Resolutions—— But if all our Endeavours should fail, what then, my *Celia*?

Cel. Why then——I'll declare my real Sentiments to my Father.

Love. But if after that he should be obstinate?

Cel. Why I'd threaten to go beyond Sea, change my Religion, and throw my self into a Nunnery.

Love. But if he should force you?

Cel. Pho, what shall I say to you to make you easy?

Love. What one would say that really loves; that if Things were push'd to an Extremity, you'll marry me in spite of your Father's Teeth.

Enter Witwou'd.

Wit. Sir! Sir! the Squire is coming down the Street! I'll begin with him, and you shall make the second Attack.

Cel. I must have a Sight of the Monster.

Enter Squire Trelooby, the Mob following him; Witwou'd joins with them, Lovewell at a Distance.

Tre. Why, what's here to do!——What's the Matter! did you never see a Man in *Dublin* before? A Murrain take the foolish City, and all the Fools that are in it; why, what a dickens, can't a Man pass along for your staring

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and giggling? — (*They laugh*) What again? — The first Fellow that I see laugh, the Devil take me if I don't hit'n a Douce o'th' Chops.

Wit. Why pray, Gentlemen, what do you mean by this? What wou'd you be at? What strange Usage is this, to use Strangers at this rate! fie, fie, I'm ashamed on't.

Tre. A very confiderate Person this.

Wit. For Shame! — Why what is it you can find to laugh at in this Gentleman?

Tre. Why aye, what can you laugh at?

Wit. Isn't he like other Men?

Tre. (*Turning round*) Am I crooked? Am I hump-back'd?

Wit. Indeed, indeed, you should learn better Manners; the Gentleman, methinks, looks like a Gentleman.

Tre. Why true.

Wit. A Man of Condition, a Man of Wit, a —

Tre. A Gentleman of Cornwall.

Wit. He does you too much Honour to come into your City.

Tre. 'Tis very true.

Wit. Hark ye, the next Fellow that shews his Teeth, I'll dash 'em down's Throat — that I will — I won't see the Gentleman abus'd.

Tre. Sir, I'm mightily oblig'd to you.

Wit. I'm not a little troubled, Sir, to see a Person of your Appearance no better receiv'd; and, Sir, I beg your Pardon in Behalf of the City.

Tre. Sir, I'm your Servant — You're the Recorder then, I judge?

Wit.

Mr. No, Sir; as I'm a Gentleman, I cannot bear to see People commit such Solecisms in Breeding, especially to Strangers, in whose Power it is to give an ill Character to the Country — Have you pitch'd upon a Lodging yet, Sir?

Tre. No; if these Mob had not taken up my Time, I was going to look for a Lodging.

Wit. I shall rejoice to wait on you for that Purpose, and I know the whole Town.

Lovewell comes up to Trelooby.

Love. Ha! what's this — who do I see? lucky Rencontre! Squire *Trelooby*, how glad am I to see you? What, not remember me!

Tre. Sir, I'm your Servant.

Love. Is it possible that five or six Years should thus wipe me out of your Memory, thus to forget one of the best Friends of the Family of the *Treloobies*.

Tre. Pardon me! Faich I don't know him *(to Witwou'd)*.

Love. There isn't a *Trelooby* at *Pensance* in the Hundred of *Penwith* in the County of *Cornwall*, but I know 'em from the first to the last: I kept Company with no Body else, all the Time I was there, and had the Honour to see you almost every Day. Don't you recollect my Face?

Tre. Oh, ho! — Gad, I don't know him *(to Witwou'd)*.

Love. Don't you remember how we us'd to dust it about, when we drank, how d'ye call that jolly Fellow's Name, mine Host there, at the — Golden —

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Tre. What *Little John* by the Windmill, at the Sign of the *Globe*?

Love. The same; the *Golden Cabbage* I took it for: Well, we have been very merry there. I forget the Name of the fine long Walk in *Pensanze*.

Tre. I believe you mean *Church-Lane*.

Love. Right. Where you and I have past many a pleasant Hour. Don't you remember it?

Tre. Sir, my Memory is very weak, very weak. (*To Witwood*) Devil take me if I remember a Tittle on't.

Wit. Alas! Sir, a thousand such Things as these slip out of one's Mind.

Love. Let me embrace you, dear Friend; let us renew our ancient Friendship.

Wit. (*To Trelooby*) This Gentleman loves you mightily.

Love. Dear Friend, tell me some News of all the good Family: How does the good Gentleman ——— Your ——— the best humour'd ——— best spoken Man ———

Tre. What my Brother *Gawaise*, the Counsellor?

Love. Right.

Tre. Oh, he's mighty well.

Love. I joy to hear it ——— and likewise that good-humour'd, worthy Man ——— there ——— your ——— well, he's never out of Humour.

Tre. Oh! my Cousin *Baily*.

Love. Aye, aye, the same.

Tre. As full of his Jokes as ever. — Let him alone.

Love. Lo

Love. In truth, I'm very glad to hear it with all my Soul, and Mr. ———, your Uncle ——— the ———.

Tre. I have no Uncle.

Love. But you had then, I'm sure you call'd him so.

Tre. No : I have nothing but an Aunt.

Love. Oh dear ! How does she do ? As good a Lady as lives.

Tre. She has been dead this long while.

Love. Poor Gentlewoman, so pious, so devout.

Tre. We had like to have lost my Nephew, the Curate, by the *Small-Pox*.

Love. Oh ! That's a great Pity.

Tre. Why do you know him too ?

Love. We were Hand and Glove, a handsome, jolly, lusty, ———

Tre. None of the biggest.

Love. No ; but very well made. He's your Nephew, ——— your Sister and Brother's Son : Curate of ——— I shall think on't presently.

Tre. St. Stephen's.

Love. The same.

Tre. He names all the whole Family ——— : By what I see, you liv'd a long Time in our Town.

Love. Two Years entire.

Tre. Then you was there when my Cousin the Recorder's Child was christ'ned.

Love. Was I ——— ! Don't you remember how drunk I was ?

Tre. Aye, aye, we were all bloody Drunk : You don't forget, I suppose, what a Douce in the

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the Chops I hit our Curate; because he would not be drunk too.

Love. Aye, very well, he was a stiff-necked Fellow.

Tre. Aye, and so he is still.

Love. Well, dear *Trelooby*, I hope you'll make my House your own, whilst you stay in this Kingdom.

Tre. Indeed, Sir, but I shan't trouble you.

Love. Aye, as I hope to be fav'd, you shall go no where else.

Wit. Since the Gentleman is so obstinately bent upon it, I advise you to accept of his Offer.

Love. Pray where is your Equiage? We'll send for it.

Tre. No, no, they are with my Servant, I forbid him parting with 'em, unless I went my self. Oh! I'm as sharp as a Needle.

Wit. Aye, and one must be so in this City. Sir, I know the Town very well, and I'll wait on him to any Place you shall name.

Love. Why at that House there; if you please to bring him; and, as you're his Friend, you shall be welcome there too.

Wit. We shall trouble you presently.

Love. I expect you with Impatience. [*Exit.*

Tre. (To Witwou'd) Why this is an Acquaintance I never dream'd on.

Wit. Aye, let's make haste to him, for he looks like a mighty honest Gentleman. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lovewell and Apothecary.

Love. I believe, Sir, you're the Doctor I sent to speak with.

Apo. No,

Apo. No, Sir, I'm no Doctor; that Honour doesn't belong to me: I'm only an Apothecary, an unworthy Apothecary, at your Service.

Love. Pray then is the Doctor within?

Apo. Sir, he's something busy in despatching a few Patients; but will be here presently.

Love. My Business is to put into his Hands a certain Relation we have, that you have heard speak of, who is a little distemper'd in his Head — Foolish — and we would fain have him cured, if it might be, before he's marry'd.

Apo. Oh! Sir, I remember I was with the Doctor when he was spoke to about this Matter — Sir, the Doctor is a very able Man, he understands Physick fundamentally, the very Criss-cross-row of it; and, tho' it was to save a Man's Life, would not bate an Ace of the ancient Rules; he never gives any Physick but what the Faculty prescribes.

Love. He's certainly in the right.

Apo. It is not because he's my Friend, that I speak it; but there's a Pleasure, a Pleasure in being his Patient; and I'd rather chuse to dye of his Physick, than recover by any other Man's, for one is sure to dye methodically: Besides he's an expeditious Man, and loves to dispatch his Patients, and when they are to dye, 'tis done with a Jirk: — Why three of my Children, whom he did me the Honour to take in Hand, died in less than four Days; and, in another Man's Hands, they might have languish'd three or four Months.

Love. 'Tis rare to have such a Friend in a Corner.

Apo.

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Apo. No doubt on't. I have but two Children left now, and he takes as much care of 'em as if they were his own. I never come near 'em, but I find 'em either bleeding or purging every Day—. But here he is. Here he comes.

Enter Physician, Country-man and Woman.

Coun. Arah faith, it signifies nothing, nor that it self, dear Honey Joy; he complains upon his Head, he has a most melancholy Pain in, about, and upon his Head, dear Joy.

Phy. Why the Patient's a Sot and a Fool—so much the more for that, his Distemper lies not in his Head, according to *Galen*, but his Spleen—his Head's safe enough, I'll warrant you.

Cun. Ah bub bub boo, dear Joy, he has had a Looseness upon him, off and on, above three Weeks, and near six Months.

Phy. Good. That's a Sign his Body's open.

Country-wo. Arah, Sir what mun ay do? Father grows worserer and worserer.

Phy. That's none of my Fault, Woman; I gave him Medicines: Why won't he be cured?

—How many Times has he been blooded?

Country-wo. Fifteen Times within this Fortnight.

Phy. Very well, and doesn't he mend?

Country-wo. No, Sir.

Phy. That's a Sign his Distemper's not in his Blood: Purge him as many Times, to see if it does not lie in his Humours; and if that won't do, we'll send him to the *Bath*.

Apo. That's the Craft, the very Craft of Physicks.

Love. Sir, I sent my Servant with a Letter, to acquaint you about my Relation's being indispos'd.

Phy.

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Phy. I remember it very well, Sir; all Things are ready for his Reception, and I'll take great Care of him.

Love. He's coming this Moment.

Phy. It happens very well, for I have an ancient Friend within, with whom I shall gladly advise upon his Distemper.

Enter Trelooby.

Love. Dear *Trelooby*, a small Concern has fallen out, which obliges me to leave you; but this Person will use you after the best Means imaginable.

Phy. The Duty of my Profession obliges me to that; and 'tis enough for you to commit the Care of him to me.—

Tre. This is his Steward. To be sure he must be some Man of Quality.

Phy. Sir, I shall treat the Gentleman methodically.

Tre. Dear Sir, there's no Occasion for all these Ceremonies: I would not come here to incommode you.

Phy. I rejoice at nothing so much, as to be so employ'd.

Love. Here are six Pistoles, in Part of my Promise.

Tre. Nay, Sir, don't put your self to an Expence for me. I hope, Sir, you'll use me like a Friend, and make no Stranger of me.

Love. That's my Intent, Sir; (*whispers the Physician*) secure him, for in his Fits he'll try to make his Escape.

Phy. Do you take no Care for that.

Love. Dear Squire, pardon me for some few Minutes.

[Exit.

Tre.

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Tre. Your Servant, Sir. The best Friend I ever met with in my Life.

Enter another Physician.

1st Phy. (To Trelooby) It is a very great Honour for me, Sir, to be made Choice of to serve you——Here's one of my Fraternity, a very able Man, with whom I'm a going to consult how we shall treat you.

Tre. Pray don't trouble your selves, I can take up with anything.

1st Phy. (Chairs there) Come, Sir, take your Seat there. [When they are sate, the Physicians take each of them one of his Hands to feel his Pulse.]

Tre. (Giving his Hands)——Gentlemen, your very humble Servant——. I suppose this is the Fashion here.

1st Phy. Do you eat well, Sir?

Tre. Yes, and drink much better.

1st Phy. So much the worse: That great Appetition of Frigid and Humid, is an Indication of Heat and Aridity within. Do you sleep well?

Tre. Yes, after a good Supper.

1st Phy. Do you dream?

Tre. Sometimes.

1st Phy. Of what Nature are your Dreams?

Tre. Why of the Nature of all Dreams. I Dream now, I think——What a Devil's here to do!

1st Phy. Your Dejections, pray how are they?

Tre. Hoop, hoop; why sure the Men are bewattled; give me something to drink, will you.

1st Phy. Patience a little, we are going to reason together upon your Matter.

Tre. Reason! Why what Reason is requir'd about eating a Bit! What a Pox do you mean!

What a Devil wou'd you be at! *1st Phy.*

1st Phy. So, so, injurious Language: This is a Diagnostick which we wanted, for a Confirmation of his Distemper. This may turn to Distraction.

Tre. Why what for Company am I got into? He spits.

Phy. Another Diagnostick, frequent Sputations.

Tre. Pho, prithee mun don't keep me here, I want to walk about.

Phy. There's another; Inquietude to shift Place.

Tre. What is the Meaning of all this? What would you have?

1st Phy. Have you cur'd, Sir, according to our Orders.

Tre. Cure me?

1st Phy. Aye.

Tre. S blood I an't Sick.

1st Phy. A bad Symptom, — a sick Man not to be sensible of his Illness.

Tre. I tell you I'm as well as any Man in your Country.

1st Phy. Sir, we know better than your self how it is with you; we are Physicians, and see clear thro' your Constitution.

Tre. Physicians! the Devil you are! Why I hate and abominate Physicians.

1st Phy. We'll make you love us before we have done.

2d Phy. Look ye, to remove those Obstructions rotting of his Body, and that luxuriant Caco-chimier of his Humours, I advise that he be liberally Phlebotomiz'd, that is to say, that his Bleedings be frequent and plentiful, and first in *Vena Basilica*, next, in the *Vena Cephalica*, and last the

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the same time to Purge, Disopilate, and Evacuate by Catharticks proper and convenient.

1st Phy. Aye, come, we'll go and write down our Prescriptions; the first Thing we'll order him, shall be a Clyster.

[They go out, and shut him in.]

Tre. Ha! What can all this mean? Are the People in this Country stark mad? I never saw the like in my Life! I can't imagine.

Enter Apothecary with a Clyster.

Apo. Here's a small Medicine, Sir; a small Medicine, which you must take, Sir; if you please, if you please.

Tre. Sir, I have no Occasion, Sir; no Occasion, Sir.

Apo. Take it Sir, take it Sir; 'tis a small Clyster benign, 'tis Absterfive Lathartick.

Tre. Sir, you talk like an Apothecary, and your Conversation's a meer Drug; and, Sir, the Devil take you all.

[He runs out, and Apothecary after him.]

Enter Tradewell and 1st Physician.

Phy. There's a certain Gentleman, one Squire Trelooby, who is to marry your Daughter.

Trad. Yes, I expect him hourly; he comes out of Cornwall.

Phy. The same: He's run away from my House, after I had taken him in Hand; but I forbid you, on the Behalf of the Faculty, to proceed in this Marriage until I have duly prepar'd him for it.

Trad. How's this?

Phy. Your intended Son-in-law is constituted and inducted my Patient; his Distemper, which was given me to cure, is a Chattel that appertains

appertains to me, and which I reckon Part of my Personal Estate.

Trad. Does he ail any Thing, say you? What sort of a Distemper?

Phy. Don't trouble your self about that; Physicians are oblig'd to Secresy; he was put into my Hands, and he's oblig'd to be my Patient; look ye, I'll either cure him, or be the Death of him; the Physick is prepar'd, and won't keep; and, if I don't find him, I'll come upon you, you shall take the Physick for him.

Trad. I'll see you and all the Faculty hang'd first.

Phy. Well, I'll go to Law and try it. [*Exit.*]

Enter Witwoud, dress'd like a French Merchant.

Wit. (*To Trad.*) Sire, vit your parmyseon, I am one little Piece of a French Marshant, and you'd be glad to demand one small News.

Trad. What's that, Sir?

Wit. Sire, you pleasa be couvart, put on your Hat, you pleasa; me say noting, Monsir, if you no put your Hat; you know one certain Shentelman in dis Towne, vat you call him Maitre Tradwell.

Trad. Yes, I do know him.

Wit. Eh bien, vat Man is he, Sire? I you demand, Sire, Is he Reich? Has he L'Argent? Is he very Reich?

Trad. Yes. But why do you ask?

Wit. Ah, ah, far one litel Raïson of Stat pour moi, it be dis, dey say Marshant Tradwell will marry is Dauter to Squeer Trelooby, vish Squeer Trelooby is one Man that owe great deal ver much, two, tree four Marshant dat be come bedder.

Trad.

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Trad. Does Squire Trelooby owe three or four Merchants.

Wit. Ouy, Monsir, and vitiin dis eight Mont, we obtin'd one liteel Senrante against him, verby he assign'd to his Creditours all de Fortune with Monsir Tradewell give his Shild.

Trad. This was lucky indeed; I had like to have been doubly bit, an unsound Son, and a Beggar. Good b'ye to you, Sir. *[Exit.]*

Wit. So, now for my other Wigg; I must sow Seeds of Discord between Father and Son; they are both Gudgeons enough to swallow any Bait.

Enter Squire Trelooby.

Tre. (*Startl'd to see Witwoud*) Oh dear! every Thing I see, methinks 'tis a Clyster.

Wit. What is the Matter, Sir? You look as if you were not well.

Tre. Well! Didst thou ever hear of a Man that was well, in the Hands of Physicians? You must know, this pretended Friend of ours, is a rascally, little, nasty Dog; a Doctor, an Apothecary, and a Clysterer, are three damnd frightful Things. I got away with all the Difficulty in the World.

Wit. Why what a Piece of Villainy was here!

Tre. Aye, was it not? But pray now be so kind as to shew me to Mr. Tradewell's, the Merchant.

Wit. Ah! you're of an amorous Complection I see, and have heard talk of Mr. Tradewell's Daughter.

Tre. Why aye, I am come to marry her.

Wit. Humph, marry her, say ye! Why, Sir, you're my Friend, and I think I ought to hide nothing

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nothing from you, in short, Sir, she's a Coquet.

Tre. A Coquet, What's a Coquet?

Wit. Why your Coquets are great Company-keepers, and are generally as free of Tails as they are of their Tongues.

Tre. Whoop, whoop, marry a Coquet quotha, sure they don't take me for such a Coxcomb.

Wit. Perhaps at bottom there's not so much Harm in it as the World believes. Some People set themselves above those Things, and don't think their Reputation depends —

Tre. I'm your Servant. I'll not put such a Cap as that upon my Head.

Wit. Here comes the Father, I'll retire.

[Exit Witwoud.]

Enter Tradewell.

Tre. Morrow, Sir. Morrow.

Trad. Servant, Sir. Servant.

Tre. Your Name's Tradewell, is n't it?

Trad. Yes.

Tre. And mine Trelooby.

Trad. Then we know one another.

Tre. Hark ye me, Does your Worship really believe the West-country Men such arrant Calfs?

Trad. And does your Squireship take us Merchants of *Dublin* to be such Cods-heads?

Tre. Do you imagine I'm so sharp set for a Wife?

Trad. Do you think my Daughter's so hard put to't for a Husband?

Enter Celia.

Cel. Father, Father, I heard this Moment, that Squire Trelooby was arriv'd; ah, this is he without

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without doubt—— My dear, dear Squire, I'm overjoy'd to see you.

Trad. Not so fast, good Daughter, not so fast.

Tre. Nay, I heard of her Tricks before.

Trad. I wou'd willingly know, Squire *Trelooby*, for what Reason you came hither?

Ce. How happy am I to see you, and how I burn with Impatience.

Trad. Daughter, I say be gone, ha!

Tre. Ho, ho, a coming Girl truly; it's Time to set in, when the Oven comes to the Dough.

Ce. Indeed, Father, he's very handsome—— are we to be marry'd to Night.

Trad. No, never Hufsey; what is the Girl run mad!

Tre. Dear Father-in-Law that was to be, don't fret at this rate; here's no Body so fond of running away with your Daughter.

Trad. Lord help your silly Head, I have seen the Doctor, mun, and the *French* Merchant too.

Tre. Aye, the Devil take all the Doctors, I say—— *Coquet*, well I shall never forget that Word.

Enter a Woman, with two Children.

Wo. So, are you there, have I found you at last, Villain! how can you look me in the Face?

Tre. What would that Woman have?

Wo. What wou'd I have? Your Hearts Blood, you Rogue—— what now you pretend you don't know me; how can you have the Impudence not to blush? Sir, I am his lawful Wife, his unfortunate Wife, this seven Years.

Trad. Oh Heavens! go in, Daughter—— what a Villain have I escap'd!

Enter

Enter a North-Country Woman, with a Child.

N. C. Wo. Wellaneerin, Iſe lick to Swoon

— Ah! thou reefy Dog, thou's gar me ho of monny a weabit; have I foond thee, Iſe do thee reeght, Iſe do thee reeght; Byrlady, Iſe have thee hong'd, thoort my Hoſeband, and Deel gang away with thee, Iſe have thee hong'd.

Trad. Oh, horrible! another!

Tre. I think this is worſe than the Clyſter-pipe, Apothecary, and Doctar.

1. Wo. Is this Man your Huſband, Huſley?

2 Wo. Byrlady, Iſe his Weef.

1 Wo. 'Tis falſe, I'm his Wife; and if he is to be hang'd, 'tis I that muſt hang him.

2 Wo. You lee griſley braſſen Face, we have been teed together this Twelvemonth; canſt thou deny it, Sirrah?

1 Wo. Ah, you wicked Man, can you deny that I am your lawful Wife?

Tre. Why, one's as true as t'other?

1 Child. Oh, pray Pappa, give us ſome Vittles.

2 Child. I'm very hungry.

Trad. Oh! you barbarous Man! to ruin two poor Women ſo; have him puniſh'd, good Women, he deſerves hanging.

Tre. Nay, then, 'tis Time for me to ſhift for my ſelf.

[He runs out, the Women and Children after him.]

Trad. Happy, happy Deliverance truly. *[Exit.]*

Enter Lovewell and Witwou'd.

Wit. So, ſo, Things go ſwimmingly; the Farthing Candle of his Underſtanding burns very dim; my Friend waits for him at the Corner of

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of the Street, in order to assist him with Women's Cloaths to make his escape in.

Love. I'd fain see him in that Equipage.

Wit. Let it be your Trade to contrive the winding up of the Farce; and while I play my Scenes with him, go you—you understand.

Love. Very well, and as soon as I have planted him as I would——

Wit. Go, go, yonder he comes; you must not be seen near us.

Enter Trelooby in Women's Cloaths.

Oh, Sir! I heard of your Misfortune, and order'd my Friend to wait with the Disguise for you.

Wit. Aye, thank you my dear Friend, I had never got rid of the Jades, if it had not been for him.

Wit. Aye, the Laws in this Country are very severe, especially against a Cornish Man.

Tre. What! when a Man's innocent.

Wit. No matter, they don't trouble themselves about that; you'll certainly be hang'd if they find you out.

Tre. What a Blot would that be in our Scutcheon.

Wit. Right, I believe you'd lose the Title of Squireship by it——but pray mind, when I lead you by the Hand, walk like a Woman, and talk, and give your self all the Airs of a Person of Quality.

Tre. My Coach, my Coach there, where's my Coach——good Gad! how unhappy it is to have such People about one——what must one stay all Day upon the Pavement, and wait my Coach come to me?

Wit.

Wit. Very well.

Tre. What! no Coachman to be found; no Page—— We'll break the Neck of this Trade, or I'll—— Page, Page, where's the little Fool? Isn't the little Fool to be found?

Wit. Your Hood's a little of the thinnest, I'll fetch one that is something thicker.

Tre. What will become of me in the mean Time?

Wit. Never fear—— I'll be with you in a Minute. [Exit.

Enter two Soldiers.

1 Sol. Come, make haste, Comrade, this Cornish Squire is to be hang'd at Stephen's Green the Moment they catch him.

2 Sol. They'll soon catch him, for all the City is looking out for him.

1 Sol. They say he has three Wives—— Now for a Squire to have three Wives, I think he ought to be hang'd; 'tis well enough, indeed for a common Soldier; (*Seeing Trelooby*) Ha! a pretty Woman—— Good Morrow, Madam; what are you doing here alone?

Tre. I only stay for my Servants.

2 Sol. Will you go along with us, Madam, and be merry? We're going to see a Cornish Squire hang'd.

Tre. I have no Curiosity at present.

1 Sol. She's a pretty Girl, faith.

Tre. Pray, Gentlemen, be civil, I'm none of those Women.

1 Sol. Prithee let her alone, I have a Mind to her my self.

2 Sol. Sir, you shan't.

1 Sol. But, Sir, I will. [They pull and haul her.

P

2 Sol.

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2 Sol. Sir, I'll protect her.

1 Sol. Sir, you Lie.

Tre. Help! help! a Rape! a Rape.

Enter Constable and Watch.

Const. What's here to do? What Violence is this? What are you doing there to the Gentlewoman?—— Hands off, give me hold of her.

Tre. Sir, I'm oblig'd to you for my Deliverance.

Const. Ha! her Face resembles that which was describ'd to me.

Tre. It's not me, I'll assure you.

Const. How's this, Madam; this is very suspicious, and I seize you Prisoner.

Tre. Nay, good Mr. Constable.

Const. No, no, by your Discourse you must be Squire Trelooby, whom we are in quest of—— Away with him to Prison.

Tre. Alas! alas!

Enter Witwou'd.

Wit. What's the Meaning of this?

Tre. Ah dear, they have discover'd me.

Const. I'm glad on't.

Wit. Mr. Constable, for my sake—— we are old Friends; won't a few Guineas make up this Matter, or so.

Const. *(To the Watch)* Keep back there.

Wit. Give him some Money—— quick.

[Tre. pulls up his Petticoats to get at his Breeches.

Wit. Hold your Hand, Sir.

Const. How many?

Tre. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten.

Const.

The Dismal Squire.

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Const. No, I can't do't, my Orders are positive.

Wit. Stay, stay,—— Quick, quick—— give him as many more; be quick I tell you, and don't lose Time, sure you have a mind to be hang'd.

Tre. (Gives the Money) Oh! this cursed Town.

Wit. There Sir, pray let him go.

Const. Egad! then I must run away with him, for I dare not show my self—— I'll convey him away, and promise not to leave him 'till I see him out of Danger.

Tre. Adieu. (*Kissing Witwou'd*) The only honest Man I have met with in the whole City.

Wit. Don't lose Time; never stop till you get Home.

[*Exeunt Constable, Trelooby, and Watch.*
Enter Tradewell.

What a strange Accident is this! what afflicting Tidings for a Father!—— Poor *Tradewell*, how I pity thee; what wilt thou say, and how wilt thou bear this mortal Grief?

Trad. What's that I hear!

Wit. Oh, Sir! that perfidious *Cornish Trelooby* is running away with your Daughter; they say he has a Spell to Inchant all Women.

Trad. Justice, Justice, quick—— a Hue and Cry—— a Hue and Cry.

To them Lovewell and Celia, Lovewell forcing her in.

Love. Nay, nay, but you shall come in, in spite of your Teeth; I'm resolv'd to restore you again to your Father—— There, Sir, take her, it was in Consideration to you, that I forc'd her from *Trelooby*.

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Trad. Infamous Wretch!

Love. Indeed when you used me ill by your Father's Commands, and that he resolv'd to marry you to *Trelooby*, why then you were justify'd; but after you had given your Heart to me, contrary to your Father's Will, to run away with so vile a Fellow, I should never have stopp'd you, but that I own I respect and love your Father; and so adieu to you, thou shameful Woman.

Trad. Stay, Sir; your Behaviour touches my Soul, and I give you my Daughter in Marriage; forget her Folly, and I'll make it up to you in Money——Come, Daughter, give him your Hand. *[He joins their Hands.]*

Love. For Love of you, Sir, I do this.

Ce. Sure, I was mad to follow that Fellow—Forgive me, *Lovewell*, and I'll make a most obedient Wife.

Lov. *When Reason does not guide the Parents Mind,
True Lovers many other Tricks can find.*



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